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A

TOUR IN GERMANY,

AND SOME OF

THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES

OF THE

AUSTRIAN EMPIRE,

IN THE YEARS

1820, 1821, 1822.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH;

AND HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO. LONDON.

1824.

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TOUR IN GERMANY, &c.

CHAPTER I.

STRASBURGH—THE PLAIN OF THE RHINE—FRANKFORT.

—— Im niedersteigen strahlen
Soll umher der Freudenschein,
In des Neckars Reben-thalen,
Und am silberblauen Main.

THE prejudices of English travellers in favour of their own country are now proverbial, and have often exposed them to ridicule, sometimes to reproach. But if even the gaieties and novelties of Paris fail to remove this feeling of national superiority, every one is entitled to a plenary indulgence for railing, who has made a long journey in winter through the east of France. From Paris to Strasburgh, even the professed hunter of curiosities would find little to reward

his pursuit; the mere passing traveller, who is hastening to a certain point, finds, of course, nothing at all. The tame banks of the Marne, which the road accompanies in long, stiff stretches, as far as Chalons, give no relief to the dreariness of the scene; the fortifications of Metz are interesting only to the engineer; and in the open country the difference between a French and an English landscape is felt at once. The want of inclosures is a hackneyed topic of remark and dispute; and, though nothing is more impossible than to convince a Frenchman that he or his country ever has blundered, or ever can blunder, we may be allowed to prefer our own still life, and to believe that hedges, and copsewood, and plantations, are comfortable things even in winter. But it is in the appearance, or rather in the disappearance, of the population, that the difference is most striking. In a well cultivated part of England, even the winter landscape is not entirely desolate. Everywhere the smoke of the farm-house rises; the merry inmates are, at least, heard from within; at every turn one comes across a sportsman; the seats of the gentry are more blithe and bustling than ever; to

say nothing of the resolution with which stage-coaches, and stage-coach travellers, hold out against the worst that winter can do. All around are sounds and sights of human industry or human enjoyment. In France, man seems to be as dead as nature. The traveller looks out over an endless, dreary extent of brown soil, seldom varied by the meanest cottage. The country population is drawn together in the villages, and these villages must be sought for to discover that the country is inhabited. It would seem that even the peasant cannot endure the comparative solitude of an English farmer's life. Like his brethren of Paris, he must have the pleasures of society.

On approaching Alsace, the character of the country rapidly changes. It becomes hilly, precipitous, romantic, rising into a branch of the lofty ridge which flanks the left bank of the Rhine, nearly from the frontiers of Switzerland to the mouth of the Moselle. The luxuriant plain of the Rhine, with its numberless towns and villages, is occasionally seen below through the apertures of the ridge. The river itself is too deeply sunk to be visible. As if this "Father

of wine," as the Germans fondly style him, would suffer nothing but the grape in his vicinity, the vineyards reappear so soon as the mountain begins to sink down in more gentle slopes. On this side of the Alps, however, a bare field is, in winter, a more pleasing object than a vineyard. The vines either die, or are intentionally cut down, nearly to the ground. If the poles which supported them are taken away, as they generally are, the vineyard becomes a field of bare, black stumps; if they are allowed to remain, it becomes a field of stiff, straight poles, marshalled in regular array. Even in summer and autumn, these vineyards add less to the beauty of a landscape than many other species of verdure. The vines, having reached in their growth the top of the stakes along which they are trained, curl downwards; they are ranged in parallel lines; the clusters avoid the eye, and lurk beneath the leaves. All the beauty that such a vineyard gives to the scene consists merely in the mantle of deep verdure with which it clothes the soft and sunny slopes of the hills, a merit not at all of rare occurrence even in countries where the grape never ripened. When

near, the vineyard is in itself inferior to a hop plantation, which is the very same thing in kind, with more body and stateliness; in the distance, it is no greater ornament than a field of prosperous turnips would be. But our northern imaginations, warming at the idea of the vine, just as our blood glows with its juice, bestow on every garden of Bacchus the beauties of Eden.

Strasburgh itself is an irregular, old-fashioned, heavy-looking town, most inconveniently intersected by muddy streams and canals, and full of soldiers and customhouse-officers; for it has the double misfortune of being at once a frontier trading town, and an important frontier fortification. The appearance of the inhabitants, and the mixture of tongues, announce at once that the Rhine was not always the boundary of France. Nearly two centuries have been insufficient to eradicate the difference of descent, and manners, and language. The situation of the town, more than any thing else, has tended to keep these peculiarities alive, and prevent French manners from establishing, even in a French city, that intolerant despotism which they have often introduced into foreign capitals.

As it is the centre of the mercantile intercourse which France maintains with Swabia, Wirtemberg great part of Baden, and the north of Switzerland, the German part of the population has always among them too many of their kindred to forget that they themselves were once subjects of the Holy Roman Empire, or give up their own modes of speaking, and dressing, and eating. The stolid Swabian and serious Swiss drover are deaf to the charms of the universal language and kitchen. At Strasburgh you may dine on dishes as impenetrably disguised, or languish over entremets as nearly refined away to nothing, as at the tables of the great Parisian rivals, Very and Vefours; or, on the other side of the street, for half the money, you may have more German fat, plain boiled beef, and sour cabbage. The German kitchen is essentially a plain, solid, greasy kitchen; it has often by far too much of the last quality. People of rank, indeed, in the great capitals, are just as mad on French cookery as the most delicate of their equals in London; but the national cookery, in its general character, is the very reverse of that of France, and it is by no means certain that the

national cookery of a people may not have some connection with its national character. The German justly prides himself on the total absence of parade, on the openness, plainness, and sincerity which mark his character; accordingly, he boils his beef, and roasts his mutton and fowls, just as they come from the hands of the butcher and the poulterer. If a gourmand of Vienna stuff his Styrian capon with truffles, this is an unwonted tribute to delicacy of palate. French cookery, again, really seems to be merely a product of the vanity and parade which are inseparable from the French character. The culinary accomplishments are to his dinner just what sentiment is to his conversation. They are both substitutes for the solid beef and solid feeling which either are not there at all, or, if they be there, are intended for no other purpose than to give a name. No one portion of God's creatures is reckoned fit for a Frenchman's dinner till he himself has improved it beyond all possibility of recognition. His cookery seems to proceed on the very same principle on which his countrymen laboured to improve Raphael's pictures, viz. that

there is nothing in nature or art so good, but he can make it better.

The far-famed cathedral is, in some respects, the finest Gothic building in Europe. There are many which are more ample in dimensions. In the solemn imposing grandeur to which the lofty elevations and dim colonnades of this architecture are so well adapted, the cathedral of Milan acknowledges no rival; and not only in some other German towns, as in Nürnberg, but likewise among the Gothic remains of our own country and of Normandy, it would not be difficult to find samples of workmanship equally light and elegant in the detail with the boasted fane of Strasburgh. It is certain, however, that nothing can surpass it. The main body of the building is put together with an admirable symmetry of proportion, precisely the merit of least frequent occurrence in Gothic architecture. To this it is indebted for its principal beauty as a whole. Connoisseurs, indeed, have measured and criticised, have found this too long, and that too short: but architectural beauty is made for the eye, and even in classical architecture, where all has been reduced to measurement, the rules of

Vitruvius or Palladio themselves are good only as expressing in the language of art judgments which taste forms independent of rules. The harmony of proportions, and elegance of the workmanship, appear to still greater advantage in the spire, whose pinnacle is more than five hundred feet above the pavement, and whose mere elevation forms, in the eyes of most people, the only good thing about the cathedral. It has nothing uncommon in its general form. The massive base terminates just at the point where, to the eye, it would become too heavy for the elevation; and is succeeded by the lofty slender pyramid, so delicately ribbed that it hardly seems to be supported, and bearing, almost to its pinnacle, the profusion of Gothic ornament. Yet there is no superfluity or confusion of ornament about the edifice; there is no crowding of figure upon figure, merely for the sake of having sculpture. With more, it would have approached the tawdry and puerile style of the present day; with less, it would have been as dead and heavy as the cathedral of Ulm, which, though exquisite in particular details of the sculpture, yet, without being more imposing, wants all the grace

and elegance of the fabric of Strasburgh. Few things in art seem so unwilling to submit themselves to good taste as the ornaments of Gothic architecture. How many imagine that they constitute the essential part of it; that they are handsome things in themselves, which, in an hundred instances, they are not, and, therefore, the more of a good thing the better; without regarding any ulterior object, or suspecting that they have, or ought to have, some determinate relation to plan and proportion. In every town we ourselves have things which we facetiously denominate Gothic chapels, because they are covered with little pinnacles, and small curves, and are full of holes. The Gothic in small is fit only for the pastry cook, or the toy-shop.

In the church of St Thomas, still devoted to the Protestant worship, is the monument erected by Louis XV. to Marshal Saxe. It is the most celebrated production of Pigalle, and is a very fair specimen of the style of the French artists of the last century, in which Roubilliac has left us so many works marked with all its beauties and all its defects. The back-ground of the whole is a tall and broad

pyramid of grey marble, set against the wall of the church. The pyramid terminates below in a few steps, on the lowest of which rests a sarcophagus. The Marshal is in the act of descending the steps towards the tomb. On the right, the symbolical animals of England, Holland, and Austria, are flying from him in dismay; on the left, the banner of France is floating in triumph. The warrior's eye is fixed with an expression of tranquil contempt on a figure of Death who stands below, thrusting out his raw head and bony arms from beneath a shroud, holding up to the Marshal in one hand an hour-glass in which the sand has run out, and with the other opening the sarcophagus to receive him. A female figure, representing France, throws herself between them, exerting herself at once to hold back the Marshal, and push away Death. On one side of the whole, a genius, according to the most approved recipe for monument making, weeps over the inverted torch, and, on the other, Hercules leans pouting on his club. All is in marble, and large as the life. The individual figures are of moderate merit; they are full of that exaggeration of feature and attitude of

which the French artists have never yet got rid; but the first impression of the whole composition is extremely striking, though the style is not sufficiently pure to make the impression lasting. It dazzles at first, and immediately fatigues.

The figure of the Marshal himself has often been adduced as an example, to prove that sculpture can deal no less advantageously with the tight fantastic garments of modern times than with the loose drapery of antiquity; but one cannot look at Marshal Saxe as he stands here, without wishing that the *paludamentum* occupied the place of the coat and waistcoat. There may be much industry and much skill of manipulation in hewing out accurately buttons and button-holes, and laces, and ruffles; but this is a merit of which no statuary, who knows the true province and feels the true dignity of his art, will boast; for it lies in a species of imitation which requires manual dexterity rather than genius, and has more in common with the carving of Dutch toys than with the divine art, whose proudest triumphs are achieved in creating human forms. Measured by such a standard, old General Ziethen, who, with other heroes of the

Seven Years' War, frowns on the Wilhelms-Platz of Berlin in a hussar uniform wrought out in the most laborious and precise detail, would be, what many a Prussian holds it to be, the finest statue in the world. It is the business of sculpture to represent the human form, and every mode of dress, whether ancient or modern, is an obstacle in her way. But custom and propriety, which frequently compelled the ancient artists to adopt a covering, are still more tyrannical towards their modern followers. A naked Cicero would have been as little proper as a corsetted Venus, and a naked statesman or field-marshal of our own age would be more incongruous than either. Where dress, then, is unavoidable, the question seems just to be, what mode of attire trenches least on the peculiar province of the sculptor, and is most susceptible in itself of being worked into graceful forms? Now the free and flowing dress of Athens or Rome was not only more graceful and noble in itself than the sharp angles, the stiff lines, the numerous joinings of our multifarious habiliments, but, in the hands of the sculptor, it was pliant as wax, to be moulded into any form which beauty or dignity might re-

quire. But the artist who is to clothe a statue in a modern dress, has to work on much less manageable materials. His audacious hand must attempt no innovation on the received forms of buckram and broad cloth. In the drapery of his statue, if such an abuse of words may be tolerated, he must turn taste and genius out of doors, and work according to the measures of some tailor of reputation.*

* In few modern statues has the difficulty been so successfully surmounted as in Chantry's beautiful statue of the late Mr Horner. By avoiding everything like exaggeration of the particular parts, and softening them down to a degree which an artist of less taste would not have aimed at, he has identified, as far as might be, the dress with the form. The gown conceals the least poetical peculiarities, and is itself disposed in an arrangement extremely simple and becoming. He has dispensed with the wig of a Chancery barrister, and who, that is not a disciple of Roubilliac, will not rejoice that he has done so? The French artist executed the statue of President Forbes, in the hall of the Second Division of the Court of Session at Edinburgh, and bestowed on him the utmost plenitude of judicial curls and tippets. Chantry executed that of President Blair, which adorns the hall of the First Division, clothed him in a more simple drapery, and left the lofty,

Beyond the fortifications, there is still about a mile to the bank of the Rhine. The wooden bridge thrown across the river, though less ingeniously combined than the destroyed one of Constance, used to be reckoned the most stately structure of the kind in Europe. It is now useless. In the campaigns which conducted the allies to Paris, great part of the bridge towards the German side was cut away, and has not yet been repaired. The communication is kept up by a bridge floated on boats, a little farther down the stream. This is reckoned altogether a more commodious structure. When the ice breaks up, part of the boats are cut away to give it free passage; and though the communication be thus partially interrupted for a day or two, yet, when the ice has once passed, in half an hour the bridge is again formed. If, on the other hand, the floating ice, which descends on this majestic river in huge masses and with terrific impetuosity, should carry away the wood-

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open brow unencumbered by the official mass of hair. To look at these two statues is sufficient of itself to determine the comparative merits of these different styles.

en piers of a bridge like the old one, the interruption continues much longer, for the repairs are at once more tedious and expensive. It is for the same reason, as much as from the depth of the channel or the convenience of navigation, that all the bridges below this point, at Manheim, Mayence, Coblentz, and Cologne, are constructed on the same principle. The ice had broken up two days before, and was still hurrying downwards incessantly; the bridge was cut away in the centre, and the passage was made in an ordinary boat, kept up against the current by running along a rope stretched across the opening in the bridge. A French customhouse guards the approach on the French side, but the search is brief and slight, for nobody minds what you carry out of the country. The playful quarrel about examining the baskets of a number of peasant girls returning from market in Strasburgh, seemed to be pertinaciously kept up by the officers, much more to have an opportunity of ravishing illicit kisses than from any wish to detect illicit commodities. "Father Rhine" was passed safely and speedily. There comes a new country, new forms, new manners,

a new language; but, amid all that is new, the old pest of police and customhouse-officers. You have just slipped from the hands of French Douaniers, and are caught in the fangs of German *Mauthbeamten.*

Kehl, the first village on the German side, wears an open and regular appearance, which seldom recurs farther in the interior of the country. Being a point of military importance from its situation in regard to Strasburgh, it had the fortune to be burned down, more than once, during the war, and has been rebuilt on a better plan. At first, long tracts of willow grounds, and occasional sandy flats, stretching on both sides of the river, mark the extent of its inundations; but, less than a couple of miles from the bank, the country is already one of the most beautiful in Europe. It is the opening of the plain of the Rhine, the *Campagna d'oro* of Germany—every foot of which teems with population, and industry, and fertility, and, during two hundred years, has been fattened with the best blood of Europe. The Rhine is its uniform boundary on the west. On the east it is inclosed in the distance by irregular eminences, whose

surface is the favourite abode of the grape, while their interior sends forth the mineral springs, which collect to Baden and Hueb all the fashion and disease of this part of Germany. Behind them tower the prouder and shaggy summits of the Hercynian or Black Forest. It has long since lost its extent of sixty days journey, as well as its Elks and Urochses. What remains is still gloomy with primeval oaks and pines; but from their shades have been expelled even the banditti, who, by the received laws of romance, are as regularly the inhabitants of a German forest as the dagger or the drug are the weapons of the Italian. Between these boundaries the plain runs along to the north, varying in breadth according as the hills press closer upon or retire farther from the river. The great road from Switzerland avoids the plain, running along the eminences which border it to the right. The champaign country, rivalling the plain of Tuscany, as seen from Fiesole, or that portion of Lombardy which stretches out beneath the Madonna di San Luca at Bologna, lies below, and the eye never tires. The general character of the objects, indeed, does not vary; it is a perpetual

succession of villages and small towns, lurking among vineyards, and corn-fields, and orchards; but, at every turn, they combine themselves into new groupes, or lie under new lights. Here a long stretch of the broad and glittering Rhine bursts into view, bounding the distant landscape like a silver girdle; there his place is occupied by the remoter summits of the Vosges. Here you may linger among the cottages of Offenthal, whose vine still retains its character, and hangs its clusters round the window of the peasant; or close by that little churchyard you may muse beneath the tree where Turenne fell on the last of his fields, and make a brief pilgrimage to the rustic chapel beneath whose altar the heart of the hero was deposited.

What the Germans call a Diligence, or *Post-wagen*, dragging its slow length through this delicious scene, is a bad feature in the picture. Much as we laugh at the meagre cattle, the knotted rope-harness, and lumbering pace of the machines which bear the same name in France, the French have outstripped their less alert neighbours in everything that regards neatness, and comfort, and expedition. The German car-

riage resembles the French one, but is still more clumsy and unwieldy. The luggage, which generally constitutes by far the greater part of the burden, (for your Diligence is a servant of all work, and takes a trunk just as cheerfully as a passenger,) is placed, not above, but in the rear. Behind the carriage a flooring projects from above the axle of the hind wheels, equal, in length and breadth, to all the rest of the vehicle. On this is built up a castle of boxes and packages, that generally shoots out beyond the wheels, and towers far above the roof of the carriage. The whole weight is increased as much as possible by the strong chains intended to secure the fortification from all attacks in the rear; for the guard, like his French brother, will expose himself neither to wind nor weather, but forthwith retires to doze in his cabriolet, leaving to its fate the edifice which has been reared with much labour and marvellous skill. Six passengers, if so many bold men can be found, are packed up inside; two, more happy or less daring, take their place in the cabriolet with the guard. The breath of life is insipid to a German without the

breath of his pipe; the insides puff most genially right into each other's faces. With such an addition to the ordinary mail-coach miseries of a low roof, a perpendicular back, legs suffering like a martyr's in the boots, and scandalously scanty air-holes, the Diligence becomes a very Black Hole. True, the police has directed its denunciations against smoking, and Meinherr the conducteur (he has no native appellation) is specially charged with their execution; but Meinherr the conducteur, from the cravings of his own appetite, has a direct interest in allowing them to sleep, and is often the very first man to propose putting them to rest. To this huge mass, this combination of stage-coach and carrier's cart, are yoked four meagre, ragged cattle, and the whole dashes along, on the finest roads, at the rate of rather more than three English miles an hour, stoppages included. The matter of refreshments is conducted with a very philanthropical degree of leisure, and at every considerable town, a breach must be made in the luggage castle, and be built up again. Half a day's travelling in one

of these vehicles is enough to make a man loathe them all his lifetime.*

It can only be ascribed to the amazing fertility of this country that its population seem to have recovered so rapidly from the devastation with which the war visited them again and again. From Basle to Frankfort there is scarcely a field that has not been trodden down by contending armies. They are not wealthy, and would be found wanting if their practice in domestic comforts were weighed against our own ideas; but they exhibit, in full measure, the more indispensable possessions of industry and hilarity, a simple and most affectionate disposition. The family of Baden has long filled a respectable rank among

* In the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, the establishment of the new French mails has created some rivalry, or the government has been brought to bestir itself to facilitate the means of communication in that commercial district of the Kingdom. On the great road between Frankfort and Cologne, a species of mail has been established, which they have dignified with the name of *Schnellwagen*, or Velocity Coach, because, by throwing off the carrier's cart, it makes out between five and six miles an hour.

the minor princes of Germany, as ruling with economy and kindness. It went by the side of that of Weimar in supporting the young genius of the country against the preposterous domination of French literature, and did not blush to call Klopstock to Carlsruhe as the ornament of its court. The present Grand Duke was among the first of the German princes to give his people a representative government, when the termination of the war left him and them their own masters. On such a soil, and with a people so industrious and easily contented, a good government, well administered, should produce a rural population that would have no reason to envy any corner of Europe.

The Grand Duke is a popular prince, particularly in the hereditary dominions of his house. It is in the Swabian part of his territories that he has found it most difficult to conciliate favour; not that he was undeserving of it, but because the Swabians could not easily throw off their hereditary attachment to the house of Hapsburgh. These hardy fatteners of snails and distillers of cherry water, a tribe, however, of whose intelligence their countrymen entertain so low an opinion,

that, all over Germany, a piece of gross stupidity is proverbially termed a *Schwabenstreich*, longed to return beneath the wing of the double eagle. During the first advance of the allies, when the Emperor and the Grand Duke were together at Freyberg, the former was actually receiving, in one room, an address from the Swabians, praying him to take them back under the imperial sceptre, while the latter, his host and their Sovereign, was under the same roof. The Emperor wept with them over old stories and old attachments, for there is not a more kind-hearted man in his empire; but other views of policy were imperious, and they remained with their new master. This disposition, in fact, is said to have been part of the secret history of the constitution of Baden; the Government resolved to bestow the boon to turn the popular opinion in its favour.

Except some of the small capitals, which are light and open, the general character of the towns strewed round in all directions does not correspond with the beauty of the country. They are irregular, inconvenient, and gloomy. The inhabitants are content to creep through

dark, narrow streets during the day, if one spot be left open and planted with trees for their evening promenade. Carlsruhe, the capital of the Grand Duchy, besides being enlivened by the bustle and parade which the residence of a court in a small town always occasions, has a peculiarly rural appearance: it strikes one just as a large and very handsome country village. There has not been much taste shown in the poplar groves which surround it, and border, in long tedious lines, the roads that approach it. The poplar is not a tree to be planted in masses; even as forming an alley, it has no breadth of foliage, or depth of shade, to atone for its stiff, pyramidal, unvarying form. Carlsruhe is buried among them, and they sink into utter insignificance when the eye, through the artificial openings, catches the masses of the Black Forest in the back-ground.

Without the presence of the court Carlsruhe would not exist. Its population has been created, and is supported only by the wants of the court, and the rank and wealth that always follow a court on business or pleasure. Gay and idle people form so large a proportion of the

small whole, that poverty and misery do not easily come under the eye of the stranger. The first sight of Carlsruhe tells him it is a place of amusement and elegant enjoyment rather than of business; he feels himself everywhere merely within the precincts of a palace; nor, unless he penetrate into the debates of the chambers, will he soon discover that the more serious occupations of life are much attended to.

Beyond Carlsruhe the plain, for some miles, becomes broader; but, in the neighbourhood of Heidelberg, a mountainous ridge, through whose vallies the Neckar finds its way, presses forward to the Rhine. Heidelberg rests on the last slope, and at the foot of the ridge; corn and wine crowd upon each other along the Neckar, during all that remains of its course, to the walls of Manheim. Manheim itself is the most mathematically regular town in Europe, a mere collection of straight lines and parallelograms, every street and every mass of building like every other. It was not difficult to attain this uniformity in a town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, but, besides being monotonous, it produces confusion. One encounters more difficul-

ty in finding his way through the streets of Manheim than in much larger towns, which have not bowed the knee in such absolute subjection to a ground plan, and in which, though the whole be irregular, the parts are noticed and remembered for their own peculiarities. The Cicerones boast of one or two churches, which are very gaudy, and the palace, which is very large and heavy; but the great charms of Manheim are due to nature. On the north it is skirted by the blue waters of the Neckar, which at Heidelberg has quitted for ever its mountain gorge, and here pours itself, placid and slow, into the bosom of the Rhine. The Rhine itself rolls its ample stream on the west, washing the walls; the plain beyond runs back from the left bank, disappearing at length in the shadow of the forests and precipices of the Vosges. Except in the *Rheingau* itself, there are few spots on the Rhine where this imperial river makes so splendid an appearance—the expanse of water, spread out like a mighty lake, its slow majestic motion, its tinge of green, not deep enough to prevent the vivid reflection of the ramparts and towers that bristle on the one bank,

and the cottages, and orchards, and vineyards, that stud the other. It is not wonderful that the coolness which lingers round his waters, even in the greatest heats of summer, should draw gay processions of strollers to the ramparts and bridge to enjoy the magnificent spectacle, or that they should proudly challenge Europe to equal their native stream. If Virgil had still to write, the Po would no longer be the "Rex fluviorum," even in Europe, for in everything but sky and classical association the Rhine is its superior. The artificial embankments of the Po, singular though they be as works of labour and skill, deform his beauty, and the sand with which he threatened to encroach on the Adriatic discolours his own waters. The Rhine that Virgil knew washed no vineyards, and reflected no temples; he had heard of it only as a savage and unadorned stream, rolling itself through interminable woods, and guarding the haunts of barbarians who had checked the flight of the Roman eagle.

The delights of the situation, and the pleasures of the society, attract a number of resident strangers; for here, too, as being the residence of

the Markgravine Dowager, there is something of the parade and elegance of a court. Many of the sojourners are persons of literary habits, and the coteries of Manheim have gradually been acquiring a character for information and *bon ton*. There is a considerable number of Russians, particularly Livonians. The subjects of the Autocrat of all the Russias seem to have a natural fondness for nestling in every warmer climate, or more civilized country, than their own. From Palermo to Brussels you find them, not travelling, but fixed, so long as they are allowed. These were the circumstances which made Kotzebue choose Manheim for his residence, when the notice excited by the surreptitious publication of his unfortunate bulletin induced him to quit Weimar, and it was here, in a small house towards the Rhine, that he fell a victim to the fanaticism of Sand. I found the murderer, who had been executed shortly before, still the subject of general conversation. Though his deed, besides its moral turpitude, has done Germany much political mischief, the public feeling seemed to treat his memory with much indulgence. Most people, except the students,

were liberal enough to acknowledge that Sand had done wrong in committing assassination, butthey did not at all regard him with disrespect, much less with the abhorrence due to a murderer. The ladies were implacable in their resentment at his execution. They could easily forgive the necessity of cutting off his head, but they could not pardon the barbarity of cutting off, to prepare him for the block, the long dark locks which curled down over his shoulders, after the academical fashion. People found many things in his conduct and situation which conspired to make them regard him as an object of pity, sometimes of admiration, rather than of blame. Nobody regrets Kotzebue. To deny him, as many have done, all claims to talent and literary merit, argues sheer ignorance or stupidity; but his talent could not redeem the imprudence of his conduct, and no man ever possessed in greater perfection the art of making enemies wherever he was placed. Every body believed, too, that Sand, however frightfully erroneous his ideas might be, acted from what he took to be a principle of public duty, and not to gratify any private interest. This feel

ing, joined to the patience and resolution with which he bore up under fourteen months of grievous bodily suffering, the kindliness of temper which he manifested towards every one else, and the intrepidity with which he submitted to the punishment of his crime, naturally procured him in Germany much sympathy, and indulgence. Such palliating feelings towards the perpetrator of such a deed are, no doubt, abundantly dangerous. If they pass the boundary by a single hair's-breadth, they become downright defenders of assassination, yet one cannot entirely rid himself of them. It is one of the greatest mischiefs of such an example, that it seduces weak heads and heated fancies into a ruinous coquetry with principles which make every man his neighbour's executioner. Still, it would be untrue to say that it was only his brother students who regarded Sand with these indulgent eyes. To them, of course, he appeared a martyr in a common cause. "I would not have told him to do it," said a student of Heidelberg to me, "but I would cheerfully have shaken hands with him after he did it." Even in the more grave and orderly classes of society, al-

though his crime was never justified or applauded, I could seldom trace any inclination to speak of him with much rigour. When the executioner had struck, the crowd rushed upon the scaffold, every one anxious to pick up a few scattered hairs, or dip a ribbon, a handkerchief, or a scrap of paper, in his blood. Splinters were chipped from the reeking block, and worn in medallions as his hair was in rings, false and revered as the reliques of a saint. To the students of Heidelberg was ascribed the attempt to sow with Forget-me-not the field on which he was beheaded; and which they have baptized by the name of Sand's Ascension-Meadow. Though punished as an homicide, he was laid in consecrated ground; and, till measures were taken by the police to prevent it, fresh flowers and branches of weeping willow were nightly strewed, by unknown hands, on the murderer's grave.

At Heidelberg, the university still flourishes, under the liberal administration of the house of Baden, and the students, by far the most important personages in the town, have their full share of the rawness, and rudeness, and caprices, which characterize, less or more, all the German

universities. The shapeless coat—the long hair—the bare neck—the huge shirt collar, falling back on the shoulders—the affectedly careless, would-be-rakish air—the total absence of all good breeding, announce, at once, the presence of the fraternity. But these evil spirits inhabit a paradise. The Neckar, though navigable for small craft, still retains all the freshness of a mountain stream. On its left bank, the town is huddled together at the foot of the rocks, plain, irregular, old-fashioned. The right bank glows with the vine, ripening beneath higher ridges of rock and wood, which shield it from the north. Behind, the prospect closes as the valley recedes along the windings of the river; to the west, it opens out at once into the wondrous plain, and terminates only at the Rhine. The palace of the Electors of the Palatinate, dilapidated by lightning, by war, and by time, frowns above the town. Fortunately it is a ruin. In the days of its perfect grandeur, a pile so huge and majestic, and, in many of its details, making fair pretensions to classical architecture, must have been out of place, and, if the expression may be used, out of keeping with

the surrounding scenery. Gothic towers and loop-holed battlements may be perched on the summit of a precipice, or stuck on the side of a narrow and romantic valley; but more ample space, and features more imposing than the merely picturesque, are the fitting accompaniments of such a pile as the Castle of Heidelberg must have been, when its halls glittered with the granite columns which had once adorned the favourite palace of Charlemagne. If this was a defect, time and devastation have remedied it superbly; whatever the castle may have been, the ruin is in perfect harmony with the scene, and certainly deserves its reputation as the most imposing and majestic in Europe. The walls, of a solidity that seemed to rival the rock on which they were founded, lie in the ditches, in confused masses, "like fragments of a former world." Among the stately reliques of the hall of the knights, there are still many rich remains of the magnificence which had rendered it the boast of Germany; and, amid the smoke which pollutes its walls, one loves to imagine he can trace the course of the flash that lighted up the conflagration.

The humblest part of the whole, the cellars, have alone escaped destruction, for they are hewn out in the living rock, and, if old tales may be believed, extend far beneath the town. In one of them is still preserved the famed Heidelberg tun, that contains I know not how many pipes of wine. Alas! it is parched and empty, as eloquent a memento of mortal vicissitudes as the ruined castle. When the halls and courts above resounded with the revelry of knightly banquets and feudal retainers, to fill it was a jubilee, and to drain it an amusement. The family of the Palatinate is on the throne of Bavaria, the castle is in ruins, and the tun is empty. It lives only in the drinking songs of the students, and as a lion for the stranger.

At Darmstadt, another small, handsome town, the capital of the Grand Duchy of the same name, and, like Carlsruhe, entirely dependent on the residence of the court, I saw nothing but a very splendid theatre, furnished with an excellent orchestra, and over-crowded with spectators, the greater part of whom had come up from Frankfort for the sake of Sacchini's Œdipus. The opera is the ruling passion of the

Grand Duke, but his subjects do not willingly see so much money spent on it by a prince who ranks so low among the "German gentles." He has the best orchestra between Basle and Brussels, and the only fortification in his dominions is garrisoned by foreign troops. When, after long reluctance, he at length convoked a representative body under a new constitution, the first thing the representatives did was to quarrel with it as too antiquated and impotent. He trembled for the orchestra, became good natured, yielded them more liberal terms, and, as they left his opera untouched, there have been no more squabbles.

A farther drive of fourteen miles, through a country more sandy than any part of the plain on the Upper Rhine, leads to the banks of the Main; the well-bred listlessness and courtly demeanour of Darmstadt are exchanged for the noise and bustle of Frankfort. Long before reaching the city, the increasing host of carriages and waggons announced the vicinity of this great emporium. On passing the bridge across the Main, the confusion became inextricable, for it was the Michaelmas Fair. The narrow streets,

sunk between tall, old-fashioned piles of building, seemed too small for the busy crowd that swarmed through them, examining and bargaining about all the productions of Europe in all its languages. The outside walls of the shops, and, in many instances, of the first floors, were entirely covered with large pieces of cloth, generally of some glaring colour, proclaiming the name and wares of the foreigner who had there pitched his tent, in French and Italian, German, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, rarely English, very often Hebrew. The last, however, being a somewhat inconvenient language for sign-posts, was generally accompanied by a translation in a known tongue. Not only the public squares, but every spot that could be protected against the encroachments of wheels and horses, groaned beneath gaudy and ample booths, which displayed, in the most *outré* juxta-position, all that convenience or luxury has ever invented, from wooden platters, Manchester cottons, or Vienna pipe-heads, to the bijouterie of the Palais Royal or the china of Meissen, silks from Lyons, or chandeliers from the mountains of Bohemia. Every fair presents, on a smaller

scale, the same variety and confusion; but the assemblage of men from all quarters of the globe, and these, too, men of business, in search of bargains, not amusement, that is collected in the streets and inns of Frankfort, during the fair, is to be found no where else, except, perhaps, in Leipzig on a similar occasion.

If the traveller who happens to arrive at this most unfavourable of all seasons for the mere traveller can rest satisfied with a cellar or a garret, the hotels are not the least animated part of the whole. Butler and cook have been preparing during weeks for the campaign; larder and servants are put upon a war establishment; the large hall, reserved in general for civic feasts or civic balls, is thrown open for the daily table d'hôte. In one hotel, above a hundred and fifty persons daily surrounded the table, chattering all languages "from Indus to the pole." The newly decked walls displayed in fresco all the famed landscapes of the Rhine, from Manheim to Cologne; the stuccoed ceiling and gilt cornices far outshone in splendour the hall on the opposite side of the way, in which the heads of the Holy Roman Empire used to be elected

and anointed. From a gallery at either end, a full orchestra accompanied each morsel of sausage with a sounding march, or, when Hock and Rüdesheimer began to glow in the veins, attuned the company, by repeated waltzes, to the amusements of the evening. The merchants, who flock down from every quarter, are not always allowed to make their journey alone. Their wives and daughters know full well that business is not the sole occupation of a Frankfort fair; that, if there be bills and balances for the gentlemen, there are balls, and plays, and concerts for the ladies, and that a gentleman, on such occasions, is never so safe as when he has his own ladies by his side. They long as earnestly for a temporary sojourn in Frankfort as for a season at Spa or Baden. Though, in general, neither well informed nor elegantly bred, they are pretty, affable, willing to be amused; they give variety to the promenades, and chit-chat to the table.

Except in the peculiarities of the fair, there is nothing to distinguish Frankfort from a hundred other large cities. It stretches chiefly along the right bank of the Main, which is discoloured by

the pollutions of the city, and certainly is not adorned by the clumsy, shapeless things, called ships, which minister to its commerce. In fact, a river of but moderate size always loses its beauty in passing or traversing a large city. Below the town, it waters a rural, but somewhat tame district, as it creeps on to the Rhine by the vineyards of Hocheim. The city itself is generally old ; much of it is crazy. There is only one good street in it, the Zeil, and great part of the good houses in that street are inns. Among them is the one where Voltaire was seized, on the requisition of the Prussian resident, when flying from the wrath of the monarch to whom he had so long "washed dirty linen." The growing wealth of Frankfort loves to settle outside of the walls; for the country, in the immediate vicinity, whether up the Main, or back in the vallies of the Taunus, is so rich in natural embellishments, that the affluent naturally prefer it as a residence to the gloom of the town. A number of delightful villas stud the slopes and crown the summit of the Mühlberg, a moderate eminence, which stretches along the opposite bank of the Main, equally celebrated for the

wine and the prospect which it yields. There, reposing from the calculations of the counting-house, the merchant contemplates below, in silent rapture, the passage of sail and waggon that bring the materials of his wealth, and the progress of the vines that are to renew the stores of his cellar.

The cathedral, a work of the fourteenth century, is still less interesting in itself, than for its antiquity; the unfinished tower, the unfinished labour of a whole century, sits heavy on the building. The Römer, or Roman, a building now used for the public offices, is supposed to derive its name from having been, if not built, at least used as a warehouse by Lombard merchants in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, while Venice still distributed the productions of the East into the North. It was afterwards applied to a more noble purpose, which alone gives it any interest; within its walls the German Emperors were elected and crowned. There is still preserved, as a solitary remnant of majesty, a copy of the Golden Bull, the document that determined the rights of prince and subject in an empire anomalous while it endured, and

not regretted now that it is gone. The cornice above the crimson tapestry, with which the election chamber is entirely hung, has been allowed to retain the armorial bearings of the electors, and they now witness the deliberations of the Senate of Frankfort. The hall where the emperors were crowned can never have been worthy of so august a ceremony.

A city where every man and every moment is devoted to money-making is not the favourite abode of the arts, even though it be decorated with the epithet of free. Frankfort, indeed, possesses a picture gallery, but I saw little in it worth seeing again. The magnificent legacy of a banker who, some years ago, bequeathed a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds, for the encouragement of the arts, and the support of young artists, will probably produce, as similar eleemosynary institutions commonly have done, an abundant crop of mediocrity. In the suburban gardens of the wealthiest among the merchants is the masterpiece of Dannecker, a sculptor of Wirtemberg, Ariadne on a leopard. The figure is well cut, but the attitude is unpleasant; she is too nicely and anxiously balan-

ced on the back of the animal, like a timorous rope-dancer. Never was sculptor so unfortunate in his marble. The Goddess of Naxos looks as if she had been hewn out of old Stilton cheese; her naked body is covered with blue spots and blue streaks, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. The citizens have long wished to erect a monument to their great townsman, Göthe; but the opposition made to it, even from the press, (for Göthe has many detractors) seems to have convinced them of the propriety of deferring it, at least, till the patriarch be dead; and few men have outlived so many admirers.

Frankfort, in consequence of her commercial relations, is so thoroughly under foreign influence, and so polluted by a mixture of all foreign manners, that her population can hardly be said to have a character of their own, except what consists in a love to make money in every imaginable way. Even the multifarious connections with all ends of the earth, which have made her citizens in a manner citizens of the world, have unfitted them to be German citizens; for they judge of the happiness of mankind by the rate

of exchange, and the price of wine. Let no one hastily condemn the worthy citizens of Frankfort for thus forgetting, in the pursuits of the merchant and money speculator, what the politician might, perhaps, hold to be the interest of their common country; or, at least, before pronouncing his doom on their imagined selfishness, let him study the port of London, or Liverpool, or Bristol, and discover, if he can, a purer foundation for English mercantile patriotism.

Of the fifty thousand inhabitants who form the population of Frankfort, about seven thousand are Jews. Perhaps they might have been expected to increase more rapidly in a city whose favourite pursuits are so congenial to the trafficking spirit of Israel, while its constitution gave them a toleration in religion, and security of property, which they obtained only at a much later period from more powerful masters. They are noisome in more senses than one. They inhabit chiefly one quarter of the town, which, though no longer walled in, as it once was, to separate them from the rest of the community, repels the Christian intruder, at every step, with filth much too disgusting to be particularized.

In the driving of their traffic they are importunate as Italian beggars. Laying in wait in his little dark shop, or little tattered booth, or, if these be buried in some obscure and sickening alley, prowling at the corner where it joins some more frequented street, the Jew darts out on every passenger of promise. He seems to possess a peculiar talent at discovering, even in the Babel of Frankfort, the country of the person whom he addresses, and seldom fails to hit the right language. Unless thrown off at once, he sticks to you through half a street, whispering the praises of his wares mingled with your own; for, curving the spare, insignificant body into obsequiousness, and throwing into the twinkling gray eye as much condescension as its keenly expressed love of gain will admit, he conducts the whole oration as if he were sacrificing himself to do you a favour of which nobody must know. When all the usual recommendations of great bargains fail, he generally finishes the climax with "On my soul and conscience, Sir, they are genuine smuggled goods."

It seems to be the lot of the Jew to make himself singular even in trades which he drives in

common with Christians, much more palpably than he differs from them in their religious faith. In a Protestant country a Catholic is not known, nor in a Catholic country a Protestant, till you open his prayer-book, or follow him into his church; but the peculiarities which keep the Jew separate from the world belong to every-day life. It is true, that, all over Europe, individuals are to be found who seldom repair to the synagogue, and have overcome the terrors of barbers and bacon; but these are regarded in heart, by their more orthodox brethren, as the freethinkers and backsliders of the tribes of Israel, whose sinful compliances must exclude them from the church triumphant, though the ungodly portion of mammon, which they have contrived to amass, may render it prudent to retain them nominally within the pale of the communion below. The peculiarities of the general mass form a lasting wall of partition between them and their Christian neighbours. In his modes of appellation, in his meats, in his amusements, the Jew is a separatist from the world, uniting himself to a solitary community, not only in his religious faith, which no one minds,

but in matters which enter into the spirit, and descend to the details of ordinary life. Whether you dine, or pray, or converse, or correspond with a pure and conscientious Jew, some peculiarity forces upon your notice, that he is not one of the people; and in these, more than in the peculiarities of their religious creed, rests the execution of the curse, which still keeps the descendants of Israel a distinct and despised people among the Gentile nations.

As a recompence for having lost the elections and coronations of the emperors, Frankfort was made the seat of the Germanic Diet, and would boast of being the seat of government of the whole Germanic body, if the Diet were a government. But, except that the presence of the deputies and foreign ministers increases the number of dinners and carriages in Frankfort, the Germans maintain, that the confederation, in which they have been bound, serves no one purpose of a government, but is merely a clumsy and expensive instrument, to enable Austria and Prussia to govern all Germany. The thing looks well enough on paper, they say, for the votes appear to be distributed according to the population of the

different states; but in its working it manifests only the dictatorial preponderance of powers which they will not acknowledge to be German in point of interest, and only partially German even in point of territory. One-third of the votes, in the ordinary meetings, belong to Austria, Prussia, England, Denmark, and the Netherlands. The small powers, who form the majority with half and quarter votes, or, as in one case, with the sixth part of a vote, are entirely dependent on these greater states. These greater states, though possessing territories in Germany, are essentially foreign in their strength and interests, and, enjoying an irresistible influence in the Diet, they have handed over the government of Germany to Austria and Prussia; while Prussia, again, seems to have thrown herself into the arms of Russia, and Austria has been for centuries the bigotted opponent of everything which might tend to render Germany independent of the house of Hapsburgh. The Emperor Francis did well not to labour after the restoration of the empire; for, instead of remaining the limited and elective head of a disjointed monarchy, he has become the hereditary dictator of a submissive confede-

ration; instead of negotiating at Ratisbonne, he can command at Frankfort. Thus the Germanic Diet is essentially the representative, not of German, but of foreign interests, guided by potentates who claim a voice in its measures in virtue of a portion of their territories, and then throw in upon its deliberations the whole weight of their preponderating political and military influence, to guard their own foreign interests, and effectuate schemes of policy, which have no relation to the union, or independence, or welfare of Germany.

The confederation provides, to be sure, a public treasury and a common army for the defence of the country, but of what use are a treasury and army which stand at the disposal of foreign influence? Moreover, it does not leave the states which compose it even political independence among themselves, and the quiet administration of their internal concerns. It seems to be the right of a sovereign prince to give his subjects as popular institutions as he may think proper; but the sovereign princes of Germany must previously obtain, through the medium of the Diet, the permission of the courts of Vienna and Ber-

lin. On this body they are dependent for the degree in which they shall descend from the old arbitrary prerogative; for the confederation, while it thus lops off the most unquestionable rights of sovereign states, has formally declared, with ridiculous inconsistency, that it can contain only sovereign princes—and all the world knows what a sovereign prince means in the language of Vienna. Freedom of discussion among themselves, and the power of communicating their deliberations to those for whom they legislate, seem to be inseparable from the useful existence of a legislative body; but, by the provisions of the confederation, this eternal minor placed under the tutelage of foreign powers, the Diet is bound to take care, that neither the discussions in such assemblies themselves, where they exist by sufferance, nor their publication through the press, shall endanger the tranquillity of Germany—and all the world knows by what standard Prince Metternich measures public tranquillity.

Even in the states where representative governments have been established, the confederation deprives them of all power in the most im-

portant questions that can be put to a nation, those of peace and war; for it has expressly provided, that no constitution shall be allowed to impede a prince, who belongs to the confederation, in the performance of the duties which the Diet may think proper to impose upon him. Whether Bavaria or Wirtemberg, for example, shall go to war, is not in every case a question for her own king and parliament, but for the Prussian and Austrian envoys at Frankfort. If the powers which, though essentially foreign, are preponderating, find it useful to employ the money and arms of the Germanic body, the constitution at home is virtually suspended. The Diet is despotic in legislative, and executive, and judicial authority; and, if any part of the territory included in the confederation be attacked, the whole body is *ipso facto* in a state of war. France quarrels with Austria and the Netherlands; she attacks the former in Italy, and the latter in the duchy of Luxembourg, which is a part of the confederation; the whole Germanic body must fly to arms, for the territory of the confederation is attacked. Although Bavaria, for instance, should have no more interest in the quar-

rel than his Majesty of Otaheite, she must submit to the misery and extravagance of war, as if an enemy stood on the banks of her own Iser. In vain may her parliament resolve for peace, and refuse to vote either men or money; it is the duty of their king to go to war for the inviolability of this ricketty and heterogeneous confederation. The decision belongs, not to the monarch and representatives of the Bavarian people, but to the diplomatists of Frankfort, and if the former be backward, a hundred thousand Austrians can speedily supply the place of tax-gatherers and recruiting-officers.

These are the sentiments which are heard every where in Germany; and, making every allowance for national partialities, there certainly is a great deal of truth in them. The Germanic confederation has nothing equal in it; it is ruled by foreigners, for even the votes of Hanover obey the ministry of England. Weimar, whose liberal institutions and free press had been guaranteed by this very diet, was compelled to violate it, and submit to a censorship, at the will of a congress of ministers, whom Germany can justly call foreign, assembled at Carlsbad. If I

observed rightly, the preponderance of Austria is peculiarly grating to the powers more properly German. They know that Austria is the very last among them which can pretend to be reckoned a pure German state; the greatest part of her population does not even speak the language; they are at least her equals in military fame, and have far outstripped her in all the arts of peace. It is not wonderful they should feel degraded at seeing their common country subjected to the domination of a power in which they find so little to love or respect. If you wish to know the politics of the confederation, say the Germans, you must inquire, not at Frankfort, but at Vienna or Berlin. One thing is certain, viz. that the southern states, which have adopted popular institutions, must hang together in good and evil report. It is only in a determined spirit of union, and in the honest support of Hanover, that Bavaria, and Wirtemberg, and Baden, can be safe. The "delenda est Carthago" of Cato was much less necessary in Rome, than "cavenda est Austria" is in Munich, and Stuttgard, and Hanover.

The Diet is held to be utterly impotent even

in its most important duty, the preservation of that equality among its own members, without which a confederation is one of the most intolerable forms of oppression. The King of Prussia chose to lay taxes, as was alleged, on the subjects of his neighbour the Duke of Anhalt Cöthen, both of them members of the confederation. The little duke brought his action before the Diet against the great king. All Germany was on tiptoe expectation to see how the supreme government would discharge its duty. The supreme government was much averse to show the nakedness of its impotency in a dispute where all was strength on the one side, and all weakness on the other, and contrived to have the case settled out of court; a phrase by no means out of place, for the form and nomenclature of proceeding in the supreme executive government of Germany would be intelligible only in the Court of Chancery, or, still more, in the Scottish Court of Session. Nothing is managed without whole reams of petitions, and answers, and replies, and duplies. A growler of Berlin was asked, "what is the Diet about?"

"Of course, examining the stationer's accounts," was the reply.

But these are dry matters. It will be more amusing to follow the course of the Main, a dozen miles upwards from Frankfort, to "the Abode of Bliss," (Seligenstadt,) a small village which, close on the bank of the river, peeps forth from a decaying forest. It has its name from having witnessed the loves, as it still preserves the remains, of Eginhard and Emma. A scanty ruin called the Red Tower, is still pointed out as having been part of the original residence of the lovers, after Charlemagne prudently consented to save the honour of his daughter, by giving her to the aspiring secretary. Eginhard built a church on the spot, and stored it with reliques. The peasantry, having forgotten the names, and never known the history, have a version of their own. According to their legend, the daughter of an emperor who was celebrating his Christmas holidays at Frankfort, (and one of them told me his name was Emperor Nero,) fell in love with a huntsman of her father's train. She fled with her lover, as young ladies will do now and then, when papas look sour and young gen-

tlemen look sweet. They found refuge and concealment in the forest, an outskirt of the Spessart, which, though now so much thinned, in those days spread its oaks far and wide over the country. They built themselves a hut, and, of course, lived happily. The young man was expert and industrious as a deer stealer; the lady boasted acquirements in cookery which subsequently were turned to excellent account. Years pass away; the emperor happens to hunt again in the forest; overcome by hunger, fatigue, and a long chace, he stumbles, with his suite, on the solitary cottage, and asks a dinner. The confounded inmates prepare to set before him the only repast their poverty affords, venison poached in his own forest. The emperor did not recognize his lost daughter in the more womanly form and rustic disguise of the hostess; but the daughter recognized her father, and, as woman's wit knows no ebb, served up to his majesty a dish which she knew to have been his favourite, and of which he had never eaten except when it was prepared by her own skilful hands. Nero has scarcely tasted of the dish which he has wanted so long, when he breaks

forth into lamentations over the daughter whom he has lost just as long, and anxiously interrogates his young hostess from whom she had learned cookery. The runaway and her hunter fall at his feet: Emperor Nero was a kind-hearted old man; all is forgiven; he names the spot the Abode of Bliss, in commemoration at once of his dinner and his daughter, carries the pair to his palace, and till his dying day eats of his favourite meal as often as he chooses. The lovers built a church where their hut had stood, and were buried together within its walls.

Such is the tradition of the Franconian peasant. There is no doubt that the church was built, if not in the reign, yet shortly after the death of Charlemagne; but it is just as little doubtful that, in its present form, it belongs to a much later age. What is called modern taste has been guilty of an unpardonable breach of good taste. The bones of Eginhard and his Emma reposed, as they ought to have done, in a massy antique sarcophagus on an antique monument. Some ruthless stone-hewer has been allowed to unhouse the ashes of the lovers from their venerable abode, and inclose them in a new

shining, toy-shop chest. These are men who would set "Margaret's Ghost" to the air of "Pray, Goody," and dash the wall-flower from a ruin to plant tulips in its stead.

This Abode of Bliss boasts another species of beatitude. It is a frontier village of the duchy of Darmstadt towards Bavaria, and the traveller who passes the confines for the first time must submit to a Bacchanalian ceremony. It was here that, in the olden time, the merchants coming to the fair from East, and North, and South, used to assemble. Here they were accustomed to drink deep congratulations on the journey they had accomplished in safety, and good wishes to the approaching fair; and from hence they were conducted in triumph into the city by the town guards of Frankfort. They had procured a huge wooden ladle; the handle depends from a wooden chain about three feet long; ladle and chain are cut out of the same piece of wood, a sample of early Nürnberg workmanship. This relique is religiously preserved in an inn at Seligenstadt. Every traveller who passes the frontier for the first time must drain the ladle, brimful of wine, (it contains a bottle,) at one draught. This

is the strict rule; but, in general, he can escape without getting drunk, by promising the bystanders the remainder of the bottle. His name is then enrolled in an Album which has now reached the third folio volume, and contains the names of most crowned heads in Europe during the last two hundred years.

CHAPTER II.

WEIMAR.

Klein ist unter den Fürsten Germaniens freylich der meine,
Kurz und schmal ist sein Land, mässig nur, was er vermag.
Aber so wende nach innen, so wende nach aussen die Kräfte
Jeder, da wär ein Fest Deutscher mit Deutscher zu seyn.
Göthe.

As the traveller proceeds northward from Frankfort towards Saxony, the vine-covered hills of the Main speedily disappear to give place to the Thuringian Forest, which still retains its name, though cultivation has stripped much of it of its honours. The country which it covered forms a succession of low rounded ridges, which inclose broad valleys swarming with a most industrious population. Except towards Cassel, where many ridges still retain their covering of beeches, the corn-field and or-

chard have only allowed an occasional tuft to remain round the cottages for shelter, or to crown the brow of the hill to supply fuel. To the territory of Cassel succeeds part of the Grand Duchy of Weimar, for, between the Thuringian forest and the foot of Erzgebirge, nestles a crowd of the small princes who, by family influence, or political services, have saved their insignificant independence. To a few miles of Weimar succeed a few miles of Gotha; these are followed by a slip of Prussia, and the Prussian fortress Erfurth; you are scarcely out of the reach of the cannon, when you are out of the territory, and find yourself again in the dominions of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

Weimar, the capital of a state whose whole population does not exceed two hundred thousand souls, scarcely deserves the name of a town. The inhabitants, vain as they are of its well earned reputation as the German Athens, take a pride in having it considered merely as a large village. Neither nature nor art has done anything to beautify it; there is scarcely a straight street, nor, excepting the palace, and the building in which parliament assembles, is there a

large house in the whole town. In three minutes a person can be as completely in the country as if he were twenty miles removed. The palace is imposing only from its extent, and is still unfinished; for the Grand Duke, having made as much of it habitable as was required for his own court and the family of his eldest son, is too economical with the money of his subjects to hasten the completion of his palace, before his little territory shall have recovered from the misery and exhaustion which began with the battle of Jena, and terminated only after the victory at Leipzig.

The Ilm, a narrow muddy stream, creeps past the town. Along the river woods have been planted, walks laid out, rocks hewn into the perpendicular where they were to be found, and plastered up into monticules where they were not to be found, all to form a park, or, as they often style it, an English garden. In the detail of ornament, the wits of Weimar have fallen into some littlenesses too trifling perhaps to be noticed, were it not that here we expect to find every thing correct in matters of taste, because Weimar has been the nurse of the taste of Ger-

many. It is quite allowable, for instance, to erect an altar in a shady corner, and inscribe it GENIO LOCI; but though a serpent came forth from beneath the altar on which Æneas was sacrificing to the manes of his father, and ate up the cakes, that is no good reason why a stone snake should wind himself round the altar of the Genius of the English garden of Weimar, and bite into a stone roll laid for him on the top.

It is not in Weimar that the gaiety, or the loud and loose pleasures of a capital are to be sought; there are too few idle people, and too little wealth, for frivolous dissipation. Without either spies or police, the smallness of the town and the mode of life place every one under the notice of the court, and the court has never allowed its literary elegance to be stained by extravagant parade, or licentiousness of conduct. The nobility, though sufficiently numerous for the population, are persons of but moderate fortunes; many of them would find it difficult to play their part, frugal and regular as the mode of life is, were they not engaged in the service of the government in some capacity or another, as ministers, counsellors, judges, or chamber-

lains. There is not much dissoluteness to be feared where it is necessary to climb an outside stair to the routs of a minister, and a lord of the bedchamber gives, in a third floor, parties which are honoured with the presence even of princes. The man of pleasure would find Weimar dull. The forenoon is devoted to business; even the straggling few who have nothing to do would be ashamed to show themselves idle, till the approach of an early dinner hour justifies a walk in the park, or a ride to Belvedere. At six o'clock every one hies to the theatre, which is just a large family meeting, excepting that the Grand Ducal personages sit in a separate box. The performance closes about nine o'clock, and it is expected that by ten every household shall be sound asleep, or, at least, soberly within its own walls for the night. It is perhaps an evil in these small capitals that the court, like Aaron's serpent, swallows up every other species of society; but at Weimar this is less to be regretted, because the court parties have less parade and formality than are frequently to be found in those of private noblemen in London or Paris:

it is merely the best bred, and best informed society of the place.

The Grand Duke is the most popular prince in Europe, and no prince could better deserve the attachment which his people lavish upon him. We have long been accustomed to laugh at the pride and poverty of petty German princes; but nothing can give a higher idea of the respectability which so small a people may assume, and the quantity of happiness which one of these insignificant monarchs may diffuse around him, than the example of this little state, with a prince like the present Grand Duke at its head. The mere pride of sovereignty, frequently most prominent where there is only the title to justify it, is unknown to him; he is the most affable man in his dominions, not simply with the condescension which any prince can learn to practise as a useful quality, but from goodness of heart. His talents are far above mediocrity; no prince could be less attached to the practices of arbitrary power, while his activity, and the conscientiousness with which he holds himself bound to watch over the welfare of his handful of subjects, have never allowed him to be blindly guided by

ministers. Much of his reign has fallen in evil times. He saw his principality overrun with greater devastation than had visited it since the Thirty Years' War; but in every vicissitude he knew how to command the respect even of the conqueror, and to strengthen himself more firmly in the affections of his subjects. During the whole of his long reign, the conscientious administration of the public money, anxiety for the impartiality of justice, the instant and sincere attention given to every measure of public benefit, the ear and hand always open to relieve individual misfortune, the efforts which he has made to elevate the political character of his people, crowned by the voluntary introduction of a representative government, have rendered the Grand Duke of Weimar the most popular prince in Germany among his own subjects, and ought to make him rank among the most respectable in the eyes of foreigners, so far as respectability is to be measured by personal merit, not by square miles of territory, or millions of revenue.

His people likewise justly regard him as having raised their small state to an eminence from

which its geographical and political insignificance seemed to have excluded it. Educated by Wieland, he grew up for the arts, just as the literature of Germany was beginning to triumph over the obstacles which the indifference of the people, and the naturalization of French literature, favoured by such prejudices as those of Frederick the Great, had thrown in its way. He drew to his court the most distinguished among the rising genuises of the country; he loved their arts, he could estimate their talents, and he lived among them as friends. In the middle of the last century, Germany could scarcely boast of possessing a national literature; her very language, reckoned unfit for the higher productions of genius, was banished from cultivated society and elegant literature: at the beginning of the present, there were few departments in which Germany could not vie with her most polished neighbours. It was Weimar that took the lead in working out this great change. To say nothing of lesser worthies, Wieland and Schiller, Göthe and Herder, are names which have gained immortality for themselves, and founded the reputation of their country among foreigners.

While they were still all alive, and celebrated in Weimar, their *noctes cœnasque deorum*, the court was a revival of that of Ferrara under Alphonso; and here, too, as there, a princely female was the centre round which the lights of literature revolved. The Duchess Amalia, the mother of the present Grand Duke, found herself a widow almost at the opening of her youth. She devoted herself to the education of her two infant sons; she had sufficient taste and strength of mind to throw off the prejudices which were weighing down the native genius of the country, and she sought the consolation of her long widowhood in the intercourse of men of talent, and the cultivation of the arts. Wieland was invited to Weimar to conduct the education of her eldest son, who, trained under such a tutor, and by the example of such a mother, early imbibed the same attachment to genius, and the enjoyments which it affords. If he could not render Weimar the seat of German politics or German industry, he could render it the abode of German genius. While the treasures of more weighty potentates were insufficient to meet the necessity of their political relations, his confined

revenues could give independence and careless leisure to the men who were gaining for Germany its intellectual reputation. The cultivated understanding and natural goodness of their protector secured them against the mortifications to which genius is so often exposed by the pride of patronage. They were his friends and companions. Schiller would not have endured the caprices of Frederick for a day; Göthe would have pined at the court of an emperor who could publicly tell the teachers of a public seminary, "I want no learned men, I need no learned men." Napoleon conferred the cross of the Legion of Honour on Göthe and Wieland. He certainly had never read a syllable which either of them has written, but it was, at least, an honour paid to men of splendid and acknowledged genius.

It was fortunate for Weimar, that the talent assembled within it took a direction which threw off, at once, the long endured reproach, that Germany could produce minds only fitted to compile dry chronicles, or plod on in the sciences. The wit and vanity of the French, aided by the melancholy blindness of some German

princes, had spread this belief over Europe. It is not difficult to conceive that Voltaire should have treated Germany as the abode of common-place learning, where the endless repetition of known facts or old doctrines, in new compends, and compilations, seemed to argue an incapacity of original thinking; but it is more difficult to conceive that a monarch like Frederick, who possessed some literary talent himself, and affected a devoted attachment to literary merit, should have adopted so mistaken an opinion of a country which he must have known so much better than his Gallic retinue. Yet he had taken up this belief in its most prejudiced form. Instead of cherishing the German genius that was already preparing to give the lie to the wits of France, he amused himself with railing at her language, laughing at the *gelehrte Dunkelheit*, or "learned obscurity" of her learned men, and proscribing from his conversation and his library every thing that was not French, except the reports of his ministers, and the muster-rolls of his army. The delirium spread to less important princes, and caught all the upper ranks of society. The native genius of the country, scarcely ven-

turing to claim toleration, wandered forth in exile to the mountains of Switzerland. On the banks of the lake of Zürich, where a small society of literati had assembled, Wieland followed, unknown and unnoticed, the pursuits that soon placed him among the foremost men of his age. The house of Baden gave its countenance to Klopstock, and Lessing had found protection in Brunswick; but it was Weimar that first embodied, as it were, the genius of the country, and that genius speedily announced itself in a voice that, at once, recalled Germany from her error. The Parisians, who, a few years ago, would have reckoned it infidelity to the muses to open a German book, have condescended to translate Schiller, and translate him almost as successfully as they do Shakespeare or the Scottish Novels. How truly did Schiller sing of the muse of his country,*

For her bloomed no Augustan age;
No Medicean patronage
Smiled on her natal hour;
She was not nursed by sounds of fame;
No ray of princely favour came
To unfold the tender flower.

* Die Deutsche Muse.

The greatest son of Germany,
Even Frederick, bade her turn away
Unhonoured from his throne:
Proudly the German band can tell,
And higher may his bosom swell,
He formed himself alone.

Hence the proud stream of German song
Still rolls in mightier waves along,
A tide for ever full;
From native stores its waters bringing,
Fresh from the heart's own fountain springing,
Scoffs at the yoke of rule.

None of the distinguished leaders of the "German Athens" belonged to the Grand Duchy itself. Wieland was a Swabian, and the increasing body of literary light collected round him as a nucleus. The jealousies of rival authors are proverbial, but at Weimar they seem to have been unknown. They often opposed each other, sometimes reviewed each other's books, but admitted no ungenerous hostilities. Wieland rejoiced when Göthe and Herder were invited to be his companions, although both were vehement opponents of the critical principles which he promulgated in the German Mercury. Göthe had even written a biting satire against him, "Gods,

Heroes, and Wieland," which, though not intended for publication, had, nevertheless, found its way into the world. Göthe himself has recorded how the young Duke sought him out in Frankfort. Schiller was first placed in a chair at Jena; but the state of his health, which, though it could not damp the fire of his genius, converted his latter years into years of suffering, unfitted him for professional occupation, and he was placed in independence at Weimar.

Wieland, the patriarch of the tribe, seems likewise to have been the most enthusiastically beloved. All who remember him speak of him with rapture, and it is easy to conceive that the author of Oberon and of Agathon, and the translator of Cicero's Letters, must have been a delightful combination of acuteness and wit, no ordinary powers of original thinking united to a fancy rich, elegant, and playful. To the very close of his very long life, he continued to be the pride of the old, and the delight of the young. Much less a man of the world than Göthe, he commanded equal respect and greater attachment. Göthe has been accused of a too jealous sensibility about his literary

character, and a constantly sustained *authorial* dignity, which have exposed him to the imputation of being vain and proud. Wieland gave himself no anxiety about his reputation; except when the pen was in his hand, he forgot there were such things in the world as books and authors, and strove only to render himself an agreeable companion. The young people of the court were never happier than when, on a summer evening, they could gather round "Father Wieland" in the shades of Tiefurth, or the garden of his own little country residence. Writers of books sometimes misunderstood the man, and talked of him as a trifler, because he did not always look like a folio; Wieland smiled at their absurdities. Göthe, too, got into a passion with people whose visits he had permitted, and who then put him into their books, not altogether in the eulogistic style which he expects, and, moreover, deserves; but, instead of treating such things with indifference, he made himself more inaccessible, and assumed a statelier dignity.

Poor Schiller, while taking the lead of all his competitors in the race of immortality, could not keep abreast with them in the enjoyments of the

world. Tender and kindly as his disposition was, his genius sought its food in the lofty and impassioned. In his lyrical pieces, he seldom aimed at lightness, and mere elegance was a merit which he thoroughly despised. Continued sickliness of body excluded him, in a great measure, from the world, and the closing years of his too short life were spent in scarcely remitting agony. Yet how his genius burned to the last with increasing warmth and splendour! It would be too much to say that he lived long enough for his fame; for, though he gained immortality, his later productions rise so far above his earlier works, that he assuredly would have approached still nearer to perfection.

No German poet deserves better to be known than Schiller, yet his most successful efforts are least generally known among us. His merits are by no means confined to the drama; whoever is not acquainted with Schiller's Lyrical Poems, is ignorant of many of his most peculiar and inimitable productions. In the ballad, he aimed at the utmost simplicity of feeling, and narrative, and diction. It would scarcely be too much to say that, in this style, his "Knight

Toggenburg" has no equal; in German it certainly has none. Its very simplicity, however, is a great obstacle in the way of translation; for this is a quality which is apt, in passing into another language, to degenerate into what is trivial or familiar.

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

Knight, to love thee like a sister
Swears to thee this heart;
Do not ask a fonder passion,
For it makes me smart.
Tranquil would I be before thee,
Tranquil see thee go;
And what that silent tear would say
I must not, dare not know.

He tears himself away; the heart
In silent woe must bleed;
A fiery, but a last embrace;
He springs upon his steed.
From hill and dale of Switzerland
He calls his trusty band;
They bind the cross upon the breast,
And seek the Holy Land.

And there were deeds of high renown
Wrought by the hero's arm;
Where thickest thronged the foemen round,
His plume waved in their swarm;

Till, at the Toggenburger's name,
The Mussulman would start:
But nought can heal the hidden wound,
The sickness of the heart.

A year he bears the dreary load
Of life when love is lost;
The peace he chases ever flies;
He leaves the Christian host.
He finds a bark on Joppa's strand;
Her sail already fills;
It bears him home where the beloved
Breathes on his native hills.

The love-worn pilgrim reached her hall;
Knocked at her castle gate;
Alas! it opened but to speak
The thunder voice of fate:
"She whom you seek now wears the veil;
Her troth to God is given;
The pomp and vow of yesterday
Have wedded her to Heaven."

Straight to the castle of his sires
For aye he bids adieu;
He sees no more his trusty steed,
Nor blade so tried and true.
Descending from the Toggenburg,
Unknown he seeks the vale;
For sackcloth wraps his lordly limbs,
Instead of knightly mail.

Where from the shade of dusky limes
Peeps forth the convent tower,
He chose a nigh and silent spot,
And built himself a bower.
And there, from morning's earliest dawn,
Until the twilight shone,
With silent hope within his eye,
The hermit sat alone.

Up to the convent many an hour
Gazed patient from below,
Up to the lattice of his love,
Until it opened slow;
Till the dear form appeared above,
Till she he loved so well,
Placid and mild as angels are,
Looked forth upon the dell.

Contented then he laid him down;
Blythe dreams came to his rest;
He knew that morn would dawn again,
And in the thought was blest.
Thus many a day, and many a year,
The hermit sat and hoped;
Nor wept a tear, nor felt a pang,
And still the lattice oped;

And the dear form appeared above,
And she he loved so well,
Placid and mild as angels are,
Looked forth upon the dell.

And thus he sat, a stiffened corpse,
One morn as day returned,
His pale and placid countenance
Still to the lattice turned.

Even in the drama, most English readers judge of Schiller only from the Robbers, a boyish production, which gave, indeed, distinct promise of the fruit that was to come, but is no more a sample of Schiller, than Titus Andronicus would be of Shakespeare. It is impossible to form any idea of the German dramatist without knowing his Don Carlos, Mary Stuart, the Bride of Messina, and, higher than them all, Wallenstein. It was an unworthy tribute to living genius, to select Göthe's Iphigenia for the opening of the new theatre in Berlin; for, high and multifarious as Göthe's merits are, Schiller will always remain the great national dramatic poet of Germany. Before his time, her tragic muse had seldom risen above damning mediocrity; and ages will probably elapse before another appear to raise her to the same honours. Whenever a tragedy of Schiller was to be performed, I never found an empty thea-

tre in any corner of Germany. Moreover, on such occasions, the theatre is not crowded with the usual regular play-going loungers, who spend a couple of hours in a box because they have nothing else to do; the audience consists chiefly of respectable citizens, who feel much more truly what nature and passion are, than the ribboned aristocracy of Berlin or Vienna. Schiller nursed his genius by studying Shakespeare; and it is wonderful how little an Englishman regrets Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden, when Madame Schröder, at Vienna, plays Lady Macbeth in Schiller's translation. We cannot be surprised that Shakespeare is admired; but at least we owe our gratitude to those who have introduced him to a people more able to appreciate his excellence than any other except ourselves; and that, too, in a dress which, from the affinity of the languages, when in the hands of such men as Wieland and Schiller, Schlegel and Voss, impairs so little the original form. Instead of sneering at the German drama, we should be inclined in its favour, by the fact, that it is the drama of a people which worships at the altar of our unequalled dramatist

with as heart-felt devotion as any believer among ourselves. Shakespeare would seem to have been bestowed upon us, at once to maintain the supremacy of our country, and to teach us humility by the reflection, that it was given to no other, even among ourselves, to follow his course;—a comet hung in our sky, to be gazed on, and wondered at by us in common with the rest of the world, but as far beyond our reach, though blazing in our zenith, as to those who only caught his more distant rays.

Of the Weimar sages and poets Göthe alone survives. One after another, he has sung the dirge over Herder, and Wieland, and Schiller: "his tuneful brethren all are fled;" but, lonely as he now is in the world of genius, it could be less justly said of him than of any other man, that he,

> neglected and oppressed,
> Wished to be with them and at rest;

for no living author, at least of Germany, can boast of so long and brilliant a career. At once a man of genius and a man of the world, Göthe has made his way as an accomplished courtier

no less than as a great poet. He has spent in Weimar more than one half of his prolific life, the object of enthusiastic admiration to his countrymen; honoured by sovereigns, to whom his muse has never been deficient in respect; the friend of his prince, who esteems him the first man on earth; and caressed by all the ladies of Germany, to whose reasonable service he has devoted himself from his youth upwards. It is only necessary to know what Göthe still is in his easy and friendly moments, to conceive how justly the universal voice describes him as having been in person, manners, and talent, a captivating man. He is now seventy-four years old, yet his tall imposing form is but little bent by years; the lofty open brow retains all its dignity, and even the eye has not lost much of its fire. The effects of age are chiefly perceptible in an occasional indistinctness of articulation. Much has been said of the jealousy with which he guards his literary reputation, and the haughty reserve with which this jealousy is alleged to surround his intercourse. Those who felt it so must either have been persons whose own reputation rendered him cautious in their presence, or whose doubt-

ful intentions laid him under still more unpleasant restraints; for he sometimes shuts his door, and often his mouth, from the dread of being improperly put into books. His conversation is unaffected, gentlemanly, and entertaining: in the neatness and point of his expressions, no less than in his works, the first German classic, in regard of language, is easily recognized. He has said somewhere, that he considered himself to have acquired only one talent, that of writing German. He manifests no love of display, and least of all in his favourite studies. It is not uncommon, indeed, to hear people say, that they did not find in Göthe's conversation any striking proof of the genius which animates his writings; but this is as it should be. There are few more intolerable personages than those who, having once acquired a reputation for cleverness, think themselves bound never to open their mouths without saying something which they take to be smart or uncommon.

The approach of age, and certain untoward circumstances which wounded his vanity, have, at length, driven Göthe into retirement. He spends the winter in Weimar, but no man is less

seen. Buried among his books and engravings, making himself master of every thing worth reading in German, English, French, and Italian, he has said adieu to worldly pleasures and gaieties, and even to much of the usual intercourse of society. Not long ago, he attended a concert, given at court, in honour of a birth-day. He was late: when he entered the room the music instantly ceased; all forgot court and princes to gather round Göthe, and the Grand Duke himself advanced to lead up his old friend.

For nearly five years he has deserted the theatre, which used to be the scene of his greatest glory. By the weight of his reputation and directorship, he had established such a despotism, that the spectators would have deemed it treason to applaud before Göthe had given, from his box, the signal of approbation. Yet a dog and a woman could drive him from the theatre and the world. Most people know the French melodrame, The Forest of Bondy, or the Dog of St Aubry. The piece became a temporary favourite in Germany, as well as in France, for it was something new to see a mastiff play the part of a tragic hero. An attempt was made to

have it represented in Weimar. Göthe, who, after the death of Schiller, reigned absolute monarch of the theatre, resisted the design with vehemence ; he esteemed it a profanation of the stage which he and his brethren had raised to the rank of the purest in Germany, that it should be polluted by dumb men, noisy *spectacle*, and the barkings of a mastiff, taught to pull a bell by tying a sausage to the bell-rope. But his opposition was in vain ; the principal actress insisted that the piece should be performed, and this lady has long possessed peculiar sources of influence over the Grand Duke. The dog made his debut and Göthe his exit ; the latter immediately resigned the direction of the theatre, which he has never since entered, and took advantage of this good pretext to withdraw into the more retired life which he has since led. *

* It was on this occasion that the lines in Schiller's Epistle to Göthe,

Der Schein soll nie die Wirklichkeit erreichen,
Und siegt natur, so muss die Kunst entweichen ;

were parodied:

Dem Hundestall soll nie die Bühne gleichen,
Und kommt der Pudel, muss der Dichter weichen.

At Jena, where he generally spends the summer and autumn, he mixes more with the world; and he occasionally indulges in a month's recreation at Töplitz or Carlsbad, where, among princes and nobles, he is still the great object of public curiosity. Among the erudite professors of Jena, there are more than one who do not seem to entertain much respect for him, and have written and done mortifying things against him. One of the few clouds, for example, which have passed over the sky of his literary life, was an article in the Edinburgh Review, some years ago, on his memoirs of himself. It vexed him exceedingly; but the most vexatious thing of all was, that one of his enemies at Jena immediately translated it into German, and circulated it with malicious industry.

Göthe stands pre-eminent above all his countrymen in versatility and universality of genius. There are few departments which he has not attempted, and in many he has gained the first honours. There is no mode of the lyre through which he has not run, song, epigram, ode, elegy, ballad, opera, comedy, tragedy, the lofty epic, and that anomalous production of the German

Parnassus, the civil epic, *(Bürgerliche. Epos)* which, forsaking the deeds of heroes and the fates of nations, sings in sounding hexameters the simple lives and loves of citizens and farmers. Yet the muses have been far from monopolizing the talents of this indefatigable man; as they were the first love, so they are still the favourites of his genius; but he has coquetted with numberless rivals, and mineralogy, criticism on the fine arts, biography and topography, sentimental and philosophical novels, optics and comparative anatomy, have all employed his pen. His lucubrations in the sciences have not commanded either notice or admiration; to write well on every thing, it is not enough to take an interest in every thing. It is in the fine arts, in poetry as an artist, in painting and sculpture as a critic, that Göthe justifies the fame which he has been accumulating for nearly fifty years; for his productions in this department contain an assemblage of dissimilar excellencies which none of his countrymen can produce, though individually they might be equalled or surpassed. Faust alone, a poem, which only a German can thoroughly feel or understand, is manifestly the

production of a genius, quite at home in every thing with which poetry deals, and master of all the styles which poetry can adopt. Tasso deserves the name of a drama, only because it is in dialogue, and it becomes intolerably tiresome when declaimed by actors; but it is from beginning to end a stream of the richest and purest poetry. It is an old story, that his first celebrated work, Werther, turned the heads of all Germany; young men held themselves bound to fall in love with the wives of their friends, and then blow out their own brains; it is averred, that consummations of this sort actually took place. The public admiration of the young author, who could paint with such force, was still warm, when he gave them that most spirited sketch, Götz of Berlichingen with the Iron Hand, a picture of the feudal manners of their forefathers. The reading and writing world immediately threw themselves into this new channel, and German presses and German stages groaned beneath the knights, the abbots, the battles, and the banquets of the fifteenth century. Like every man of original genius, he had novelty in his favour, and, like every successful adventurer in what is

new, he was followed by a host of worthless imitators and insipid mannerists.

The regular novels of Göthe are of a very questionable sort. The vivacity of his imagination and fineness of feeling supply good individual pictures and acute remarks; but they cannot be praised either for incident or character. They are often stained, too, with the degradation to which he unfortunately reduces love, where liking and vice follow fast upon each other. "The Apprenticeship of William Meister," for instance, is a very readable book, in so far as it contains a great deal of acute and eloquent criticism; but who would purchase the criticism, even of Göthe, at the expence of the licentiousness of incident and pruriency of description, with which the book teems? He now devotes himself chiefly to philosophical and critical disquisitions on the fine arts.

It is scarcely possible for a man who has written so much, not to have written much that is mediocre. Göthe, having long since reached that point of reputation at which the name of an author is identified, in the eyes of his countrymen, with the excellence of his work, has been fre-

quently overrated, and men are not awanting who augur that the best of his fame is past. But he can well afford to make many allowances for the excesses into which popular enthusiasm, like popular dislike, is so easily misled; for there will always remain an abundance of original, and varied, and powerful genius to unite his name for ever with the literature of his country. He himself said truly of Schiller, that where the present age had been deficient, posterity would be profuse; and the prophecy is already receiving its fulfilment. To Göthe the present has been lavish, and the future will not be unjust. From his youth, he has been the favourite of fortune and fame; he has reached the brink of the grave, hailed by the voice of his country as the foremost of her great, the patriarch of her literature, and the model of her genius. In his old age, wrapped up in the seclusion of Weimar so becoming his years and so congenial to his habits, he hears no sounds but those of eulogy and affection. Like an eastern potentate, or a jealous deity, he looks abroad from his retirement on the intellectual world which he has formed by his precept or his ex-

ample; he pronounces the oracular doom, or sends forth a revelation, and men wait on him to venerate and obey. Princes are proud to be his companions; less elevated men approach him with awe, as a higher spirit; and when Göthe shall follow the kindred minds whom he has seen pass away before him, Weimar will have lost the last pillar of her fame, and in the literature of Germany there will be a vacant throne.

Since the mastiff, backed by the influence of Madame J——n, drove Göthe from the direction of the theatre, it has been rapidly declining from its eminence. He and Schiller had trained the whole *corps dramatique*, and created that chaste, correct style of representation which formed the peculiarity of the Weimar School. Every thing like rant disappeared from the stage, but the opposite extreme was not always avoided; anxiety to observe the great rule of not "o'erstepping the modesty of nature," sometimes brought down tragedy to the subdued tone and gesture of serious conversation. The patience with which he drilled the performers into a thorough comprehension of their parts was most meritorious; it produced that accurate conception

of character, the foundation of all histrionic excellence, which distinguished the stage of Weimar above every other in Germany, and which, now that the guiding hand and spirit have been withdrawn, is disappearing even there. It was a common saying, that elsewhere particular things might be better done, but in Weimar every thing was well done. The administration passed into the hands of Madame J———n, who, now reigning absolutely in the green-room, has already contrived by pride, and vanity, and caprice, to sow abundantly the seeds both of deterioration and contention. Bad taste in selecting, want of judgment in casting, and carelessness in performing, are become as common in Weimar as any where else. People are not blind to the progress of the corruption, but the predominating influence stands on that foundation which it is most difficult to shake; and, unfortunately, no expression of displeasure is allowed in the theatre itself: it is regarded as a private court theatre, where good breeding permits only approbation or silence. If a prince maintain a place of amusement for the public at his own expence, he may have some pretext for saying,

that you shall either stay away, or be quiet; but when he takes your money at the door, he certainly sells you the right of growling at the entertainment, if it be badly cooked, or slovenly served up. The liberty of hissing is as essential to the good constitution of a theatre, as the liberty of the press to the constitution of a state. Three-fourths of all the expences, however, come out of the pocket of the Grand Duke; for, to the *abonnès*, a place in the boxes costs only ninepence every evening, and in the pit fourpence. Spectators who are not *abonnès* pay more than double this price; but these consist only of occasional strangers, and the students who pour over every Saturday from Jena, and throng the pit. These young men have, in such matters, a thorough contempt for *meum* and *tuum*; with them it is always *abonnement suspendu*. They cannot imagine that any man should have the impertinence to claim his place, if a student has chosen to occupy it; and they are ready to maintain, at the point of the sword, the privileges of their brotherhood. Schiller's Robbers never fails to bring the whole university to Weimar, for they seem to find in the bandit life some-

thing peculiarly consonant to their own ideas of liberty and independence. When the robbers open the fifth act with the song in which they celebrate the joys of their occupation, the students stand up in a body, and join vociferously in the strain.

It may easily be thought trifling to say so much about a theatre; but the only thing that gives Weimar a name is its literary reputation; in this reputation the character of the stage formed a popular and important element, and exercised a weighty influence on the public taste. It is, likewise, almost the only amusement to which the inhabitants of this celebrated village have accustomed themselves. Thus their vanity is interested no less than their love of amusement; and, though it may scarcely be thought advisable, in so poor a country, to take a large sum from the public revenues to support a theatre, there is no branch of expenditure which the inhabitants would less willingly see curtailed. They are irritated, therefore, that the influence of the queen of the boards with their master should act so injuriously in the histrionic republic; they had no fault to find with his gallantry

so long as it did not violate the muses. Let not this be ascribed to any general want of moral sensibility. We have no very favourable idea of German morality, and, in the larger capitals, particularly those of the South, there certainly is no reason why we should; but Weimar is a spot of as pure morality as any in Europe. At Munich or Vienna, *corrumpere et corrumpi saeculum vocatur;* but the infection has not reached these Thuringians. It is as surprising to find in Weimar so pure a court, round a prince who has shown himself not to be without human frailties, as it is to find in Vienna a society made up of the most unprincipled dissoluteness, round an emperor who is, himself, one of the purest men alive.

Like all their sisters of Saxony, the ladies are models of industry; whether at home or abroad, knitting and needle-work know no interruption. A lady, going to a rout, would think little of forgetting her fan, but could not spend half an hour without her implements of female industry. A man would be quite pardonable for doubting, on entering such a drawing-room, whether he had not strayed into a school of in-

dustry, and whether he was not expected to cheapen stockings, instead of dealing in small talk. At Dresden it is carried so far, that even the theatre is not protected against stocking wires. I have seen a lady gravely lay down her work, wipe away the tears which the sorrows of Thekla in Wallenstein's Death had brought into her eyes, and immediately reassume her knitting. The Weimarese have not yet found it necessary to put softness of heart so absolutely under the protection of the workbag. They are much more attached to music than dancing, and sometimes a desperate struggle is made to get up a masquerade; but they want the vivacity without which a thing of that sort is the most insipid of all amusements. The higher class leave the masquerades to the citizens, who demurely pace round a room, in black dominos, and stare at each other in black faces.

As might be expected from the literary tone which so long ruled, and still lingers round the court and society of Weimar, even the ladies have not altogether escaped a sprinkling of pedantry; some have been thickly powdered over with it,

and, in so small a circle, shake off their learned dust on all whom they jostle. One coterie forms a regular critical club. The gifted members, varying in age from sixteen to sixty, hold their weekly meetings over tea-cups, wrapped up in as cautious secrecy as if celebrating the mysteries of the Bona Dea. A daring Clodius once intruded, and witnessed the dissection of a tragedy; but he had reason to repent the folly of being wise so long as he remained within the reach of the conclave. But altogether, the ladies of Weimar are, in every thing that is good, a favourable specimen of their countrywomen.

The serious pursuits and undeviating propriety of conduct of the Grand Duchess herself, have had a large share in thus forming the manners of her court and subjects. Her Royal Highness is a princess of the house of Darmstadt; she is now venerable by her years, but still more by the excellence of her heart, and the strength of her character. In these little principalities, the same goodness of disposition can work with more proportional effect than if it swayed the sceptre of an empire; it comes more easily and directly into contact with those to-

wards whom it should be directed; the artificial world of courtly rank and wealth has neither sufficient glare nor body to shut out from the prince the more checquered world that lies below. After the battle of Jena, which was fought within ten miles of the walls, Weimar looked to her alone for advice and protection. Her husband and younger son were absent with the fragments of the defeated army; the French troops were let loose on the territory and capital; the flying peasantry already bore testimony to the outrages which are inseparable from the presence of brutal and insolent conquerors. The hope that she might be useful to the people in this hour of trial, when it was only to her they could look, prevailed over the apprehensions of personal insult and danger; she calmly awaited in Weimar the approach of the French, collected round her in the palace the greater part of the women and children who had not fled, and shared with them herself the coarse and scanty food which she was able to distribute among them. The Emperor, on his arrival, took up his abode in the palace, and the Grand Duchess immediately requested an interview with him. His first words to her were, "Ma-

dam, I make you a present of this palace ;" and forthwith he broke out into the same strain of invective against Prussia and her Allies, and sneers at the folly of endeavouring to resist himself, which he soon afterwards launched against the unfortunate Louisa at Tilsit. He said more than once with great vehemence, "*On dit que je veux etre Empereur de l'ouest ; et,*" stamping with his foot, "*je le serai, Madame.*" He was confounded at the firm and dignified tone in which the Grand Duchess met him. She neither palliated her husband's political conduct, nor supplicated for mercy in his political misfortunes. Political integrity, as a faithful ally of Prussia, had, she told him, dictated the one, and, if he had any regard for political principle and fidelity to alliances in a monarch, he could not take advantage of the other. The interview was a long one; the imperial officers in waiting could not imagine how a man, who reckoned time thrown away even on the young and beautiful of the sex, could spend so much with a princess whose qualifications were more of a moral and intellectual nature. But from that moment, Napoleon treated the family of Wei-

mar with a degree of respect and consideration, which the more powerful of his satellites did not experience. He used to say, that the Grand Duke was the only sovereign in Germany who could be intrusted with the command of a score of men; and he uniformly displayed for the Grand Duchess a very marked esteem. He even affected to do homage to the literary reputation of the town, and showered honours on the poets of Weimar, while he was suppressing universities. The last time he was in Weimar was before he led up his troops to the battle of Lützen. When he learned that part of the contingent of Weimar, as a member of the Confederation of the Rhine, had joined the Allies, he only said smiling, "*C'est la petite Yorkiade.*" He requested the honour of a glass of Malaga from the hand of the Grand Duchess herself, observing that he was getting old; and, accompanied by the Grand Duke, and his second son, Prince Bernard, rode off to attack the enemy at Lützen.

From this moment, till the thunder-clouds which collected at Leipzig had rolled themselves beyond the Rhine, this tranquil abode of the muses witnessed nothing but the horrors of war

in all their merciless perfection. That three such armies, as those of France, Russia, and Austria, were let loose on the exhausted land, includes in itself the idea of every possible misery and crime; but it was lamentable, that as much should be suffered from the declared liberators as from the real oppressor of Germany. The Russians fairly deserved the name which the wits of the north bestowed upon them, of being Germany's *Rettungsbestien*, or, Brutes of Salvation; but the Austrians far outstripped them in atrocity, and fired the villages, amid shouts of "Burn the hearts out of the Saxon dogs." There is something exquisitely absurd in an Austrian imagining, that any people of Germany can possibly sink so low as to be inferior to his own. That dreadful period has, in some measure, altered the character of these artless, kindly people; you can scarcely enter a cottage, that does not ring with dreadful tales out of these days of horror. Old village stories of witches on the Hartz, and legends of Number Nip from the mountains of Silesia, have given place to village records of individual misfortune, produced by worse spirits than ever assembled on the Brocken,

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or obeyed Rübezahl, in the clefts of the Schneekoppe.

It was precisely by its sympathy, its active humanity, and self-denial amid these horrors, that the reigning family fixed itself so deeply in the affections of the people. Every source of courtly expence was limited, or cut off, to meet the miseries of the ruined peasantry, and rebuild the villages which had been laid in ashes. In the short space of a month, the murders of the soldiery, and epidemic disease, produced by living in filth and starvation among the ruins of the villages, threw five hundred orphans on the country. Nine were found out of one family, without a rag to defend them against the chilling damps of an autumn night, cowering round the embers of their burned cottage, watching by the corpses of their father and mother. The ducal family, assisted by a share of the money which was raised in this country for the suffering Germans, adopted these orphans. They have all been educated in Weimar, instructed in a profession, and put in the way of exercising it. In the summer of 1821, they finished a small chapel, dedicated to the Providence that had led

their childhood safe through so much misfortune, of which not only the walls, but all the furniture and ornaments, are the work of their own hands, each in the profession to which he was educated.

It is almost a consequence of the literary character of Weimar, that nowhere on the continent is English more studiously cultivated. Byron and Scott are as much read, as well understood, and as fairly judged of by the Germans as among ourselves; they have not merely one, but several translations of the best of the Scottish Novels. The Grand Duke himself reads a great deal of English. Besides his own private collection, the well-stored public library, which is thrown open for the use of every body, contains all our celebrated writers. What a change in the course of half a century! The library of Frederick still stands in Sans Souci, as he left it at his death, and does not contain a volume but what is French. In Dr Froriep's room, at the *Industrie-Comptoir*,* one could imagine himself lounging in

* This *Industrie-Comptoir* is an establishment founded by the late Mr Bertuch, under the protection of the

Albemarle Street, instead of being in a retired corner of Saxony; the newspapers, the reviews, the philosophical periodicals, are scattered about in all their variety, together with all the new books that are worth reading, and a great many that are not.

Göthe, too, is fond of English reading, and whatever Göthe is fond of must be fashionable in Weimar. He is an idolater of Byron, though he holds that his Lordship has stolen various good things from him. Don Juan seems to be his favourite, but the paper and type really appeared to have no small share in the admiration with which he spoke of the work. Few things astonish the Germans more than our typographical luxury; the port of London would not give

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Grand Duke, for printing and engraving, and it has already become one of the most important in Germany. Nearly three hundred persons are occupied in printing books, engraving maps and drawings, partly in copper, partly on stone, and constructing globes. The printing department is peculiarly active in the dissemination of foreign, particularly English, literature, by reprints and translations; for Mr Bertuch was a scholar and a man of talent, and so is his relation and successor, Dr Froriep.

them a higher idea of our national wealth than our ordinary style of printing, joined to the fact that, notwithstanding its costliness, a greater quantity of books is devoured by our population than by any other in Europe. They are themselves very far behind in printing, partly because the cheapness of a book is essential to its sale, partly because they have introduced few improvements in an art which they invented. A negotiation with a Berlin publisher, for printing a translation of Playfair's Chronology, was broken off, because "paper could not be found large enough for the tables." Dr Müllner was astonished to find it stated in a magazine, that the few copies of Mr Gillies's version of the *Schuld*, which had been thrown off for the author's friends, were elegantly printed: "for," said he, "with us, on such an occasion, it is quite the reverse."

Though there *are* carriages in Weimar, its little fashionable world makes no show in the ring; but, so soon as winter has furnished a sufficient quantity of snow, they indemnify themselves by bringing forth their sledges. They are fond of this amusement, but are not suffi-

ciently far north to enjoy it in any perfection, or for any length of time. The sledges would be handsome, were not their pretensions to beauty frequently injured by the gaudy colours with which they are bedaubed. By the laws of sledge-driving, every gentleman is entitled, at the termination of the excursion, to salute his partner, as a reward for having been an expert Jehu; and, if once in the line, it is not easy to drive badly. The wholly unpractised, or very apprehensive, plant a more skilful servant on the projecting spars behind; he manages the horses, while his principal, freed of the trouble, tenaciously retains its recompence. The long line of glittering carriages, the gay trappings of the horses, the sound of the bells with which they are covered, and, except this not unpleasant tinkling; the noiseless rapidity with which the train glides through a clear frosty morning, like a fairy cavalcade skimming along the earth, form a cheering and picturesque scene.

Few things would raise the wrath of an English sportsman more than a German hare-hunt, except, perhaps, a Hungarian stag-hunt, for the game is cut off from every chance of escape be-

fore the attack is made. The Grand Duke of Weimar is an enthusiastic sportsman himself, and, when he takes his gun, every respectable person may do the same, and join his train. Peasants are used instead of grey-hounds; they surround a large tract of country, and drive the hares before them, into the hands of fifty or sixty sportsmen with double-barrelled guns. It is a massacre, not a hunt. As the circle grows more confined, and only a few of the devoted animals survive, the amusement becomes nearly as dangerous to the sportsmen as to the game; they shoot across each other in all directions; and the *Jagdmeister* and his assistants find sufficient occupation both for their voices and their arms, here striking down, there striking up a barrel, to prevent the sportsmen, in the confusion, from pouring the shot into each other's bodies. A large waggon, loaded with every thing essential to good cheer, attends. After the first circle has been exhausted, the sportsmen make merry, while the peasants are forming a new one, in a different direction, and preparing a similar murderous exhibition. The peasants say, that, without this summary mode of execu-

tion, they would be overrun with hares; and they very naturally prefer having it in their power to purchase dead hares for a price which is next to nothing, to being eaten up by thousands of them alive.

The family of Weimar, besides sustaining so honourable a part in protecting the literature of Germany, likewise took the lead in the introduction of free governments. The conclusion of the war was followed, all over Germany, by the expectation of ameliorated political institutions. The Congress of Vienna found it necessary or prudent to assume the appearance, at least, of liberality; but, unfortunately, the article regarding this matter, in the act of the congress, was couched in terms so general, as to leave it to the choice of every prince, (and so it has been interpreted in practice,) whether he would submit his prerogative to the restraints of a legislative body. This disastrous ambiguity, whether it was the effect of accident or artifice, was the origin of the popular irritation, which immediately ensued in different parts of Germany; for, amid the variety of meanings, of which the words were susceptible, the sovereigns naturally main-

tained, that only such expositions were correct, as implied the continuance of their ancient undefined authority. Some, like the King of Prussia, allowed, that the article bound them to introduce "Constitutions of Estates," but denied that it bound them to do so within any limited period; and held, therefore, that it lay with themselves to decide, whether they should cease to be absolute princes five or five hundred years hence. Others, who were willing to submit to a "Constitution of Estates," explained these words of the Congress, as meaning merely the old oligarchical estates, not a legislative body to controul, but an impotent body to advise; not a parliament, but a privy council. A third party put this gloss on the article, that it only bound the sovereigns to each other, but in no degree to their subjects. Dabelow of Göttingen, a man not unknown in the literary world, wrote a book in defence of this last proposition. The Students of Göttingen reviewed his work, by affixing a copy to the whipping-post, marching to the author's house, and hailing him with a thrice repeated *pereat*.

In several of the states, particularly in the

south, more honest and liberal sentiments have gradually prevailed; but it was Weimar that set the example. The Grand Duke, disdaining to seek pretexts in the act of congress, and jealous that any other state should take the lead in this honourable course, immediately framed for his people a representative government. He was assuredly the very last prince who could have been exposed to the necessity of making concessions; his two hundred thousand subjects would as soon have thought of composing a gospel for themselves, as of demanding any share in the administration of public affairs. When the first elections took place under the new constitution, considerable difficulty was occasionally experienced in bringing up the electors, particularly the peasantry, to vote. In defiance of the disquisitions of the liberal professors of Jena, they could not see the use of all this machinery. "Do we not pay the Grand Duke for governing us," they said, "and attending to the public business? Why give us all this trouble besides?" Nay, after the experiment of a representative body has been tried during seven years, many still

assert, that matters went on quite as well, and more cheaply without them.

This miniature parliament forms only one house, for it consists of only thirty one members. Ten are chosen by the proprietors of estates-noble, ten by the citizens of the towns, ten by the peasantry, and one by the University of Jena. The last is elected by the Senatus Academicus, and, besides being a professor, must have taken a regular degree in the juridical faculty. At the general election, which occurs every seventh year, not only the representatives themselves (*Abgeordneten*) are chosen, but likewise a substitute (*Stellvertreter*) for every member, in order that the representation may be always full. If the seat of a representative become vacant by his death, or resignation, or any supervenient incapacity, the substitute takes his place till the next general election. The ten members for the nobility are chosen directly by all the possessors of estates-noble, (*Rittergüter.*) A patent of nobility gives the same right. The vote does not bear reference to any fixed value of property; it rests on the nature of the estate; the possessor has a vote for every separate independent

estate of this kind which he possesses, however trifling, or however extensive it may be. The whole doctrine of splitting superiorities and creating votes, in which the freeholders and lawyers of one part of our island have become so expert, would be thrown away on the jurisconsults of Saxony. The power of granting patents of nobility would give the prince the power of creating electors at pleasure; but the Grand Duke has stripped himself of the prerogative of raising estates to this higher rank, in so far as the elective franchise is concerned, by a provision in the constitution, that, in future, he shall erect *Rittergüter*, to the effect of giving a vote, only with the consent of the chamber. Even ladies in possession of such estates have a vote; but, if unmarried, they must vote by proxy. A county of female freeholders would afford the most amusing canvass imaginable.

In the representation of the towns and peasantry, the election is indirect. The towns are distributed into ten districts, each of which sends one member. Weimar and Eisenach form districts of themselves, the former as being the capital, and containing a population of seven

thousand souls; the latter, as having some pretensions to be considered a manufacturing town, and containing a population somewhat greater than that of Weimar. In these, as well as in all the towns, great or small, which form the other districts respectively, every resident citizen has a vote without distinction of religion; even Jews possess the franchise, though they cannot be elected. The whole body of voters in a town choose a certain number of delegates, in the proportion of one for every fifty houses the town contains, and these deputies elect the member for the district. At least two-thirds of all the citizens having a right to vote must be present at the election of the delegates, and two-thirds of the delegates at the final election of the member. If no election takes place, in consequence of more than a third part of the electors being absent, all the expences of afterwards proceeding to a new election are borne by the absentees. The member for a district of towns must have a certain and independent income of about L. 75 Sterling (500 rix dollars) if he be elected for Weimar or Eisenach, and L. 45 (300 rix dollars) if he be chosen to represent

the towns of any other district. It has very prudently been added, that, in estimating this income, no salary shall be taken into account, whether it be derived from the state or from a private person, whether paid for actual service, or enjoyed as a pension.

The election of the ten representatives of the peasantry proceeds exactly in the same way. In regard to them, likewise, the duchy is divided into ten districts: in each district all the peasants who are major, and have a house within its bounds, choose their delegates in the same proportion to the number of houses as in the towns, and these delegates choose the member. The member must be one of themselves; they are not allowed to take him from the higher class of landed proprietors, which they certainly would easily have been brought to do, had it not been thus expressly prohibited. With the same view of preventing noble families from gaining undue influence in the legislature, it is provided that neither brothers, nor father and son, shall be capable of sitting in the chamber at the same time.

The three sets of members thus elected, with

the representative of Jena, form the *Landtag* or parliament of the duchy. They elect their own president, and the election is confirmed by the Grand Duke. He must be chosen from the nobility, and no person is eligible who is in the service of government, or enjoys a salary from it. He holds his office during twelve years, that is, two parliaments, but the house which appoints him may elect him for any longer period, or even for life. This is scarcely reconcilèable with the strict elective principle; for, as the president thus passes from the dissolved chamber into the new one, the district for which he originally sat chooses one member less at the new election, and the new chamber itself finds itself under a president elected by its predecessors. Two assistants are given him by the house, taken indiscriminately from the three estates, but they hold their office only for three years, that is, for one session. The president, and these two assistants, who have all salaries, form what is called the *Vorstand*, or presidency of the chamber; they are the organ through which it communicates with the Grand Duke: during the session, they have the general superintendence of the business;

during adjournments and prorogations, they remain in full activity to watch over the course of public affairs, to prepare the matters of discussion that are likely to be brought before the chamber at its next meeting, to issue writs for new elections where vacancies have taken place, and to apply to the Grand Duke, if they shall think it necessary, to call an extraordinary meeting. The chamber elects, moreover, its own clerk, pays him a salary, and may dismiss him at pleasure.

Regularly the chamber meets only once in three years, but the Grand Duke, either of his own accord, or at the request of the *Vorstand*, may, at any time, call an extraordinary meeting. He has the prerogative likewise of dissolving it at any time; but, in that case, a new chamber must be elected within three months, otherwise the dissolved one revives *ipso jure*; the former members are always re-eligible. The members have full privilege of parliament; their persons are inviolable from the commencement, till eight days after the close of the session; they are secured in liberty of speech, and legal proceedings cannot be instituted against them with-

out the consent of the chamber. During the session, they have an allowance of about ten shillings a day, besides a certain sum per mile to cover their travelling expences in coming to Weimar and returning home. The majority of voices determines every question. The speaker has no casting vote; in case of equality, there must be a second debate and division; and, if the chamber be still equally divided, the right of deciding is in the Grand Duke. In every case, his Royal Highness has an absolute veto.

The powers of the chamber extend to all the branches of legislation, and its consent is indispensable to the validity of all legislative measures. As it meets only once in three years, the budget is voted for the whole of that period; but, a standing committee, consisting, besides the presidency, of three members from the nobles, and three from the representatives of the towns or peasantry, continues during the long adjournment, to examine annually the public accounts. No part of the constitution itself can be changed, nor any addition made to it, but with the joint consent of the prince and the chamber; and no successor to the grand ducal

coronet is to receive the oath of homage from the representatives of the people, till he shall have sworn faithfully to observe it. It confirms the independence of the judges, and liberty of the press, which had been introduced in the grand duchy before this constitution was framed.

The chamber met for the second time in December 1820, and sat no less than four months. The great ceremonies at opening it consist in a short speech from the Grand Duke, and a long banquet in the palace. The members then proceed to business, and, out of San Marino, there is nothing like the simple, honest, well meaning legislators who are here brought together. The members elected by the noble proprietors, the professor from Jena, and, perhaps, a few of those who represent the towns, are men of education and experience; but most of the latter, and, above all, the representatives of the peasantry, are still more moderate in education than they are in fortune. Yet, in spite of their bluff countenances, homely manners, and shaggy coats, they bring with them two excellent qualities, a very modest distrust of their own judgment, and

a most laudable desire to be saving both of their own and of the public money. A county member, as the representatives of the peasantry may in some measure be reckoned, who happened to reside not far from Weimar, walked in every morning to the house with a sufficient quantity of rural viands in his pockets to satisfy the demands of the day, and walked home again in the afternoon with his half guinea untouched. These men, as is perfectly natural, do not find themselves at home in the office of legislators; the transmigration from respectable shopkeepers and small farmers into members of parliament was too rapid to allow them to move easily in their new dress; for there had been nothing in their education, or previous habits of life, to prepare them to act in so very different a capacity. They have no reason to be ashamed of this; an overweening trust in their own qualifications would be no desirable symptom; every man of sense must feel the same uneasiness at being called from bargaining about rye and black cattle to deliberate on measures of finance, and decide questions of public law.

To this want of experience, and the want of

self-confidence which results from it, are to be ascribed several errors into which they have fallen. For instance, they committed a great blunder in shutting their doors against the public; and it is worthy of notice, as a matter of political opinion, that on this point they have stubbornly refused to gratify the Grand Duke. In the speech with which he closed the preceding session, he had stated his wish that, at their next meeting, they should consider the propriety of throwing open their deliberations to the people, and that he desired this publicity himself. They did deliberate; but the small manufacturers and small farmers, with all their plain sense and honest intentions, were so terrified at the idea of being laughed at for oratorical deficiencies, that they determined, by a great majority, to keep their doors shut, but resolved to print, now and then, an abstract of their journals for the information of the public, always under the proviso that no names should be mentioned. Luden, Professor of History at Jena, immediately let loose upon them his nervous and logical, but cutting pen, and rendered them infinitely more ridiculous than they could possibly have made themselves by dull speeches.

They committed a still more serious mistake in the case of Dr Oken, the Professor of Natural History. This gentleman had lost his chair in the University of Jena, for scolding Prince Metternich, and laughing at the King of Prussia. He had been dismissed without any judicial inquiry or sentence, because he would not give up the publication of a journal which other courts considered revolutionary. He and his friends, therefore, loudly maintained that his dismissal was illegal, and the matter came regularly before the Chamber in the shape of a question, whether the Grand Duke could legally dismiss a public servant, without good cause ascertained according to law? The very way of putting the question showed that they had no clear idea of the dispute, for it placed ministers of state and public teachers, or even judges, on the same footing. The answer which they gave to it was still less satisfactory; for they decided, though by a very small majority, that the Grand Duke does possess this prerogative; but, at the same time, they voted an address, in which they prayed him to give them an assurance, that, till they should find time to concoct a remedial enact-

ment, he would not dismiss any other public servant in the same way. * The answer of his Royal Highness was rather touchy, and sounded very like a reproach that they should think him capable of doing any thing illegal.

There is a Censorship, but its existence is no stain on the government of Weimar, for it is a child of foreign birth which it has been compelled to adopt. The constitution established the freedom of the press, restricted only by the necessary responsibility in a court of law, and

* This vote naturally excited much anger, and spread some dismay, among the gentlemen of the University; it has had no small influence in qualifying their admiration of the popular body. The lawyers among them maintain, to a man, that it is in the very teeth of the law. One of the most distinguished of them said to me, with some bitterness, "Oken deserved it for his silly confidence in the representatives of the people, whom he delighted to honour and laud. He would hear of nothing but a discussion before the Chamber, and now he can judge better what sort of thing the Chamber is. Had he made his application to the Supreme Court of Justice, instead of petitioning his representatives of the people, he would have kept his chair, and the Chamber would have been saved from making itself ridiculous."

the constitution itself was guaranteed by the Diet. Greater powers, however, not only held it imprudent to concede the same right to their own subjects, but considered it dangerous that it should be exercised by any people speaking the same language. The resolutions of the Congress of Carlsbad were easily converted into ordinances of the Diet, and Weimar was forced, by the will of this supreme authority, to receive a Censorship. Nay, she has occasionally been compelled to yield to external influence, which did not even use the formality of acting through the medium of the Diet. Dr Reuder was the editor of a Weimar newspaper called the "Opposition Paper," (*Das Oppositions-Blatt,*) a journal of decidedly liberal principles, and extensive circulation. When it was understood that the three powers intended to crush the Neapolitan revolution by force, there appeared in this paper one or two articles directed against the justice of this armed interference. They passed over unnoticed; but, in a couple of months, the Congress of Troppau assembled, and forthwith appeared an edict of the Grand Duke suppressing the paper. No one laid the

blame on the government. Every body in Weimar said, " an order has come down from Troppau." The politics of Russia must always find an open door in the cabinet of Weimar, for the consort of the heir apparent is a sister of the Russian Autocrat, and enjoys the reputation of being a princess of more than ordinary talent. Her husband possesses the virtues, rather than the abilities of his parents.

In fact, from the moment the liberty of the press was established, Weimar was regarded with an evil eye by the potentates who preponderate in the Diet. In less than three years there were six journals published in Weimar and Jena, devoted wholly, or in part, to political discussion, and three of them edited by professors of distinguished name in German learning. Their politics were all in the same strain; earnest pleadings for representative constitutions, and very provoking, though very sound disquisitions, on the inefficacy of the new form of confederative government to which Germany has been subjected. At Weimar no fault was found with all this; more than one of these journals were printed in the *Industrie-Comptoir*, an esta-

blishment under the peculiar protection of the Grand Duke. But a different party, and particularly the government press of some other courts, took the alarm, and raised an outcry against Weimar, as if all the radicals of Europe had crowded into this little territory, to hatch rebellion for the whole continent. Every occurrence was made use of to throw odium on the liberal forms of her government, or torment its administrators with remonstrances and complaints. The Grand Duke really had some reason to say, that Jena had cost him more uneasiness than Napoleon had ever done. By displacing some, suspending others, and frightening all; by establishing a Censorship, and occasionally administering a suppression, the press of Weimar has been reduced to silence or indifference.

These free institutions were in no sense the creation of the public mind, or the public wishes, for the people had never thought about the matter, and felt immoveably that they could not be better governed than they had hitherto been. They were as completely a voluntary gift as could well be bestowed; they were the work of the sovereign himself, and a few men of honesty

and talent, setting themselves down to frame as effective, and yet, as the nature of the case required, as simple an organ as possible, by which the public opinion, if so inclined, might controul the government. What they have done is honourable to their liberality and prudence. Perhaps it was not so much the good will of the aristocracy, as the necessity of the case, and the good sense of the prince, that melted nobles and commoners into one chamber, where the former can exercise only their proper and natural influence. So small a territory neither required the labours, nor could support the burden of two chambers.

Setting aside the supreme controul of the Diet, to which neither the wishes nor the interests of prince and people conjoined can oppose any resistance, if the people of the grand-duchy be misgoverned, they can only have themselves to blame; for the constitution of their legislative body is sufficiently popular, and its powers, if duly exercised, sufficiently effective. Hitherto they have taken little interest in what it does. Except among men of liberal education, repining professors and silenced edi-

tors find neither attention nor sympathy. In Weimar itself, during the session of the Chamber, you seldom hear public matters adverted to; they are still too foreign to all their habits to occupy the citizens. You may possibly stumble now and then on a couple of ducal statesmen discussing some point in a corner at a party, or during a walk in the Park; or, at the table d'hote, (for, if practicable, the house pays regular deference to the dinner-hour) a member may let out some dark hints of what passed within doors; but in society they are never heard of; political discussions and political parties are there unknown. The coteries of Weimar still keep by the song and the jest, poetry and painting, the newest play or romance, or the adventures of the last sledge-party to Belvedere or Berka; and nobody, save the professors of Jena, seems to care one farthing how the one and thirty may be earning their ten shillings a-day. This lies partly in the national character. They are young in political life, and, like all their countrymen, get on slowly, but surely. This is the temper which wears best, for in political education, more than in any other, preco-

city is the bane of depth and soundness. *Die Zeit bringt Rosen*, says their own proverb.* It may likewise bring an interest in public affairs, and a knowledge of public duties.

Since the termination of the war left the government its own master, it has very wisely avoided that affectation of military parade, by which the smaller princes so often rendered themselves ridiculous, and ruined their finances. Except the few hussars who act as sentinels at the palace, and occasionally escort its inhabitants on a journey, you may traverse the grand duchy without meeting a uniform. Now, however, that the Diet has ultimately arranged the military contingents of the confederates, Weimar will have to support an army of two thousand men. It will be better able to bear the burden, than the still smaller states which are clustered together in the neighbourhood. The Grand Duke is within a day's journey of the territories of no fewer than twelve sovereign princes. Prussia is the leviathan that is nearest

* Time brings roses.

him. Bavaria, Royal Saxony, and Cassel, are within his reach, and are also politically important. Then comes Weimar itself, like a first-born, among the allied Saxon houses of Gotha, Cobourg, Meynungen, and Hilburghausen. In the vanishing point of the perspective appear the "Wee wee German Lairdies," the double branches of the lines of Reuss and Schwarzenburg.

There is a party in Germany, which still asks, how have these petty princes been allowed to retain their independence, when so many others, whose separate existence was in no respect more injurious to the unity and respectability of the common country, have been reduced to the rank of subjects? What has saved Reuss or Sondershausen, when Tour and Taxis has been mediatized? Their voices in the Diet can never be their own; for, though they have every *ratio* of monarchs, except the *ultima*, what they want is exactly the essential part of political oratory. They necessarily become instruments in the hands of the more powerful; and, so long as they continue to exist, memorials of an empire which is gone, rather than living efficient members

of the German people, the country can never be redeemed from foreign tutelage, or acquire that native union which alone can give it the dignity of an independent state. The theory of this party accordingly is, that all foreign powers shall be stripped of their German dominions. Even Prussia and Austria are to be considered extraneous monarchies; for, though they may be useful as allies, they will only be dangerous as curators, and curators they will be, if they are included at all. Then, all the states below second rates are to be blotted out, and their territories so apportioned among the pure German powers of some importance, such as Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Saxony, and Hanover, that there shall be two powerful kingdoms in the north, and two in the south. Germany, they say, having thus four efficient, instead of forty inefficient monarchs, will command respect from all the world. England, alas! has no chance for either of the two northern crowns. The very first step to be taken is to strip us of Hanover, and this party rails furiously at the Congress, for having allowed our royal family to retain it. Even the free towns are to fall, for

they are considered as merely English factories, which ruin the native manufactures; and the twin monarchs of the north are to be specially charged with the duty of liberating God's ocean from our maritime yoke. Such was the plan detailed in the *Ms. aus Süd Deutschland*, a work which it cost the police a great deal of trouble to suppress. We may congratulate ourselves, that the dictators of Germany have agreed to consider these doctrines as revolutionary; that, at all events, in the present state of the world, they are impracticable; and that the Rhine, the Neckar, and the Main, are much more prolific in good wines than in expert seamen.

CHAPTER III.

JENA.

Stosst an! Jena lebe! hurrah hoch!
Jena Student Hymn.

THE vicinity of Jena, always one of the most distinguished, and, of late years, by far the most notorious of the German universities, is, to a stranger, no small recommendation of Weimar as a temporary residence; a week of the courtly society and enjoyments of the one, interchanging with a week among the raw students and learned professors of the other, forms a pleasant alternation. The peculiarities of the Burschen life,* considered merely as matters of observa-

* It is necessary to mention, once for all, that the word *Bursche*, though it only means *a young fellow*, has been appropriated by the students, all over Germany, to desig-

tion, are seen to much less advantage in the large capitals, than in what are properly termed university towns; towns, that is, which, in a great measure, have been formed by the presence of the university, and are dependent upon it. In Berlin, for example, however much the Burschen may be inclined to tyrannize, they feel that they are but as a drop in the ocean; they are not sufficiently numerous, in reference to the population, to be personages of importance. Besides, the keen eye with which such a police watches all their vagaries, and the promptitude with which a military police, like that of Berlin, would suppress them, the ridicule of two hundred thousand inhabitants is more than they could well endure, while the manhood of such a population is more than the most persevering Bobadil amongst them would undertake to decimate. It is in towns which consist of scarcely any thing but the

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nate themselves. They have agreed to consider themselves as being, *par excellence*, the young fellows of Germany. *Das Burschenleben*, for example, does not mean the mode of life of young men in general, but only of young men at college.

university, and in which the inhabitants are dependent on the presence of some hundreds of young men from all the countries of the Confederation, that the sect appears in its true form and colour. In these, the Burschen themselves constitute the public; in these, no taint of extraneous civilization mars the purity of their own roughness and caprices; and, so far from acknowledging any superior, they recognize no equal. The mere citizens, or *Philistines*, as they are denominated by the sons of the academic Israel, form a despised and rejected race. If they wish to let their houses, sell their wares, or have their bills paid, they must passively submit to the capricious government of their overbearing lodgers, who, constituting the all-powerful and ever-present WE, rule the community literally with a rod of iron. These little towns are the empires of Comments, Landsmannschaften, and Renommiren; of beer-drinking, and duel-fighting; of scholars who set their masters at defiance, and masters who, for the sake of fees, occasionally truckle to their scholars; and nowhere do all these elements of the *beau*

ideal of a modern German university concur in greater perfection than in Jena.

Jena is a few miles to the eastward of Weimar, and stands in a much more pleasing district of country on the Saal. The ground separates into two lofty, precipitous, rocky ridges, presenting a striking regularity and uniformity of structure, but so bare, that even in summer no covering of verdure conceals the brown stone. These ridges terminate abruptly close by the Saal, which meanders through a very delightful valley, where the rich meadows in the bottom, the cultivated slopes of the hills, the cottages and hamlets peeping out from tufts of copsewood, or lurking beneath ancient elms, are all in a pure style of rural beauty; the river itself is a considerable and limpid stream, altogether majestic in comparison with the muddy Ilm of Weimar. It is no wonder that Göthe prefers Jena to the capital for his summer residence. The town itself lies between the foot of the abrupt eminences and the river. There is nothing about it worthy of remark. Many of the houses display a great deal of the ornamental, but somewhat grotesque, style of building which,

at one time, was so common in the south of Germany, and of which Augsburg, in particular, is still so full.

Before descending into the town by a road which, in winter at least, is among the very worst in Europe, the traveller passes the field of battle of 1806, of that melancholy day when

> —— Prussia hastened to the field,
> And grasped the spear, but left the shield.

Looking at the nature of the ground, the defiles which the French army had to pass, the ascents which it had to climb, and the batteries which it had to encounter, as it advanced from Jena, a person, who is no tactician, finds it difficult to conceive how the Prussians contrived not only to lose the battle, but to lose it so thoroughly, that it decided the fate of the monarchy. Yet there are few things more absurd than the contempt with which, from the period of this unfortunate battle, it became fashionable for France, and the partial friends of France in other countries, to speak of the Prussian military, an ignorant affectation which even the gigantic efforts of the Liberation War have not been

able entirely to explode from among ourselves. A single battle may decide the fate of an empire, but can never decide the military character of a people. If France, under Napoleon, conquered at Jena, Prussia, under Frederick, had been equally triumphant at Rossbach. Whatever errors Prussia may have committed on the heights of Auerstadt, have all been washed out by the waters of the Bober and the Katzbach.

Before the action Jena was the French head-quarters, and, as was to be expected from an army which, wherever it arrived, arrived in want of every thing but powder and shot, the town was not only plundered, but great part of it burned. The men ran about the streets with firebrands, extorting a ready compliance with all their demands. A shopkeeper, who, already plundered, refused to give up to a soldier the last pittance on which he could hope to preserve his family from starvation, was bayonetted on the spot by the ruffian. Mr Knebel, one of the ancient literati of Weimar, who now enjoys in Jena his *otium cum dignitate*, labouring at a translation of Lucretius, on which Göthe told me he had known him employed forty years,

complained loudly of the murderous licence to one of the officers quartered in his house; he was answered with a jest. The principal source of apprehension to the citizens lay in the possibility of the students provoking the military, which would have produced an indiscriminate massacre. It sounds ridiculous enough to talk of a few hundred boys insulting a French army; but at Halle something of the kind actually happened, and occasioned the suppression of the University. At Jena they were more prudent, and, with the current of battle, the storm rolled away in another direction. The French commissaries, however, who remained in the town for some time after the battle, were incessantly transmitting to head-quarters their apprehensions of the students. One of them was quartered in the house of a professor, and the professors generally lecture at home. When he first observed the students crowding about the door, nothing doubting but they were assembling to assassinate him, he saved himself by leaping from a window, at no small personal risk, and never stopped till he found himself safe in Weimar.

The university was founded in the middle of the seventeenth century, by the sovereign princes of the Ernestine branch of the house of Saxony, Weimar, Gotha, Cobourg, and Meinungen. It is the joint property of these little monarchs, who likewise share the patronage among them. In practice, however, the professors are named only by Weimar and Gotha; for Cobourg and Meinungen have transferred their right to the latter, having probably found that the power of nominating the fourth part of a professor was not worth the expence which the partnership imposed upon them. By the constitution of the university, the new professor should be selected from a list of three candidates given in by the senatus academicus; but the senate has allowed this privilege to go so entirely into disuse, that, for a long time, not even the form has been retained, and the sovereign nominates directly to the vacant chair. The privilege is said to have been abused by the faculties. I was assured by members of the university that the senate has been known, from mere envy of superior talent, to pass by a man of acknowledged genius, and give in a list of three acknowledged blockheads.

The constitution of the university is the same with that which prevails all over Germany. It consists of the four usual faculties, the Theological, Juridical, Medical, and Philosophical, though, in some instances, the distinction between them is not very accurately observed. As every thing not included under the first three is referred to the philosophical faculty, and as they had been established long before many branches of knowledge rose to the rank of separate sciences, the philosophical assumes a most heterogeneous appearance; Greek and Chemistry, Logic and Mineralogy, Belles-Lettres and Botany, stand side by side in the academical array. For the ordinary departments of study, there are three sets of instructors. The ordinary professors are, as their name imports, the proper corporation: they constitute the faculties, elect from among themselves the members of the senate, confer the degrees, exercise the jurisdiction, and appoint the inferior officers of the university, and receive salaries. Jena has twenty-eight; four theologians, no fewer than nine jurisconsults, five medical, and ten philosophical professors. The extraordinary professors are in

a manner volunteers; they have no seat in the faculty, no share in the authority of the corporation, and receive either no salary, or a very trifling one. The third class, *Doctores privatim docentes*, have in reality nothing to do with the university, except that they are under its protection, and have its authority to teach; they are merely young men, who, having taken a diploma in some one of the faculties, have obtained the permission of the senate to give lectures, if they can find hearers. There are likewise attached to the university, as every where else in Germany, teachers of the principal modern languages, and masters, moreover, in riding, fencing, dancing, music, and drawing. All these, to be sure, are in reality only private teachers, but they are an indispensable appendix to the university, and, in the eyes of great part of the students, this appendix, like the postscript of a lady's letter, is the most important member of the Alma Mater. A professor of law or theology might be of moderate attainments without doing much mischief; but few would think of attending a university which did not possess able masters in fencing, riding, and dancing. The first

of these three is the only personage whom the Burschen recognize as sacrosanct; the last is of less use, for, as every German boy and German girl learns waltzing as naturally as walking, the college gentlemen are much more bent on the practice than the study of the art.

The salaries of the professors are small, for how can so poor and insignificant a country be munificent in its learned institutions? They used to be four hundred rix dollars; within these few years they have been raised to five hundred, a sum which does not exceed L. 80, and is little more than what is required to bring a respectable student through a well spent year at Göttingen. This rule, however, is not always strictly observed. When it is wished to bring a person of eminence to the university, and the man knows his own value, (which he generally does) it is neither unusual nor improper to find him higgling for a hundred or two hundred dollars more; and the house of Weimar enjoys the reputation of having always been as liberal, in this respect, as its revenues allowed. The teachers are thus very far from being independent of the students and their fees, a dependence

which has brought with it both good and bad consequences. It has been useful, as competition always is, by urging the professors to acquire reputation, that they may acquire hearers; but it has been injurious by seducing them to court popularity by relaxing the reins of discipline, and overlooking many of the evils of the Burschen life, that they might draw crowds to their university by giving it the character of being the one where the follies and vices of the system which German students have established for their own government, were least exposed to punishment and restraint. The fee, like the salary, varies with the reputation of the teacher. The usual fee for a session is five rix dollars, (15s. 6d.) yet there are instances of a sturdy higgler beating down even this trifling sum. On the other hand, there are prelections, especially in the medical faculty, which go as high as a guinea. In other branches of expence, the German student has not the same overwhelming advantage; but altogether, living as a respectable Burschen would wish to do, he can enjoy, for half the money, the same education he could command in Scotland. The English universi-

ties, in their general character, never come into question, they are seminaries for particular classes. A distinguished member of the juridical faculty at Jena was particularly inquisitive about the economical relations of his brethren in Britain. When I spoke to him of a professor of law, in Edinburgh, for example, adding to his salary a body of three hundred students at four guineas a head, for five months' labour, the astonished jurisconsult could only exclaim, "*O das gesegnete Völklein!*"

Even the fees, moderate as they are, are but of recent origin. In the original constitution of the German universities, there was no provision for honoraries; for many years, the professors continued to deliver their lectures gratis. Michaelis of Göttingen was among the first who openly attacked the system, and a revolution, so desirable to the teachers, was speedily accomplished. The professors argued thus; by law we must give lectures gratis, but that is no reason why we should not likewise give others, not gratis, to those who are willing to pay for them; and if we only take care that the former shall be good for nothing, and reserve for the latter all that is

worth knowing, every body who wishes to learn will choose to pay. This principle once adopted, the progress of the thing was quite natural, and the distinction between public and private lectures in a German program becomes perfectly intelligible. The professors gradually introduced a separate course of prelections, which they called private, and for which they exacted fees; the public, that is, the gratis lectures, rapidly became superficial and uninteresting, while every thing important in the science which he taught was reserved, by the professor, for the golden *privatim*. The natural consequence was, that public or gratis lectures disappeared, and what were called private took their place. These private lectures are, in every respect, except that of expence, the old public lectures; they are given in the same place, in the same way, on the same topics, but they must be paid for; because it has unavoidably come to this, that a student as little thinks of attending, as a professor of delivering, public lectures in the old sense of the word. A student could not find a sufficient number of them to complete any course; and, though he did, to take advantage

of them would make him be regarded by his fellows as a charity school boy. Among the host of professors at Jena, there are few who have ever read a *publicum* in their lives; and they are perfectly right. If it be bad in a wealthy government to make public instructors independent of intellectual exertion, it would be preposterous in a poor one, which cannot give them a decent independence, to deny them the fruits of their intellectual labour. Even where a wandering *publicè* makes its appearance, it is uniformly accompanied with some such significant phrase as, *horis et diebus commodis;* or, *adhuc definiendis;* or the subject of the promised prelections has little to do with the department in question. Thus Lenz, the Professor of Mineralogy, announced, for his private course, mineralogy and geognosy; but, for his public course, and that, too, only *hora commoda*,— German Antiquities! Some of the professors give a third course, which is announced as *privatissimè*, and must be paid for at a still higher rate than the simply private.

No better proof of their love of fees, and, what is much better, of their proverbial industry, can

be found than the numerous subdivisions into which they break down their particular departments, converting each into the subject-matter of a separate course, and not unfrequently superadding to them prelections which appear to have little connection with their proper business. Every professor, though appointed to teach a particular science, is left to his own discretion as to the manner in which he shall teach it; and the Protestant universities are accustomed to boast of this liberty as an advantage which they enjoy over their Catholic rivals, with whom the *how* as well as the *what* of public teaching, and even the text-books that shall be used, are laid down by positive rule. In the former, the professor is left entirely to the freedom of his own will. In the course of the session, that is, in about five months, he may go through his science, and immediately begin it again for the next; but, in general, he adopts a plan by which more fees are brought in, and the science is perhaps better taught. He breaks down his subject into separate courses, which are carried on simultaneously; for he either devotes a certain number of days in the week to one, and

the rest to another, or lectures two or three hours a-day. Thus every thing is taught more in detail, the professors get more money, and have much harder labour. But they are a race most patient of toil. It has been said of Michaelis, that he was so identified with his profession, that he never was happy but when reading lectures, and all the days in his calendar were white, except the holidays. His mantle seems to have descended on the greatest part of his followers between the Vistula and the Rhine. At Jena, Stark, whose peculiar department is the obstetric art, was lecturing at one hour on the theory, and, at a second, in the Lying-in Hospital, on the practice of midwifery; at a third, upon surgery; at a fourth, on the diseases of the eye; and, at a fifth, was giving clinical lectures in the Infirmary. Kieser, another celebrated member of the same faculty, was occupying two different hours with two separate courses in medicine; for a third, he announced animal magnetism; and for a fourth, the anatomy and physiology of plants. Of the two properly medical courses, the first was general pathology; the second, which, if taken at all, must be taken and paid

for as a separate course, was a particular part of the general doctrine, inflammations, but treated more in detail.

One of our own professors, who, though receiving four times the money, impatiently reckons every hour till his five brief months of moderate labour be past, could not hold out for a single year among these gentlemen, for they have two sessions in the year, each of about five months. Their only period of relaxation is an interval of a month between one session and the other, which, however, they generally contrive to stretch out to six weeks, by finishing the one a few days earlier, and commencing the other a few days later, than strict rule allows. The professor who lectured on the Pandects was reading three hours a day, two of them successively; an enormous task both for him and his pupils. This department being so heavy, three gentlemen of the juridical faculty read the Pandects in their turn.

The lawyers have thus hard work, but they are likewise much more amply provided for than their brethren; their salaries, and the fees derived from students, do not constitute one-half

of their emoluments. The juridical faculty, in every German university, forms a court of appeal for the whole Confederation. In all the states, the losing party in a cause had the right of appealing to a university: this right was confirmed by the Act of Confederation; and even the native Forum, if it find difficulties which require the assistance of more profound jurisconsults, may send the case for judgment to a university. In all such appeals, the members of the juridical faculty become judges; they have no salary for this part of their duty, but they have fees paid by the litigants; and at Jena I have heard them estimated as being at least equal to the professorial salary. To this union of the bench with the chair are undoubtedly to be ascribed, in some measure, the distinguished legal talents which have at all times adorned the German universities, and which, in the present day, are far from being extinct. The theoretical studies of the academician are thus daily brought to the test of practice; he sees at every moment how his logical deductions work in the affairs of ordinary life. It gave the prince likewise a direct interest to fill these chairs with

distinguished men; for, the greater the quantity of profitable business, the smaller was the necessity for supplying or increasing salaries at his own expence.

The lawyers of Jena have still a third source of toil and emolument, equal to either of the preceding, because they constitute the *Oberappellations-Gericht*, or Supreme Court of Appeal, not only for the grand duchy, but likewise for all the other Saxon Houses, and the two branches of Reuss.* This plurality of offices is not, perhaps, very favourable to the independence of the judges; for, though not removeable from the bench, yet, in consequence of the decision of the Landtag already referred to, they can be removed from their chairs at the pleasure of the

* By the Act of Confederation it is provided, that every state whose population does not amount to three hundred thousand souls, shall unite itself with others sufficiently populous to make up that number, for the erection of a common Supreme Court of Appeal. The jurisdiction of that of Jena extends to the territories of Weimar, Gotha, Cobourg, Meinungen, and Hilburghausen; and to these have been added the petty families of Reuss, from the proximity of their territories to the Saxon duchies.

Grand Duke; and it is perfectly natural, that the fears of the removeable professor should have some influence on the conduct of the irremoveable judge. The poverty, however, of these little governments, renders such an accumulation of offices indispensable; for, unless a man were thus allowed to insure a competency, the finances could not maintain such a supreme tribunal as would command the public respect, and place its members above the temptation of stooping to unworthy gains. The proceedings in all cases are entirely in writing, and not a human being is admitted to witness them. "I can show you the room, the table, and the chairs," said a member of the court, "but I can do nothing more for you." It is strange enough, that though, in the conflict of modern politics, the professors of Jena have been cried down as being leavened with a portion of liberalism approaching to treason, yet the lawyers, with all their talent and political liberality, display a rooted dislike to trial by jury, and the publicity of judicial proceedings. The labours of Feuerbach, however, on the other side, have not been without effect. Though, out of the

Rhenish provinces, I never found an open court in Germany, except at Berlin, the conflict of opinions has weakened even professional prejudices. The same lawyers who detest juries, are willing to admit publicity in criminal trials; but they cannot think of it with patience in civil suits; first, because people would take no interest in them; second, because, though they did, they would not understand them; third, because, though they did understand them, they have no right to know other people's private affairs.

It is scarcely worth while to say, that the mode of teaching is almost entirely the same as in the Scottish Universities. The students live where they choose, and how they choose, having no connection with the University, except subjection to its discipline, which they do not much regard, and attendance at the appointed hour in the Professor's lecture-room, where nobody knows whether they be present or not. The lectures are given in German; and, after a small theatre like that of Weimar, there are few surer means of mastering this beautiful, but difficult language, than to attend the prelections of a Professor on some popular topic, such as his

tory. There is no particular university building set apart for the classes; at least, the building which bears the name is not applied to that purpose; it only contains the library and the jail. Such of the Professors as have only small classes assemble them in their own dwelling-houses. Others, who can boast of a more numerous auditory, have larger halls in different parts of the town. There is not a class-room in Jena which would contain more than two hundred persons; and, now that its honours have been blighted, that is a greater number than any of its learned men can hope to collect. Till of late years, however, the Professor of History, an extremely able and popular gentleman, used to have a much more numerous auditory. When he occasionally delivered a *publicum*, the overflowing audience filled even the court; the windows were thrown open, and his resounding voice was heard distinctly in every corner.

Nothing can exceed the orderly behaviour of the students; they seem to leave all their oddities at the door. Savage though they be esteemed, a stranger may hospitize, as they call it, among them

in perfect safety, even without putting himself under the wing of a Professor. Every man takes his seat quietly, puts his bonnet beneath him, or in his pocket, unfolds his small portfolio, and produces an inkhorn, armed below with a sharp iron spike, by which he fixes it firmly in the wooden desk before him. The teacher has notes and his text-book before him, but the lecture is not properly read; those, at least, which I heard, were spoken, and the Professor stood. This mode of communication is only advisable when a man is thoroughly master of his subject, but is perhaps susceptible of much more effect than a recited manuscript. Above all, Martin, the Professor of Criminal Law, and Luden, the Professor of History, harangue with a vivacity and vehemence, which render listlessness or inattention impossible.

Thus the hour is spent in listening, and it is left entirely to the young men themselves to make what use they may think proper, or no use at all, of what they have heard; there is no other superintendence of their studies, than that of the Professor in his pulpit, telling them what he himself knows; there are no arrangements to

secure, in any degree, either attendance or application; the received maxim is, that it is right to tell them what they ought to do, but it would be neither proper nor useful to take care that they do it, or prevent them from being as idle and ignorant as they choose.

Once outside of the class-room, the Burschen show themselves a much less orderly race; if they submit to be ruled one hour daily by a professor, they rule him, and every other person, during all the rest of the four and twenty. The duels of the day are generally fought out early in the morning; the spare hours of the forenoon and afternoon are spent in fencing, in *renowning*—that is, in doing things which make people stare at them, and in providing duels for the morrow. In the evening, the various clans assemble in their commerz-houses, to besot themselves with beer and tobacco; and it is long after midnight before the last strains of the last songs die away upon the streets. Wine is not the staple beverage, for Jena is not in a wine country, and the students have learned to place a sort of pride in drinking

beer. Yet, with a very natural contradiction, over their pots of beer they vociferate songs in praise of the grape, and swing their jugs with as much glee as a Bursche of Heidelberg brandishes his *römer* of Rhenish. Amid all their multifarious and peculiar strains of joviality, I never heard but one in praise of the less noble liquor:*

Come, brothers, be jovial, while life creeps along;
Make the walls ring around us with laughter and song.
Though wine, it is true, be a rarity here,
We'll be jolly as gods with tobacco and beer.
Vivallerallerallera.

Corpus Juris, avaunt! To the door with the Pandects!
Away with Theology's texts, dogmas, and sects!
Foul Medicine begone! At the board of our revels,
Brothers, Muses like these give a man the blue devils.
Vivallerallerallera.

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* It is scarcely necessary to say, that these rude rhymes are not translated from any idea that they possess poetical merit, but merely to show the character of the Burschen strains, and of the academicians, perhaps, who compose and sing them.

One can't always be studying; a carouse, on occasion,
Is a *sine quo non* in a man's education;
One is bound to get muddy and mad now and then;
But our beer jugs are empty, so fill them again.
Vivallerallerallera.

A band of these young men, thus assembled in an ale-house in the evening, presents as strange a contrast as can well be imagined to all correct ideas, not only of studious academical tranquillity, but even of respectable conduct; yet, in refraining from the nightly observances, they would think themselves guilty of a less pardonable dereliction of their academic character, and a more direct treason against the independence of Germany, than if they subscribed to the Austrian Observer, or never attended for a single hour the lectures for which they paid. Step into the public room of that inn, on the opposite side of the market-place, for it is the most respectable in the town. On opening the door, you must use your ears, not your eyes, for nothing is yet visible except a dense mass of smoke, occupying space, concealing every thing in it and beyond it, illuminated with a dusky light, you know not how, and sending forth from

its bowels all the varied sounds of mirth and revelry. As the eye gradually accustoms itself to the atmosphere, human visages are seen dimly dawning through the lurid cloud; then pewter jugs begin to glimmer faintly in their neighbourhood; and, as the smoke from the phial gradually shaped itself into the friendly Asmodeus, the man and his jug slowly assume a defined and corporeal form. You can now totter along between the two long tables which have sprung up, as if by enchantment; by the time you have reached the huge stove at the farther end, you have before you the paradise of German Burschen, destitute only of its Houris: every man with his bonnet on his head, a pot of beer in his hand, a pipe or segar in his mouth, and a song upon his lips, never doubting but that he and his companions are training themselves to be the regenerators of Europe, that they are the true representatives of the manliness and independence of the German character, and the only models of a free, generous, and high-minded youth. They lay their hands upon their jugs, and vow the liberation of Germany; they stop a second pipe, or light a second se-

gar, and swear that the Holy Alliance is an unclean thing.

The songs of these studious revellers often bear a particular character. They are, indeed, mostly convivial, but many of them contain a peculiar train of feeling, springing from their own peculiar modes of thinking, hazy aspirations after patriotism and liberty, of neither of which they have any idea, except that every devout Bursche is bound to adore them, and mystical allusions to some unknown chivalry that dwells in a fencing bout, or in the cabalistical ceremony, with which the tournament concludes, of running the weapon through a hat. Out of a university town, these effusions would be utterly insipid, just as so many of the native Venetian canzonette lose all their meaning, when sung any where but in Venice, or by any other than a Venetian. Thus, their innumerable hymns to the rapier, or on the moral, intellectual, and political effects of climbing up poles and tossing the bar, would be unintelligible to all who do not know their way of thinking, and must appear ridiculous to every one who cannot enter into their belief, that these chivalrous exercises

constitute the essence of manly honour; but they themselves chaunt these tournament songs *(Tournier-lieder)* with an enthusiastic solemnity which, to a third party, is irresistibly ludicrous. The period when they took arms against France was as fertile in songs as in deeds of valour. Many of the former are excellent in their way, though there was scarcely a professional poet in their band, except young Körner. These, with the more deep and intense strains of Arndt, will always be favourites, because they were the productions of times, and of a public feeling unique in the history of Germany. Where no reference is made to fencing tournaments, or warlike recollections, there is nevertheless the distinct impress of Burschen feelings.

The following may be taken as a satisfactory example of the ordinary genus of university minstrelsy; it is by way of eminence, the Hymn, or Burchen Song of Jena; it contains all the texts which furnish materials for the amplifications of college rhymsters, and shows better than a tedious description how they view the world.

Pledge round, brothers; Jena for ever! huzza!
The resolve to be free is abroad in the land;
The Philistine * burns to be joined with our band,
For the Burschen are free.

Pledge round then; our country for ever! huzza!
While you stand like your fathers as pure and as true,
Forget not the debt to posterity due,
For the Burschen are free.

Pledge round to our Prince, then, ye Burschen! huzza!
He swore our old honours and rights to maintain,
And we vow him our love while a drop's in a vein,
For the Burschen are free.

Pledge round to the love of fair woman! huzza!
If there be who the feeling of woman offends,
For him is no place among freemen or friends;
But the Burschen are free.

Pledge round to the stout soul of man, too! huzza!
Love, singing, and wine, are the proofs of his might,
And who knows not all three is a pitiful wight;
But the Burschen are free.

Pledge round to the free word of freemen! huzza!
Who knows what the truth is, yet trembles to brave
The might that would crush it, is a cowardly slave;
But the Burschen are free.

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* That is, the people.

Pledge round then each bold deed for ever! huzza!
Who tremblingly ponders how daring may end,
Will crouch like a minion, when power bids him bend;
But the Burschen are free.

Pledge round then, the Burschen for ever! huzza!
Till the world goes in rags, when the last day comes o'er us,
Let each Bursche stand faithful, and join in our chorus,
The Burschen are free.

If they ever give vent in song to the democratic and sanguinary resolves which are averred to render them so dangerous, it must be in their more secret conclaves; for, in the strains which enliven their ordinary potations, there is nothing more definite than in the above prosaic effusion. There are many vague declamations about freedom and country, but no allusions to particular persons, particular governments, or particular plans. The only change of government I ever knew proposed in their cantilenes, is one to which despotism itself could not object.

Let times to come come as they may,
And empires rise and fall;
Let Fortune rule as Fortune will,
And wheel upon her ball;

High upon Bacchus' lordly brow
Our diadem shall shine;
And Joy, we'll crown her for his queen,
Their capital the Rhine.

In Heidelberg's huge tun shall sit
The Council of our State,
And on our own Johannisberg
The Senate shall debate.
Amid the vines of Burgundy
Our Cabinet shall reign;
Our Lords and faithful Commons House
Assemble in Champagne.

Only the Cabinet of Constantinople could set itself, with any good grace, against such a reform.

But, worse than idly as no small portion of time is spent by the great body of the academic youth in these nightly debauches, this is only one, and by no means the most distinguishing or troublesome, of their peculiarities; it is the unconquerable spirit of clanship, prevalent among them, which has given birth to their violence and insubordination; for it at once cherishes the spirit of opposition to all regular discipline, and constitutes an united body to give that opposition effect. The house of Hanover did not

find more difficulty in reducing to tranquillity the clans of the Highlands of Scotland than the Grand Duke of Weimar would encounter in eradicating the *Landsmannschaften* from among the four hundred students of Jena, and inducing them to conduct themselves like orderly, well-bred young men. The *Landsmannschaften* themselves are by no means a modern invention, though it is believed, that the secret organization which they give to the students all over Germany has, of late years, been used to new purposes. The name is entirely descriptive of the thing, a *Countrymanship*, an association of persons from the same country, or the same province of a country. They do not arise from the constitution of the university, nor are they acknowledged by it; on the contrary, they are proscribed both by the laws of the university and the government of the country. They do not exist for any academical purpose, for the young men have no voice in any thing connected with the university; to be a member of one is an academical misdemeanour, yet there are few students who do not belong to one or another. They are associations of students belonging to

the same province, for the purpose of enabling each, thus backed by all, to carry through his own rude will, let it be what it may, and, of late years, it is averred, to propagate wild political reveries, if not to foment political cabals. They are regularly organized; each has its president, clerk, and councillors, who form what is called the Convent of the Landsmannschaft. This body manages its funds, and hasthe direction of its affairs, if it have affairs. It likewise enjoys the honour of fighting all duels *pro patria*, for so they are named when the interest or honour, not of an individual, but of the whole fraternity, has been attacked. The assembled presidents of the different Landsmannschaften in a university constitute the *senior convent*. This supreme tribunal does not interfere in the private affairs of the particular bodies, but decides in all matters that concern the whole mass of Burschen, and watches over the strict observance of the general academic code which they have enacted for themselves. The meetings of both tribunals are held frequently and regularly, but with so much secrecy, that the most vigilant police has been unable to reach them. They have cost

many a professor many a sleepless night. The governments scold the senates, as if they trifled with, or even connived at the evil; the senates lose all patience with the governments for thinking it so easy a matter to discover what Burschen are resolved to keep concealed. The exertions of both have only sufficed to drive the Landsmannschaften into deeper concealment. From the incessant quarrels and uproars, and the instantaneous union of all to oppose any measure of general discipline about to be enforced, the whole senate often sees plainly, that these bodies are in active operation, without being able either to ascertain who are their members, or to pounce upon their secret conclaves.

Since open war was thus declared against them by the government, secrecy has become indispensable to their existence, and the Bursche scruples at nothing by which this secrecy may be insured. The most melancholy consequence of this is, that, as every man is bound by the code to esteem the preservation of the Landsmannschaft his first duty, every principle of honour is often trampled under foot to maintain it. In some universities it was provided by the code that a

student, when called before the senate to be examined about a suspected Landsmannschaft, ceased to be a member, and thus he could safely say that he belonged to no such institution. In others, it was provided, that such an inquiry should operate as an *ipso facto* dissolution of the body itself, till the investigation should be over; and thus every member could safely swear that no such association was in existence. There are cases where the student, at his admission into the fraternity, gives his word of honour to do every thing in his power to spread a belief that no such association exists, and, if he shall be questioned either by the senate or the police, steadfastly to deny it. Here and there the professors fell on the expedient of gradually extirpating them, by taking from every new student, at his matriculation, a solemn promise that he would not join any of these bodies; but where such principles are abroad, promises are useless, for deceit is reckoned a duty. The more moderate convents left it to the conscience of the party himself to decide, whether he was bound in honour by such a promise; but the code of Leipzig, as it has been printed, boldly declares every promise of this kind void, and

those who have exacted it punishable. Moreover, it invests the senior convent, in general terms, with the power of giving any man a dispensation from his word of honour, if it shall see cause, but confines this privilege, in money matters, to cases where he has been enormously cheated. Thus the code of university Landsmannschaften, while it prates of nothing but the point of honour, and directs to that centre all its fantastic regulations, sets out with a violation of every thing honourable. Such are the tenets of men who chatter unceasingly about liberty and patriotism, and have perpetually in their mouths such phrases as, "the Burschen lead a free, honourable, and independent life in the cultivation of every social and patriotic virtue." Thus do moral iniquities become virtues in their eyes, if they forward the ends, or are necessary to the continued existence of a worthless and mischievous association; and who can tell how far this process of measuring honour by imagined expediency may corrupt the whole moral sense? Is it wonderful that Sand, taught to consider deceit, prevarication, or breach of promise as virtues, when useful to a particular cause,

should have regarded assassination in the same light, when the shedding of blood was to consecrate doctrines which he looked upon as holy?

The students who have not thought proper to join any of these associations are few in number, and, in point of estimation, form a class still more despised and insulted than the *Philistines* themselves. Every Bursche thinks it dishonourable to have communication with them; they are admitted to no carousal; they are debarred from all balls and public festivals by which the youth contrive to make themselves notorious and ridiculous. Such privations would not be severely felt, but they are farther exposed to every species of contempt and insult; to abuse them is an acceptable service to Germany; in the class-room, and on the street, they must be taught that they are "cowardly slaves;" and all this, because they will not throw themselves into the fetters of a self-created fraternity. However they may be outraged, they are entitled neither to redress nor protection; should any of them resent the maltreatment heaped upon him, he brings down on himself the vengeance of the whole mass of initiated; for, to draw every man

within the circle is a common object of all the clans; he who will join none is the enemy of all. Blows, which the Burschen have proscribed among themselves, as unworthy of gentlemen, are allowed against the "Wild Ones," for such is the appellation given to these quiet sufferers, from the caution with which they must steal along, trembling at the presence of a Comment Bursche, and exiled, as they are, from the refined intercourse of Commerz-houses to the wilds and deserts of civilized society. Others, unable to hold out against the insolence and contempt of the young men among whom they are compelled to live, in an evil hour seek refuge beneath the wing of a Landsmannschaft. These are named *Renoncen*, or Renouncers. Having renounced the state of nature, they stand, in academical civilization, a degree above the obstinate "Wild Ones," but yet they do not acquire by their tardy and compelled submission a full claim to all Burschen rights. They are merely entitled to the protection of the fraternity which they have joined, and every member of it will run every man through the body who dares to insult them, in word or deed, otherwise

than is prescribed by the Burschen code. By abject submission to the will of their imperious protectors, they purchase the right of being abused and stabbed only according to rule, instead of being kicked and knocked down contrary to all rule.

Associations are commonly formed for purposes of good will and harmony; but the very object of the *Landsmannschaften* is quarrelling. So soon as a number of these fraternities exist, they become the sworn foes of each other, except when a common danger drives them to make common cause. Each aspires at being the dominant body in the university, and, if not the most respected, at least the most feared in the town. They could be tolerated, if the subject of emulation were, which should produce the greatest number of decent scholars; it would even be laudable if they contended which should be victor at cricket or foot-ball. But unfortunately, the ambitious contest of German Burschen is simply, who shall be most successful at *renowning*, that is, at doing something, no matter what, which will make people stare at them, and talk about them; or, who shall produce the

greatest number of *scandals*, that is, who shall fight the greatest number of duels, or cause them to be fought; or, who will show the quickest invention, and the readiest hand in resisting all attempts, civil or academical, to interfere with their vagaries. If opportunities of mortifying each other do not occur, they must be made; the merest trifles are sufficient to give a pretext for serious quarrels, and the sword is immediately drawn to decide them, the "consummation devoutly to be wished," which is at bottom the grand object of the whole. At Jena the custom has been allowed to grow up of permitting the students to give balls; the Senate has only tried to make them decent, by confining them to the Rose, an inn belonging to the University, and therefore under its controul. If they be given any where else, the Burschen cannot expect the company of the fashionable ladies of Jena, the wives and daughters of the professors. Now a Landsmannschaft which gives a ball, *Renowns* superbly; it makes itself distinguished, and it must, therefore, be mortified. The other Burschen station themselves at the door, or below the windows; they hoot,

yell, sing, whistle, and make all sorts of infernal noises, occasionally completing the joke by breaking the windows. This necessarily brings up an abundant crop of scandals; and it can easily happen, that as much blood is shed next morning, as there was negus drunk the night before. A Landsmannschaft had incautiously announced a ball before engaging the musicians; the others immediately engaged the only band of which Jena could boast for a concert on the same evening. The dancers would have been under the necessity of either sacrificing their fête, or bringing over an orchestra from Weimar; but the quarrel was prevented from coming to extremes by the non-dancers giving up their right over the fiddlers, on condition that the ball should be considered as given by the whole body of Burschen, not by any particular fraternity. A number of students took it into their heads to erect themselves into an independent duchy, which they named after a village in the neighbourhood of Jena, whither they regularly repaired to drink beer. He who could drink most was elected Duke, and the great officers of his court were appointed in the

same way, according to their capacity for liquor. To complete the farce, they paraded the town. Though all this might be extremely good for sots and children, in students it was exquisitely ridiculous; but it attracted notice; it was a piece of successful *renowning*, and their brethren could not tamely submit to be thrown into the shade. A number of others forthwith erected themselves into a free town of the empire; took their name from another neighbouring village; elected their Burgomaster, Syndic, and Councillors, and, habited in the official garb of Hamburgh or Frankfort, made their procession on foot, to mark their contempt of ducal pomp, and point themselves out as industrious frugal citizens. The two parties now came in contact with each other; and it was daily expected, that their reciprocal caricatures, like angry negotiations, would prove the forerunners of an open war between his Serene Highness and the Free Town.

The individual Bursche, in his academical character, is animated by the same paltry, arrogant, quarrelsome, domineering disposition. When fairly imbued with the spirit of his sect,

no rank can command respect from him, for he knows no superior to himself and his comrades. A few years ago, the Empress of Russia, when she was at Weimar, visited the University Museum of Jena. Among the students who had assembled to see her, one was observed to keep his bonnet on his head, and his pipe in his mouth, as her Imperial Majesty passed. The Prorector called the young man before him, and remonstrated with him on his rudeness. The defence was in the genuine spirit of Burschenism: "I am a free man; what is an Empress to me?" Full of lofty unintelligible notions of his own importance and high vocation; misled by ludicrously erroneous ideas of honour; and hurried on by the example of all around him, the true Bursche swaggers and renowns, choleric, raw, and overbearing. He measures his own honour, because his companions measure it, by the number of *scandals* he has fought, but neither he nor they ever waste a thought on what they have been fought for. To have fought unsuccessfully is bad; but, if he wishes to become a respected and influential personage, not to have fought at all is infinitely worse. He,

therefore, does not fight to resent insolence, but he insults, or takes offence, that he may havea pretext for fighting. The lecture-rooms are but secondary to the fencing-school; that is his temple, the rapier is his god, and the Comment is the gospel by which he swears.

This *Comment*, as it is called, is the Burschen Pandects, the general code to which all the Landsmannschaften are subject. However numerous the latter may be in a university, there is but one comment, and this venerable body of law descends from generation to generation, in the special keeping of the senior convent. It is the holy volume, whose minutest regulations must neither be questioned nor slighted. What it allows cannot be wrong; what it prohibits cannot be right. "He has no comment in him," used to be a proverbial expression for a stupid fellow. It regulates the mode of election of the superior officers, fixes the relation of "Wild Ones" and "Renouncers" to the true Burschen, and of the Burschen to each other; it provides punishments for various offences, and commonly denounces excommunication against thieves and cheaters at play, especially if the

cheating be of any very gross kind. But the point of honour is its soul. The comment is, in reality, a code, arranging the manner in which Burschen shall quarrel with each other, and how the quarrel, once begun, shall be terminated. It fixes, with the most pedantic solicitude, a graduated scale of offensive words, and the style and degree of satisfaction that may be demanded for each. The scale rises, or is supposed to rise, in enormity, till it reaches the atrocious expression, *Dummer Junge*, (stupid youth,) which contains within itself every possible idea of insult, and can be atoned for only with blood. The particular degrees of the scale may vary in different universities; but the principle of its construction is the same in all, and in all "stupid youth" is the boiling point. If you are assailed with any epithet which stands below *stupid youth* in the scale of contumely, you are not bound immediately to challenge; you may "set yourself in advantage;" that is, you may retort on the offender with an epithet which stands higher than the one he has applied to you. Then your opponent may retort, if you have left him room, in the same way, by rising a degree above you; and

thus the courteous terms of the comment may be bandied between you, till one or the other finds only the highest step of the ladder unoccupied, and is compelled to pronounce the "stupid youth," to which there is no reply but a challenge. I do not say that this is the ordinary practice; in general, it comes to a challenge at once; but such is the theory of the Comment. Whoever submits to any of these epithets, without either setting himself in advantage, or giving a challenge, is forthwith punished by the convent with *verschiss*, or the lesser excommunication; for there is a temporary and a perpetual *verschiss*, something like the lesser and greater excommunication in ecclesiastical discipline. He may recover his rights and his honour, by fighting, within a given time, with one member of each of the existing Landsmannschaften; but if he allows the fixed time to pass without doing so, the sentence becomes irrevocable: no human power can restore him to his honours and his rights; he is declared infamous for ever; the same punishment is denounced against all who hold intercourse with him; every mode of insult, real or verbal, is permit-

ted and laudable against him; he is put to the ban of this academical empire, and stands alone among his companions, the butt of unceasing scorn and contumely.

In the conduct of the duel itself, the comment descends to the minutest particulars. The dress, the weapons, the distance, the value of different kinds of thrusts, the length to which the arm shall be bare, and a thousand other minutiæ, are all fixed, and have, at least, the merit of preventing every unfair advantage. In some universities the sabre, in others the rapier, is the academical weapon; pistols nowhere. The weapon used at Jena is what they call a *Schläger*. It is a straight blade, about three feet and a half long, and three-cornered like a bayonet. The hand is protected by a circular plate of tin, eight or ten inches in diameter, which some burlesque poets, who have had the audacity to laugh at Burschenism, have profaned with the appellation of "The Soup Plate of Honour." The handle can be separated from the blade, and the soup plate from both,—all this for purposes of concealment. The handle is put in the pocket; the plate is buttoned under the coat; the

blade is sheathed in a walking-stick; and thus the parties proceed unsuspected to the place of combat, as if they were going out for a morning stroll. The tapering triangular blade, necessarily becomes roundish towards the point; therefore, no thrust counts, unless it be so deep that the orifice of the wound is three-cornered; for, as the Comment has it, "no affair is to be decided in a trifling and childish way merely *pro forma*." Besides the seconds, an umpire and a surgeon must be present; but the last is always a medical student, that he may be under the comment-obligation to secrecy. All parties present are bound not to reveal what passes, without distinction of consequences, if it has been fairly done; the same promise is exacted from those who may come accidentally to know any thing of the matter; to give information or evidence against a Bursche, in regard to any thing not contrary to the Comment, is an inexpiable offence. Thus life may easily be lost without the possibility of discovery; for authority is deprived, as far as possible, of every means by which it might get at the truth. It is perfectly true, that mortal combats are not

frequent, partly from the average equality of skill, every man being in the daily practice of his weapon, partly, because there is often no small portion of gasconade in the warlike propensities of these young persons; yet neither are they so rare as many people imagine. It does not often happen, indeed, that either of the parties is killed on the spot, but the wounds often superinduce other mortal ailments, and still more frequently, lay the foundation of diseases which cling to the body through life. A professor, who perhaps has had better opportunities of learning the working of the system than any of his colleagues, assured me, that instances are by no means rare, of young men carrying home consumption with them, in consequence of slight injuries received in the lungs. On the occasion of the last fatal duel at Jena, the government of Weimar gave this gentleman a commission to inquire into the affair. He declined it, unless he were armed, at the same time, to act against the Landsmannschaften generally. On receiving this power, he seized a number of their *Schläger*, and sent to jail a score of those whom he believed to be most active in the confraterni-

ties. But the impression of this unwonted rigour was only temporary ; they became more secret, but not at all less active.

Yet, let it only become necessary to oppose the inroads of discipline, to punish the townsmen, or do some extravagant thing, that will astound the governments, and these bodies, which thus live at daggers-drawing with each other, are inseparable. They take their measures with a secrecy which no vigilance has hitherto been able to penetrate, and an unanimity which has scarcely been tainted by a single treason. The mere townsmen are objects of supreme contempt to the Bursche ; for, from the moment he enters the university, he looks on himself as belonging to a class set apart for some peculiarly high vocation, and vested with no less a privilege than that of acknowledging no law but their own will. The citizens he denominates Philistines, and considers them to exist only to fear, honour, and obey the chosen people of whom he himself is one. The greater part of the inhabitants are dependent on those who attend the university, in some professional shape or other, and must have the fear of the Burschen

daily and nightly before their eyes. To murmur at the caprices of the chosen tribes, to laugh at their mummeries, or seriously resist and resent their arrogance, would only expose the unhappy Philistine to the certainty of having his head and his windows broken together; for he has no rights, as against a Bursche, not even that of giving a challenge, unless he be a nobleman or a military officer. When the Burschen are in earnest, no civil police is of any earthly use; they would as little hesitate to attack it as they would fail in putting it to flight. I saw Leipzig thrown into confusion, one night, by the students attempting to make themselves masters of the person of a soldier who, they believed, had insulted one of their brethren in a quarrel on the street about some worthless woman. Although it was late, the offended party had been able speedily to collect a respectable number of academic youth, to attack the guard-house; for a well trained Bursche knows the commerz-houses, where his comrades nightly congregate to drink, smoke, and sing, as certainly as a well trained police officer knows the haunts of thieves and pickpockets.

The most imminent danger which the Landsmannschaften have hitherto encountered, arose from the students themselves. The academical youth seemed to have brought back from the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, a spirit of more manly union; and, perhaps, an earnest contest against French bayonets had taught them to look with less prejudiced eyes on the paltriness of their own ridiculous squabbles. A few leading heads at Jena proposed that the Landsmannschaften should be abolished, and the Comment abrogated; not, however, with the view of crushing all associations, but that the whole body of the students might be united in one general brotherhood, under a new and more reasonable constitution. The Landsmannschaften did not yield without a struggle, but the Burschenschaft (for so they baptized the new association, because it comprehended all Burschen) finally triumphed; renowning dwindled away, and venerable dust began to settle on the Comment. It is agreed on all hands, that, during the existence of this body, the manners of the university improved. In the investigation afterwards instituted by the Diet, the Professors bore witness,

that greater tranquillity, order, and respect for the laws, had never been manifested in Jena, than under the Burschenschaft. There was nothing compulsory in it; no constraint was used, no insult or contempt was permitted towards those who did not choose to join it. So far was it already advanced in civilization, in comparison with the former brotherhoods, that besides prohibiting the introduction of dogs into its solemn assemblies, it would allow no man either to smoke, or to remain covered in them. It was even provided, that the orator should turn his face to the Burschen while he was addressing them, and take his seat again when he had finished.* This spirit of uniformity, going out from Jena, shook the old institutions in other universities; till at length, when the students had assembled from every corner of Germany in 1817, to celebrate on the Wartburg the anniversary of the Reformation, and the battle of

* Seriously, these were all regulations of the Burschenschaft of Jena. We may judge from them of the decorum which reigns in a Landsmannschaft meeting.

Leipzig, the destruction of the Landsmannschaften was unanimously voted, and the all-comprehending Burschenschaft was to take their place. But this proved its ruin. It had been resolved, not merely to melt into one organized association the whole body of students in their respective universities, but to form a supreme council of delegates from them all, to direct and give unity to the whole. The fears which the governments had long entertained, that political objects were concealed beneath the Burschenschaft, now became certainty. The organization of the body, and the regular contributions by which funds were to be created; the resolution to wear the sword and plume as the proper ornaments of a chivalrous student, and to adopt a sort of uniform in the singular dress which is still so common among them, were all regarded, if not as indications of dangerous designs, at least as instruments which could easily be used for dangerous purposes. The very language in which they announced their objects, so far as any distinct idea could be drawn from its mystical verbosity, covered them with political sus-

picion.* The words country, freedom, and independence, were perpetually in their mouths; and people naturally asked, how is this new Germanic Academic Diet to benefit any one of the three? What means this regular array of deputies and committees among persons who have no duty but that of prosecuting their studies? To what end this universal Burschen Tribunal, which is to extend its decrees from Kiel to Tübingen, and conduct the movements of a combined body from the shores of the Baltic to the foot of the Alps? These questions were in every body's mouth; and it is unjust to say that they

* I can only assure the reader, that the following declaration in the constitution of the Universal Burschenschaft is as accurately translated as I myself could understand it. "The Universal German Burschenschaft comes into life, by presenting an ever improving picture of its countrymen blossoming into freedom and unity; by maintaining a popular Burschen life, in the cultivation of every corporeal and intellectual power; by preparing its members for a popular life in a free, equal, and well-ordered community, so that every one may rise to such a degree of self-consciousness, as to represent, in his pure personality, the brightness of the excellency of a German popular life."

were merely politic alarms sounded by the minions of suspicious and oppressive governments. He must be a credulous man who can believe, that from eight to ten thousand students, animated by the political ardour which, of late years, has pervaded all the universities of Germany, could be thus organized, without becoming troublesome to the public tranquillity; and he must be a very imprudent man, who could wish to see the work of political regeneration, even where it is needed, placed in such hands. Members of the university of Jena itself, who are no lovers of despotism, do not conceal their conviction, that, although the founders of the Burschenschaft were sincere in their desires to abolish the old murderous distinctions, yet they laboured after this union, only with the view of using it as a political instrument. The governments denounced the new associations; in Jena they had first breathed, and in Jena they first expired. The Burschenschaft obeyed the order of the Grand Duke for its abolition. The Landsmannschaften immediately came forth from their graves; the Comment once more be-

came the rule of faith and life; renowning and scandalizing reassumed their ancient honours; and, as formerly, the Burschen still quarrel and fight, and swear loudly to make good their "academical liberty."

It is amusing to listen to the pompousness with which these young men speak of this *Akademische Freyheit*, when it is known that it means precisely nothing. To judge from the lofty periods in which they declaim about the blessings it has showered on the country, and the sacred obligations by which they are bound to maintain it, we would conclude that it invests them with no ordinary franchises; while, in truth, it gives them nothing that any other man would wish to have. To be dressed, and to look like no other person; to let his beard grow, where every good Christian shaves; to let his tangled locks crawl down upon his shoulders, where every well-bred man wears his hair short; to clatter along the streets in monstrous jack-boots, loaded with spurs, which, from their weight and size, have acquired the descriptive appellation of pound-spurs; to rub the elbow of his coat against the

wall till he has made a hole in it, * where ordinary people think it more respectable to wear a coat without holes; to stroll through the streets singing, when all decent citizens are in bed; to join his pot companions nightly in the ale-house, and besot himself with beer and tobacco; these, and things like these, are the ingredients in the boasted academical freedom of a German student. In every thing connected with the university, he has neither voice nor influence; in this respect, a boy of the Greek or Latin class at Glasgow, when he gives his vote for the Rector Magnificus, is entitled to look down with contempt on the brawling braggers of Göttingen or Jena. These modes of liberty the Bursche enjoys in common with every silly or clownish fellow in the country; for they consist merely in being singular, ridiculous, and ill-bred, where other people, who have the same right, choose to act otherwise. The Landsmannschaften themselves are tyrannical in their very essence. So far from being his own master, the Bursche is

* This actually occurred in Jena; it was *Renowning*; it was something to be stared at.

chained in word and deed; he is tied down by the strict forms of a fantastic code which he did not frame, which he cannot alter, to which he has not even voluntarily submitted himself, and from which its provisions deny him the power of withdrawing. Dread of the contumely that is heaped on a "Wild One," or of the still more lamentable slavery which awaits a "Renouncer," forces him into the fraternity; and, once within the toils, he is not allowed to break loose, however galling they may be to his feelings, or revolting to his judgment. Yet amid the very rattling of their chains, these men have the impudence to prate about liberty as their distinguishing privilege.

It is itself, however, no slight peculiarity, that all these peculiarities do not last longer than three years. When the student has finished his *curriculum*, and leaves the university, he is himself numbered among the Philistines; the prejudices, the fooleries, and hot-headed forwardness of the Bursche depart from him, as if he were waking from a dream; he returns to the ordinary modes of thinking and acting in the world; he probably never wields a rapier again,

or quarrels with a mortal, till his dying day; he falls into his own place in the bustling competition of society, and leads a peaceful industrious life, as his fathers did before him. His political chimeras, too, like all the rest of his oddities, are much less connected with principle than his turbulence would seem to imply; they are modes of speech, which, like the shapeless coats, and daily fencing matches, it has become the fashion of the place to adopt, rather than any steady feeling or solid conviction. The Burschen peculiarities are taken up because they belong to the sort of life to which the person is, for a time, consigned; but they do not adhere to the man, or become abiding parts of his character; once beyond the walls of the town, and they fall from him with the long hair. Were it otherwise, the consequences would already have been visible. Did these young men carry out into the world the same vague and heated ideas, and the same dangerous readiness to act upon them, which are reckoned part of their duties at college, it might furnish good grounds for the political precautions of alarmed governments, but it would likewise render them unavailing; for the great mass

of the people would speedily be leavened. These are the very men, who, in many cases, form the army, who instruct the people, who occupy all the lower, and not a few of the higher departments in the provincial governments. There does not seem to be much more reason to fear that a swaggering and unruly German Bursche will become a quarrelsome and riotous German citizen, than there would be to apprehend that a boy of Eton would grow up to be a radical leader in Parliament, because at school he had borne a share in a barring out.

The decay of discipline which disfigures most of the universities, and the manifold forms of licentiousness and insubordination that have necessarily arisen from it, are intimately connected with the jurisdiction of the university. The senate possessed exclusive jurisdiction in civil causes, as well as in criminal prosecutions; it wielded likewise all the powers of police over this portion of the community. In capital offences, if any such occurred, the criminal was generally turned over to the regular authorities; but in all others he was amenable to no other court than the Prorector and Senate of his university. The

modes of punishment were fines, expulsion, or imprisonment; for every German university has a gaol attached to it, though the durance is not very severe in itself, and, in the eyes of the Burschen, is attended with no disgrace. They do not think the less of a man because he has been sent to the college prison for some act of insubordination; it raises his character as a proved, tried Bursche; it tells for him like a feat of *Renowning*; it adds as much to his academic glory as if he had "tweaked a Philistine." He moves to his dungeon "with military glee," perfectly aware, that, by a little inconvenience, he is purchasing much influence and respectability among his companions.

It is long since doubts began to be entertained of the efficiency of this distinct and exclusive jurisdiction in the persons of the professors. They originated in the laxity with which the power has been exercised; and this ruinous laxity is inherent in the system. Notwithstanding all that has been written and said in its defence, it must be manifest to every one who knows the German universities, that, in point of fact, it has done mischief, and may be ranked

among the principal causes of the decay of discipline. Where students live in the manner described, and the maintenance of the public peace, as well as of academical good order, is entrusted to the university itself, the duties of the Prorector and Senate are at once laborious and invidious. The discipline of the university depends entirely on the rigour with which these gentlemen discharge their duty; and this mode of administration is favourable neither to uniformity nor firmness. The Prorector is changed every half year; all the good which a man of vigilance and determination has effected in six months may be undone, as it often has been undone, during the following six, by the carelessness, the laxity, or the connivance of his successor. He has, to be sure, a committee of the Senate, to assist him in the ordinary business; but this does not in any way mend the matter, though it diminishes his responsibility; for it has long been the prevailing spirit of every German faculty to wink, as much as possible, at the irregularities of their pupils, and relax the reins of discipline; because, to hold them with a firm hand exposes them to odium. If it was natural

for the students to prefer a kindly, paternal, indulgent jurisdiction of this kind, on whose fears and comforts they could operate in so many ways, to the legal sternness and strictness of a police magistrate, it was equally natural, that the Professor should choose to be a favourite among the young men on whom, in some measure, his fame, his fees, and even the quiet of his life depended, rather than to be detested by them as a tyrannical master, or a too rigorous judge. The Burschen speedily saw their advantage. Feeling that weak hands guided the chariot of the sun, they got the bit between their teeth, and started off in their unrestrained course, setting all the universities on fire. For the rigorous among their teachers they had hootings and *pereats ;* for the indulgent they had *vivats* and serenades. It was nothing uncommon to see a venerable professor descend from among his folios to the filial youths who fiddled beneath his window at fall of night, and, with cap in hand, while tears of tenderness diluted the rheum of his aged eyes, humbly thank the covered crowd for the inestimable honour. It is, no doubt, very amiable in these gentlemen to

say that the spirit of a young man must not be broken, or his honour severely wounded; that he is not to be punished as a criminal, but gently reclaimed, like a child who has gone astray, by the paternal hand of his instructors; but the efficiency of paternal authority has its bounds, even where the natural relation gives it more weight than the metaphorical paternity of the university fathers; and the Burschen have long since been far beyond these bounds. When the question is, whether the professors shall throw off the father, and assume the judge, or see the discipline of the university, and the manners of its students, wrecked before their eyes, these amiable common places are the root of all evil. The question had come to this a century ago, and the matter has every year been growing worse. Göttingen had not existed many years before discipline was so miserably neglected, in consequence of this system of truckling, that Münchausen appointed a Syndicus, or superior magistrate, who had no connection with the university, to superintend the execution of the laws. It has ended at length, as the abuse of a privilege always does end, in the curtailment of this

exclusive jurisdiction of which the professors were so proud and so chary. As the ordinary irregularities of the students have been mixed up, of late years, with political feelings, to which even some of the teachers incautiously lent their countenance, the governments have in general found it prudent to conjoin civil assessors with the academical authorities, and to narrow, on the whole, the limits of their exclusive jurisdiction.

I am not even sure that the easy footing on which the Professors of Jena seem to live with their students is altogether desirable; for, in such matters, mistaken affability can do more mischief than even superciliousness. There is no harm in waltzing in Germany, and no harm any where in playing whist or the piano; but a German sage, who has to manage German Burschen, should be the last man to forget the proverb which makes familiarity and contempt mother and daughter. The professors have lately formed a Landsmannschaft, as it were, of their own, to *Renown*, by giving themselves and the students an entertainment every Sunday evening in the Rose, the same favoured inn to which they have restricted the Burschen balls.

The professors alone are members of the association; but each has the privilege of inviting as many students, or strangers, as he thinks proper. The very intention of the thing was, if not to gratify the young men by a mark of attention for good behaviour, and mortify the disorderly by exclusion, at least to give them some chance of civilization, by submitting them to the polish of well behaved company, and respectable ladies. On alternate evenings there is a regular concert, for few Burschen do not play some instrument, and play it well. On the others, there are tea-tables, and card-tables, a little music, and a little dancing. The ladies sing, play the piano, perhaps waltz for an hour, and, by nine o'clock, all is over, in a decent Christian way, if either of these epithets can be applied to such a mode of spending Sunday evening. The dethroned Professor of Natural History was waltzing most vigorously, while the Professor of Greek hopped vivaciously about as *arbiter elegantiarum*. Who, after this, will talk of Heavysterns and Heavysides as representatives of German erudition? Who will style German Professors dull bookworms, when they thus flutter like butterflies? It is perfectly

true, that a select number of the young men thus amuse themselves, for a couple of hours, like well bred persons, under the eyes of their academical superiors; but this has a very partial and temporary effect. The teacher and the taught, those who should command, and those who should obey, are brought together in a fashion by no means favourable to rigid discipline. I cannot believe that the students, accustomed to see their professors thus occupied, and to be thus occupied along with them, on Sunday evening, can regard them as very authoritative personages on Monday morning. Besides, it can only extend to a very limited number; while thirty or forty of the most respectable youngsters are growing smooth under the hands of academical ladies, the three or four hundred, who stand most in need of reformation, are hatching academical rebellions over jugs of beer.

Jena used to muster about eight hundred students, but within the last five years, the number has diminished to nearly one-half, and, as in most other German universities, the large proportion who are supported entirely or partly on

charity excites surprise. It has been the bane of these seminaries that the liberality of the public, and the mistaken piety of individuals, converted them, in some measure, into charity schools. Bursaries and exhibitions, when kept within proper bounds, may do much good; but, in this country we can have no idea of the extravagant length to which they have been carried in the German universities, the Protestant as well as the Catholic, and, above all, in the department of Theology. At the Reformation, there was a large demand for preachers in the protestant market, and it was thought, that part of the ecclesiastical revenues, thrown open to the state by the downfall of popery, could not be better employed than in encouraging the manufacture; the production of clergymen was cherished by a bounty. In the Catholic countries, again, the public seminaries had always a great deal of the *hospitium* in them: theology is frequently taught in the cloister, and, to assist the rising priesthood is one great end of monastic wealth. A hierarchy, whose constitution provides for the finished priest so many temples of indolence, where he may doze away his life,

would act inconsistently, if it withheld its liberal hand in preparing him for his high destiny. Upwards of thirty thousand pounds have been expended in one year, in the hereditary dominions of Austria, in maintaining students gratis. In one seminary at Presburgh, there used to be five hundred young men studying theology, with an allowance of about twenty pounds yearly each. The bursaries at Altorf, before it was abolished in 1807, are said to have equalled all the other expences of the university; and, perhaps, the number and amount of these foundations, at Tübingen, in Wirtemberg, where the theological seminary alone has been calculated to cost two thousand a-year, may have had a powerful influence in establishing its character as a nursery for young divines. In cheaper times, there were bursaries on which a man, with economy, could contrive to support himself and a family. The unavoidable consequence of this mistaken liberality was, to allure into the learned professions, and particularly into the church, a great number of men who otherwise would never have thought of quitting a more appropriate occupation. The market was speedily glutted, and so

it will continue, so long as those premiums exist, which draw crowds into professions, where neither the sins, nor the diseases, nor the law-suits of the people, wicked, sickly, and quarrelsome as the world is, can possibly give them all bread.

Jena is comparatively free from this form of liberality; the princes who founded it have always been too poor to be nursing fathers to the church, in this sense of the words. The only eleemosynary institution is the *Freytisch*, or *Free-Table*, which consists in this, that a certain number of students are provided by the university with dinner and supper at a public table; they must supply all their other wants as they best can. Even the table is not always entirely gratuitous. The senate are in the habit of exacting, from such as can afford it, a *groshen* a-day, not quite a shilling weekly; and nearly one-half of the whole number has been known to pay it. The whole number of places is a hundred and fifty; thus charitable provision is made for more than one-fourth of all the students attending the university! It has now assumed a different form; the young men themselves naturally shrunk from the inferiority with which it pub-

licly marked them in the eyes of their companions, and, still more, from the restraints which daily dinners, and nightly suppers, under academical inspection, laid upon their *academical liberty*. Their fellow students would not even condescend to fight with them; and no Hindoo can feel greater horror at loss of Caste, than a Bursche at being thought unworthy to *scandalize*. This forbearance of their superiors might sometimes proceed from a more laudable motive. They knew, that if one of these poor fellows were detected in a *scandal*, he might possibly forfeit his place at the free-table; perhaps, therefore, it showed more delicacy than supercilious-ness, to avoid seeking quarrels with them. But to the Knights of the Free-Table this was the severest of all mortifications; they would not be spared. At the same time, they were perpetually complaining of their provender, and denouncing to the Prorector, the butcher, the baker, the cook, and the superintendent. All these circumstances induced the senate, four years ago, to abolish the institution, and apply the funds to the use of the same students in a different way. To each is allotted a proportion-

al share of the whole sum, and he is allowed to eat where he chooses. He does not receive the money, otherwise it would instantly dissolve in beer; he selects his table in one of the numerous eating-houses, and, to the amount of the sum to which he is entitled, the university is security to the landlord.

The sudden diminution of the number of students originated in the murder of Kotzebue, and the wide spread, but extravagant belief, that the whole body of the youth of Jena were infected with the same principles, would exhibit them in similar frightful deeds, if they could only be worked up to the same pitch of devotedness with Kotzebue's assassin, and that even some of her chairs were prostituted to teach sedition, and, indirectly at least, to palliate assassination. It cannot be denied that there was enough in Jena to teach a man very troublesome, because very vague, though ardent political doctrines; but there was nothing at all to teach him murder. Sand's former companions and instructors uniformly speak of him as a reserved, mystical person, who kept aloof even from the noisy pastimes of his brethren. In fact, the storm had long

been gathering over Jena; Jena had arranged the Wartburg festival, which was treated as downright rebellion; Jena had given birth to the Burschenschaft, an institution of most problematical tendency, which was to unite all the students of Germany in one organized confederation, from the shores of the East Sea to the foot of the Alps; among the professors of Jena had appeared the periodical publications which spoiled the sleep of all the diplomatists of Frankfort and Vienna. A Russian gentleman published a book to prove the necessity of subjecting the universities to a severer code of laws, and pointed out Jena as the focus of a revolutionary fire that was inflaming the whole body of the German youth. Two Burschen immediately came over to Weimar, where the author then lived, to challenge the intermeddling Philistine, but were met with the remarkable answer, that he had only written according to the views of his master the Emperor, and could be no more responsible than a soldier who acts in obedience to a higher command. The murder of Kotzebue, a man, the manner of whose death did Germany more mischief than all the servile volumes he

could have written, furnished, unfortunately, too good a pretext for crushing the obnoxious university. Jena was proscribed: some of the states expressly prohibited their youth to study there: in all, it was allowed to be known, that those who did would be looked on with an evil eye.

If it be impossible to acquit some of the Professors of having been misled, by their zeal for political ameliorations, incautiously to countenance the extravagancies of their pupils, the imprudence has brought a severe punishment on all; for all have suffered most sensibly from the diminution in the number of students. They have been attacked, too, with suspensions, depositions, and threats. Fries, the Professor of Metaphysics, attended the festival on the Wartburg, where the students burned certain slavish books; he was suspended from his office, and has not yet been restored. The most unfortunate, as the most imprudent of all, was Dr Oken, the Professor of Natural History. The scientific world allows him to be a man of most extensive and accurate learning in all the departments of his science. His character is entirely made up of placidity and kindliness; in

conversation he seems studiously to avoid touching on political topics; he is apparently, and the voice of his colleagues declares him to be in reality, among the most tranquil, mild, easy minded men alive. He, too, was at the Wartburg, and, in the contest of opinion which arose in Germany about the establishment of internal liberty, Dr. Oken, like most of his colleagues, took the liberal side. He was editor of the Isis, a periodical publication devoted entirely to natural science; but he now began to consecrate its pages to political discussion. He wrote galling things, and the manner in which he said them was perhaps more provoking than what was said. From his style of learning, he was probably the very last man in the university that should have meddled with politics; and, unfortunately, he meddled with them in a more irritating way than any other person. Russia, Austria, and, it is said, Prussia, insisted he should be dismissed as the most dangerous of Jacobins, who was organizing a revolution in the bosom of the university. The Grand Duke, who loves not harshness, long resisted taking so decisive a step against a man so universally be-

loved for his personal, and respected for his scientific character; but all he could gain was, that Dr Oken should have the choice of giving up his journal, or resigning his chair. The Professor refused to do either, saying very justly, that he knew no law which rendered them incompatible. His doom was fixed. In June 1819 he was dismissed from his office, without any farther inquiry, or any sentence of a court of justice. The standing commission of the Weimar parliament gave its approbation to the measure at the time, and it has been already mentioned, that, when the question was afterwards brought before the whole chamber, that body, to the astonishment of all Germany, voted the dismissal to be legal.

It is unnecessary to say, that the fall of the Professor increased the idolatry of the Burschen towards him. On his deposition, they presented to him a silver cup, which he displays on his frugal board with an honest pride, bearing the inscription, *Wermuth war Dir gebothen; trinke Wein.* * A person in Weimar, who had culti-

* Wormwood was offered thee; drink wine.

vated natural history, left behind him, at his death, a valuable collection of foreign and native insects, which his widow wished to sell. No sooner did the students learn that Oken was in treaty for it, than they purchased it at their own expence, and presented it to him in the name of the Burschen. The patience and equanimity with which he has borne his misfortune have conciliated every body. The Isis, reclaimed from her political wanderings, has returned to chemistry and natural history, with equal benefit to her master, and to the sciences; and all join in the hope, that Dr Oken will soon be restored to the chair which he filled so usefully.

Luden, Professor of History, would probably have shared the same fate, had he not read the signs of the times more accurately, and retired seasonably from the contest. In his own department, he has justly the reputation of being one of the best heads in Germany. He possesses great learning; he is acute, nervous, and eloquent, occasionally intolerably caustic, and sometimes overhasty and fiery in his opinions, or rather in defending them. The party that numbers Luden among its champions is sure to be deficient nei-

ther in learning, nor logic, nor wit. His class has always been the most numerously attended in the university, for the marrow of his prelections consists, not in narrations of historical facts which any body can read in a book, but in elucidations and disquisitions springing out of these facts, which, if not always correct, are always clever. He is an idolater of Sir William Temple, of whom he has written a life. "If I know any "thing," said he, one day in his lecture, "of the "spirit of history, or if I have learned to judge of "political institutions and political conduct, it is "to Sir William Temple that I owe it all." In the beginning of 1814, when Germany was about to put forth all her power to banish the long endured domination of France, Luden began the publication of his Nemesis. As its name imports, the great object of the journal was to rouse and keep alive the public feeling, and it is said to have been wonderfully successful. After the general peace arose internal political irritation. The Nemesis, having nothing more to do with France, now became the bulwark of the liberals of Germany. The opposite party dreaded it more than any other, both from the talent

which it displayed, and the weight of the editor's character, who was well known to be no visionary, and to be perfectly master of the subjects that were treated in his journal. Neither did it give them the same convenient handle as the imprudent Isis; for it indulged in nothing personal, or irritating, or disrespectful. It was no book for the many; it dealt only in sober political disquisitions, and erudite historical illustrations, tainted with a good deal of that metaphysic which belongs to all German politicians. Perhaps these very qualities rendered a victory over the Nemesis indispensable, and Luden's unfortunate collision with Kotzebue furnished too good an opportunity for at least harassing the editor.

An article in the Nemesis, written by Luden himself, in which he took a view of the condition and policy of the leading European powers, contained some remarks on the internal administration and foreign policy of Russia,—not, indeed, in the style of eulogy, but just as little in that of insult or disrespect. Kotzebue was finishing his second report to the Emperor of Russia on the occurrences of German literature, when

this tract came under his eye. Already in open war with all universities and all professors, he inserted a very partial and unfavourable notice of it in his bulletin, suppressing every thing respectful or laudatory that was said of Russia, setting every thing censorious in the most odious light, and accompanying the whole with virulent remarks, equally injurious to the public and private character of the author. Kotzebue's reports were written in French, and were transcribed by a person in Weimar, before being sent to St Petersburgh. The copyist was no adept in French; and being doubtful of some passages, he requested his neighbour, Dr L——, to read them for him. It so happened that these sentences were among the most virulent against Luden, of whom Dr L—— was an intimate acquaintance. The latter, struck with their character, prevailed on the copyist to leave the manuscript with him for a few hours, transcribed all that related to his friend, and sent it off to Jena. A new number of the Nemesis was in the press; Luden sent the extracts from Kotzebue's report to be printed in it, accompanied with a very ample and bitter commentary. This jour-

nal was printed in Weimar; Kotzebue learned, it was never discovered how, that a portion of his bulletin, and a portion which he was not at all desirous that Germany should know, was to appear in the next number; and, on his application, the Russian Resident demanded that this alleged violation of private property should be prevented. Count Edling, who was at that time foreign minister, immediately ordered Bertuch not to proceed with the printing of that number of the Nemesis. But it so happened, that great part of the impression was already thrown off; and, as there was no order not to publish, the printed copies were sent to Jena to be distributed. Kotzebue stormed; all the numbers of the Nemesis, containing the obnoxious article, were seized and condemned. The seizure was in vain, for Oken immediately republished it in the Isis. The Isis was seized and condemned, and Wieland immediately reprinted it in his "Friend of the People." * This journal, too,

* This was the son of the great Wieland. He had some talent, but was unsteady. His "Friend of the People" was suppressed; then he tried to re-establish it

was seized and condemned; but the matter was by this time over all Germany. Kotzebue, detected in his malevolence, thwarted in all his attempts at suppression, and the object of general dislike, was exasperated to the uttermost. He railed at the government of Weimar in good set terms, threatened the whole grand duchy with the vengeance of the Russian Autocrat, and retired, fuming, to Manheim. Criminal proceedings were instituted against Luden; the court at Weimar sent the case for judgment to the University of Leipzig, which condemned the professor to pay a fine, or go to prison for three months; but, on an appeal to the supreme court at Jena, the sentence was reversed. It was now his turn to attack. He prosecuted Kotzebue for defamation; and the court at Weimar, which seems to have been determined to keep clear of the matter altogether, sent the case to the juri-

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under the title of "The Friend of Princes,"—but various princes would have nothing to do with such friends; then it assumed the name of "The Patriot;" but no printed Proteus can escape a vigilant police, and at last Wieland died, just at the proper time, when he had nothing to do.

dical faculty of Würzburg. That university ordained Kotzebue to recant what he had written against Luden, as being false and injurious, and to pay the costs of suit. The progress, and, still more, the judicial termination of this affair could not be agreeable to the Court of St Petersburgh, whose influence, from family connections, must always be powerful at Weimar. Harassed by the troublesome consequences of the quarrel, foreseeing the progress of the policy, that, in a few months, introduced a censorship, under which he would have disdained to proceed, and apprehending, perhaps, a similar fate to that which so soon overtook Dr Oken, Professor Luden gave up together the struggle and the Nemesis.

CHAPTER IV.

WEISSENFELS—LEIPZIG—DRESDEN.

Gott segne Sachsenland,
Wo fest die Treue stand
In Sturm und Nacht.
Saxon National Hymn.

From Weimar, the territory of the grand duchy still stretches a dozen miles to the northward, along the great commercial road between Frankfort and Leipzig, till it meets the southern frontier of Prussia, on the summit of the Eckartsberg, a woody ridge into which the country gradually rises, and from time immemorial a chace of the House of Weimar. There is less culture, and less population, than in the southern districts, for the country is cold and hilly. The villages are generally in the hollows, on the bank of some small stream, rural

enough in their accompaniments, but frequently betraying in themselves utter penury. One wonders where the people come from who pay the taxes in this country. Districts have been known to pay in agricultural produce, from inability to raise money. It can only be an incorrigible attachment to old habits, that induces the peasantry still to use so much wood in building their cottages, where stone is abundant, fuel scarce and expensive, and fires frequent and destructive. A watchman, appointed for the special purpose, *(Der Feuerwachter)* looks out all night from the tower of the old castle in Weimar, to give the alarm if fire appear within his horizon. I have seen a village of forty-eight houses reduced to a heap of ashes in a couple of hours, except the church, which was of stone. From the materials used in building and roofing, and the connection of the houses with each other, every peasant is exposed, not only to his own mischances, but to those, likewise, of all his neighbours; for, if one house in the village take fire, the probability always is, that very few will escape. Yet the peasant will rather run the risk of having his house burned

about his ears twice a-year, than be at the expence of insuring it. In the last session of the *Landtag*, a plan was introduced for establishing an insurance company by public authority, the insurance in which should be compulsory. It no doubt sounds strange to talk of compelling people to do themselves a good turn; but, without some similar intervention of public authority, the want of capital and enterprise is a sufficient bar to the establishment of such institutions.

At Weissenfels, which has its name (the White Rock) from the range of precipices whose foot is washed by the Saal, the stranger regards with much indifference, in the vaults of the old castle, the cumbersome coffins of uninteresting princes, and visits with reverence the apartment in which the bleeding body of Gustavus Adolphus was deposited after the battle of Lützen. An inscription, commemorating the event, records, among other things, that the heart of the hero weighed ten pounds some ounces. Part of the wall of the room had been stained with his blood, and it was long anxiously preserved, till the plaster was cut out, and carried off by

Swedish soldiers. The spot itself is still religiously protected against all whitewashings, and, covered by a sliding pannel, retains its old dirty hue.

Dr Müllner, the great living dramatist of Germany, honours Weissenfels with his residence. He is a doctor of laws, and an advocate, a profession which supplies tragedy writers in more countries than one; but he gets into so many disputes with neighbours and booksellers, that he is jocularly said to be his own best client. He certainly has more of the spirit of poetry in him than any of his living rivals, except Göthe; but many of his finest passages are lyric, rather than dramatic. His appearance betokens nothing of the soul which breathes in his tragedies. He was still in bed at mid-day, for he never begins his poetical labours till after midnight. He spends the hours of darkness with the ladies of Parnassus, disturbs the whole neighbourhood by the vehemence with which he declaims his newly composed verses, and late in the morning retires to bed. Dissipation is not the only thing that can turn day into night. He speaks willingly of his own works, and

seems to have a very proper sense of their merits. His general humour is extremely dry and sarcastic. Göthe had sent him over from Weimar a number of Blackwood's Magazine, containing a critique on the *Schuld*, with specimens of a translation. He took Blackwood to be the name of the author of the Magazine, and a distinguished literary character; nor did he seem to give me his full belief, when I assured him, that that gentleman was just a bookseller and publisher like his friend Brockhaus in Leipzig. He was overjoyed to learn that we have more than one translation of Leonora, for "the yelpers," he said, were beginning to allege, that Bürger had stolen it from an old Scotfish ballad. We cannot claim that honour, but some of Dr Müllner's brethren plunder us without mercy or acknowledgment. A very meritorious piece of poetry was once pointed out to me in the works of Haug, the epigrammatist, as a proof that the simple ballad had not died out with Schiller. It was neither less nor more than a translation of our own delicious "Barbara Allan," whom Haug had converted, so far as I recollect, into "Julia Klangen."

Haug has written too many epigrams to have written many good ones; they want point and delicacy. He has no fewer than an hundred on the Bardolphian nose of an innkeeper who had offended him. One of his best is in the form of an epitaph on a lady of rank and well known gallantry, and the idea is new:

As Titus thought, so thought the fair deceased,
And daily made one happy man, at least. *

It was of the same lady, who spoke much too boldly of her contempt for the calumnies of the world, that he afterwards sung,—

"I wrap me in my virtue's spotless vest;"
That's what the world calls, going lightly dressed.

The difference between courtship and marriage has been the theme of wits, since the first bride was won, and the first epigram turned. Haug does not belie his trade:

She. You men are angels while you woo the maid,
But devils when the marriage-vow is said.

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* Hier schlummert die wie Titus dachte,
Und täglich einen glücklich machte.

He. The change, good wife, is easily forgiven;
We find ourselves in hell, instead of heaven.

A continued plain extends from Weissenfels to Leipzig. At Lützen, the road runs through the field on which Gustavus and Wallenstein, each of them as yet unconquered, brought their skill and prowess to the trial against each other for the first, the last, the only time. Close by the road is the spot where Gustavus fell under repeated wounds, buried beneath a heap of dead piled above his corpse in the dreadful conflict that took place for his dead body. A number of unhewn stones, set horizontally in the earth, in the form of a cross, mark the spot. On one of them is rudely carved in German, "Gustavus Adolphus, King "of Sweden, fell here for liberty of conscience." A shapeless mass that rises from the centre of the cross, and, since that day, has been called "The Stone of the Swede," bears merely the initials of the monarch's name. Though in a field, and close upon the road, neither plough nor wheel has been allowed to profane the spot. Some pious hand has planted round it a few poplars, and disposed within the circle some rude benches of turf, where the wanderer may linger

and muse on the deeds and the fate of a heroic and chivalrous monarch. This rude memorial, standing on his "deathbed of fame," produces a deeper feeling of reality and veneration than many mountains of marble—than "sculptured urn and monumental bust," so powerful are the associations which locality can call up.

Immediately beyond Lützen, Royal Saxony begins to "rear her diminished head,"—a portion of Germany which, in the arts and elegancies of life, as well as in industry, acknowledges no superior. Leipzig gives at once full proof of the latter. The banker, the merchant, and the bookseller, would assuredly find in it a great deal that is worthy his notice; but to the traveller who has none of those sources of interest, it presents little that is new, after Frankfort. To any other foreigner, a town like the one or the other is infinitely more amusing than to a Briton; for to the former it is novel and unique, and hence the wonderment with which they speak, and the pride with which they boast of it. The German, the Russian, the Pole, the Austrian, the Italian, the Swiss, and, in a hundred instances, the Frenchman, has seen nothing like

such a scene of commercial activity, and possibly will see nothing like it again: such regiments of bales, such mountains of wool-packs, such firmaments of mirrors, such processions of porters and carters, are to him a new world; and when the novelty has worn off, he forms his opinion of the place, at last, according as he has been seeking money or amusement. My banker spoke with ecstasy of the delights of a Leipzig smoking club, and a game at nine pins; while Mr ——, a gentleman of elegant acquirements, formerly minister of a great northern power in the Netherlands, and now its consul at Leipzig, was breathing out his soul in lamentations over the harsh fate which had doomed him to this "mercantile Patmos." But to a Briton, fresh from his own country, the chandler's shop of Europe, and the weaving factory of the universe, a town like Leipzig has not even the charm of novelty in what renders it striking and interesting to most other people. Only individual groupes now and then attract his notice.

Leipzig does not equal Frankfort in pomp and bustle, but is a much more imposing and better built town. There is an odd mixture of the old

and the new, which is far from producing any unpleasant effect. Few towns exhibit so much of the carved masonry which characterized the old German style of building, joined with so much stateliness. The whole wears an air of comfort and substantiality, which accords excellently well with the occupations and character of the inhabitants. Many of the shops would make a figure even in London; but then they are full of English wares, and many of those who frequent them are full of English mannerism. The dandyism of Bond Street lounges in the counting-houses and behind the counters of Leipzig, in more than its native exaggeration. The more sober inhabitants, well acquainted with our imitation-shawls, denominate these young countrymen of their own, Imitation-Englishmen. But Frankfort has immeasurably the advantage in every thing outside of the town. The level, well-cultivated, monotonous country round Leipzig, poor in natural beauty, but rich in historical recollections, abundantly supplies the wants, without offering any thing to gratify the taste, of the citizens. The field where Gustavus took vengeance on the ferocious Tilly, for the sack of

Magdeburg—the field where Gustavus himself fell—the field where, in our own day, united Germany "broke her chains on the oppressor's head," all surround this peaceful mart of commerce. Leipzig has seen more blood shed in its neighbourhood, and more merchandize pouring wealth through its streets, than any other city of Germany.

In many parts it still bears distinct traces of the obstinate conflict that took place, when the Allies, in the heat of victory, forced their way into the town. In the principal streets of the suburb where the infuriated Prussians advanced, the houses are riddled with shot. The inhabitants, so far from wishing to obliterate these memorials of the *Völkerschlacht*, or Battle of the People, as they term it, have carefully imbedded in the walls cannon-balls which had rebounded. One which struck the church itself, just above the door, has been preserved in this way, and surmounted with an inscription, that does more honour to the piety than to the poetry of the city. The Elster, which runs through part of the suburbs, and occasioned the final destruction of the French army, is in reality but a ditch,

and neither a deep nor a broad one. Where it washes the garden of Mr Reichenbach's summer pavilion, it received Poniatowski, who, already wounded, took his way through the garden, when all was lost, and sunk, with his wounded horse, in this apparently innocuous rivulet. A plain stone marks the spot where the body was found; and, in the garden itself, an unadorned cenotaph has been erected by private affection to the memory of the Polish chief.

In the cemetery, one of the largest and most homely in Europe, whose most interesting grave is that of Gellert, the pious father of German literature, I observed an old epitaph, extremely characteristic of the reigning spirit of the place, but in much too light a strain to be imitated, though undoubtedly the writer held it, in his day, to be a very ingenious combination of piety and bank business. It is in the form of a bill of exchange for a certain quantity of salvation, drawn on and accepted by the Messiah, in favour of the merchant who is buried below, and payable in heaven, at the day of judgment.

Every citizen of Leipzig boasts of the church of St Nicholas and its paintings, as a splendid

proof of the good taste of his mercantile city in the arts, and the munificence with which it has cherished them. It has the singular merit of being in the form of a square, nayery questionable innovation. The Corinthi pillars, which separate the nave from the aisles, are handsome objects in themselves, but the barbarous or fantastic architect has envelope1 the capitals in sprawling bunches of palm leaves, a deplorable substitute for the acanthus. He seems to have had some idea in his head of making the roof appear to rest on palm trees. In general, it is difficult to judge of architectural beauty in the interior of a Protestant church, provided with all its accommodations; for the arrangements required, or supposed to be required, by the Protestant service, are frequently incompatible with architectural effect. The galleries, for example, take all beauty from the pillars which they divide; and here there is a double tier of them. Santa Maria Maggiore, and San Paolo fuori delle Mura, (while it yet stood,) present the noblest architectural perspectives in Europe; but what would become of them, if their pillars were loaded with galleries?

The altar-piece of this church, as well as the host of Scriptural paintings which cover the walls of the choir, are all from the pencil of [redacted] of the last century, who enjoyed, in his day, a reputation which the church of St Nicholas does not justify. To the uninitiated eye, at least, his productions here are deficient in expression, in effect, and variety of grouping, and languish under a weak monotonous colouring. The modern German painters have very generally forsaken the department in which the old artists of their country performed such wonders: that palm has passed to Scotland. Labouring to form themselves, as it is styled, after the Italian masters, they degenerate into insipid mannerists, and fill the world with eternal repetitions of Madonnas and Holy Families.

As Frankfort monopolizes the trade in wine, so Leipzig monopolizes the trade in books. It is here that every German author (and in no country are authors so numerous) wishes to produce the children of his brain, and that, too, only during the Easter fair. He will submit to any degree of exertion, that his work may be ready for publication by that important season,

when the whole brotherhood is in labour, from the Rhine to the Vistula. Whatever the period of gestation may be, the time when he shall come to the birth is fixed by the Al[redacted] the auspicious moment pass away, he willingly bears his burden twelve months longer, till the next advent of the Bibliopolical Lucina. This periodical littering at Leipzig does not [illegible] all arise, as is sometimes supposed, from all or most of the books being printed there; Leipzig has only its own proportion of printers and publishers. It arises from the manner in which this branch of trade is carried on in Germany. Every bookseller of any eminence, throughout the Confederation, has an agent or commissioner in Leipzig. If he wishes to procure works which have been published by another, he does not address himself directly to the publisher, but to his own commissioner in Leipzig. This is not all, for the latter, whether he be ordered to transmit to another books published by his principal, or to procure for his principal books published by another, instead of dealing directly with the person from whom he is to purchase, or to whom he is to sell, treats only with his Leipzig agent.

The order is received by the publisher, and the books by the purchaser at third hand. The whole book-trade of Germany thus centres in Leipzig. Wherever books may be printed, it is there they must be bought; it is there that the trade is supplied. Such an arrangement, though it employ four persons in every sale instead of two, is plainly an advantageous arrangement for Leipzig; but the very fact, that it has subsisted two hundred years, and still flourishes, seems to prove that it is likewise found to be beneficial to the trade in general. Abuses in public institutions may endure for centuries; but inconvenient arrangements in trade, which affect the credit side of a man's balance-sheet at the end of the year, are seldom so long-lived. German booksellers, moreover, are not less attentive to profit than any other honest men in an honest business. They even reckon among the advantages of this system, the saving which it enables them to make in the article of carriage. If a bookseller in Berlin has ordered books from Vienna, Strasburg, Munich, Stuttgard, and a dozen other places, they are all deposited with his Leipzig agent, who then for-

wards them in one mass much more cheaply than if each portion had been sent separately and directly to Berlin.

Till the middle of the sixteenth century, publishers, in the proper sense of the word, were unknown. John Otto, born at Nürnberg in 1510, is said to be the earliest on record who made bargains for copy-right, without being himself a printer. Some years afterwards, two regular dealers in the same department settled in Leipzig, where the university, already in high fame, had produced a demand for books, from the moment the art of printing wandered up from the Rhine. Before the end of the century, the book-fair was established. It prospered so rapidly, that, in 1600, the Easter catalogue, which has been annually continued ever since, was printed for the first time. It now presents every year, in a thick octavo volume, a collection of new books and new editions, to which there is no parallel in Europe. The writing public is out of all proportion too large for the reading public of Germany. At the fair, all the brethren of the trade flock together in Leipzig, not only from every part of Germany, but

from every European country where German books are sold, to settle accounts, and examine the harvest of the year. The number always amounts to several hundreds, and they have built an exchange for themselves.

Yet a German publisher has less chance of making great profits, and a German author has fewer prospects of turning his manuscript to good account, than the same classes of persons in any other country that knows the value of intellectual labour. There is a pest called *Nachdrückerei*, or Reprinting, which knaws on the vitals of the poor author, and paralyzes the most enterprising publisher. Each State of the Confederation has its own law of copy-right; and an author is secured against piracy only in the state where he prints. But he writes for all, for they all speak the same language. If the book be worth any thing, it is immediately reprinted in some neighbouring state, and, as the reprinter pays nothing for copy-right, he can obviously afford to undersell the original publisher. Wirtemberg, though she can boast of possessing in Cotta one of the most honourable and enterprising publishers of Germany, is

peculiarly notorious as a nest for these birds of prey. There are various well known booksellers who scarcely drive any other branch of trade. So soon as a book appears which promises to sell well, they put forth a cheaper edition, which drives the legitimate one from the market, and nothing remains for the publisher but to buy off the rascally pirate with any sum which his rapacity may demand. The worst of it is, that authors of reputation are precisely those to whom the system is most fatal. The reprinter meddles with nothing except what he already knows will find buyers. The rights of unsaleable books are scrupulously observed; the honest publisher is never disturbed in his losing speculations; but, when he has been fortunate enough to become master of a work of genius or utility, the piratical publisher is instantly in his way. All the states do not deserve to be equally involved in this censure. Prussia, I believe, has shown herself liberal in protecting every German publisher. Some of the utterly insignificant states are among the most troublesome, for reprinting can be carried on in a small just as well as in a great one. The bookseller who

published Reinhardt's Sermons was attacked by a reprint, which was announced as about to appear at Reutlingen, in Wirtemberg. The pirate demanded fourteen thousand florins, nearly twelve hundred pounds, to give up his design. The publisher thought that so exorbitant a demand justified him in applying to the government, but all he could gain was the limitation of the sum to a thousand pounds.

Such a system almost annihilates the value of literary labour. No publisher can pay a high price for a manuscript, by which, if it turn out ill, he is sure to be a loser, and by which, if it turn out well, it is far from certain that he will be a gainer. From the value which he might otherwise be inclined to set on the copy-right, he must always deduct the sum which it probably will be necessary to expend in buying off reprinters, or he must calculate that value on the supposition of a very limited circulation. At what rate would Mr Murray pay Lord Byron, or Mr Constable take the manuscript of the Scottish Novels, if the statute protected the one only in the county of Middlesex, and the other only in the county of Edinburgh? Hence

it is that German authors, though the most industrious, are likewise the worst remunerated of the writing tribe. I have heard it said, that Göthe has received for some of his works about a louis d'or a sheet, and it is certain that he has made much money by them; but I have often likewise heard the statement questioned as incredible. Bürger, in his humorous epistle to Gökingk, estimates poetry at a pound per sheet; law and medicine at five shillings.

The unpleasing exterior of ordinary German printing, the coarse watery paper, and worn-out types, must be referred, in some measure, to the same cause. The publisher, or the author who publishes on his own account, naturally risks as little capital as possible in the hazardous speculation. Besides, it is his interest to diminish the temptation to reprint, by making his own edition as cheap as may be. The system has shown its effects, too, in keeping up the frequency of publication by subscription, even among authors of the most settled and popular reputation. Klopstock, after the Messiah had fixed his fame, published in this way. There has been no more successful publisher than

Cotta, and no German writer has been so well repaid as Göthe; yet the last Tübingen edition of Göthe himself is adorned with a long list of subscribers. What would we think of Byron, or Campbell, or Scott, or Moore, publishing a new poem by subscription?

Mr Brockhaus is allowed to be the most efficient publisher in Leipzig, and consequently among the first in Germany. He is a writer, too—for, on miscellaneous, particularly political topics, he frequently supplies his own manuscript. He is supposed to have made a fortune by one work on which he ventured, the *Conversations-Lexicon*, a very compendious Encyclopædia. The greatest fault of the book is a want of due selection; personages of eternal name, and topics of immutable interest, are contracted or omitted, to make way for men and matters that only enjoy a local and passing notoriety. Even a Britannica, with a Supplement, should not waste its pages on short-lived topics, and only the *quinta pars nectaris* of human knowledge and biography should be admitted into an Encyclopædia of ten octavo volumes. The book, however, has had a very extensive

circulation, and often forms the whole library of a person in the middling classes. It would have proved still more lucrative, had the writers, among whom are many of the most popular names of Germany, shown greater deference to the political creeds of the leading courts. The numerous political articles, not merely on subjects of general discussion, but on recent events, important and unimportant, are all on the liberal side of the question; moderate, indeed, argumentative, and respectful, but still pointing at the propriety of political changes. The book was admitted into the Russian dominions only in the form of an *editio castigata*; from this tree of knowledge were carefully shaken all the fruits which might enable the nations to distinguish between good and evil before it was allowed to be transplanted beyond the Vistula. Even in this ameliorated state, it began to be regarded as, at least, lurid, if not downright poisonous, and ultimately was prohibited altogether.

Brockhaus is, by way of eminence, the liberal publisher of Germany. He shuns no responsibility, and stands in constant communication

with all the popular journalists and pamphleteers. His *Zeitgenosse*, or, The Contemporary, was a journal entirely devoted to politics. It frequently contained translations of leading political articles from the Edinburgh Review; and these, again, were sometimes reprinted and circulated as pamphlets. The *Hermes* is of the same general character, a quarterly publication, which apes in form, as well as matter, one of our most celebrated journals. In 1821, his weekly journal, *The Conversations-Wochenblatt*, was prohibited in Berlin, and shortly afterwards, it was thought necessary to erect a separate department of the Censorship for the sole purpose of examining and licensing Brockhaus's publications. The prohibition was speedily removed, and I believe (but I had left Berlin before it happened) that likewise the separate censorial establishment was of brief duration. Brockhaus has brought himself out of all political embarrassments, with great agility and good fortune, and still rails on at despots and reprinters.

Beyond Leipzig the small river Mulda is crossed by a ferry, and that, too, on the great

road which connects Leipzig with Dresden, Bohemia, Silesia, and Austria. There is no sufficient excuse for this most inconvenient arrangement. The Mulda is a trifling stream in comparison with the Elbe, and is less exposed to inundations; yet no difficulty has been found in building even stone bridges across the Elbe. It is on a solid, though somewhat clumsy structure of this kind, that you pass the river at Meissen; and, though still a dozen miles from Dresden, you are already in the country which, by its mixture of romantic nature with the richest possible cultivation, has acquired to Dresden the reputation of being surrounded by more delightful environs than any other European capital. All the way to the city the road follows the Elbe, which pours its majestic stream between banks of very opposite character. The left rises abrupt, rocky, woody, picturesque; the right swells more gradually into graceful and verdant eminences, whose slopes towards the river are covered with vineyards. In all these features of natural beauty, the Elbe is inferior to the Rhine, but only to the Rhine, and on the Rhine there is no town where the enjoy-

ment always derived from beautiful scenery is so much heightened by the pleasures of society, and the splendid productions of art. Much as a stranger may have heard of Dresden, the approach to it from this side does not disappoint his expectations. From the rich and picturesque scenery of nature, he enters at once among palaces, passes the Elbe, from the New Town to the Old, on a noble bridge, a most refreshing sight to a Briton, is immediately stopped by the gorgeous and imposing pile of the Catholic church, and turns from it to the royal palace. What were once lofty ramparts now bear spacious alleys along the river, in which innumerable laughing groupes are perpetually enjoying the scene or the shade. The gaiety of the hurrying equipages, the crowd of passengers, the apparent vivacity and hilarity of the people, give a most favourable first impression of the "German Florence." It is true, that such figurative terms of comparison are often used very loosely; but, although a German, be he from the north or from the south, is always a very different person from an Italian; though the cloudless sky that burns above the Arno be

more constant than the sun which shines upon the Elbe; and though the capital of Saxony neither possesses the Medicean Venus, nor has formed schools of painters and sculptors to be the wonders of the world, yet in its natural beauties, in the character of its inhabitants, in its love of the arts, and what it has done for them, Dresden may be fairly enough said to be to Germany what Florence is to Italy.

The city is divided by the Elbe. Originally it stood entirely on the left bank. That portion is still the largest and most characteristic part of the whole, and, as it contains the palace, is likewise the most fashionable. The general style of building is simple, austere, and, therefore, when in due dimensions, imposing. It is easily seen, that the Saxon nobles, in building palaces, thought chiefly of convenience and duration, not of pillared portals and airy verandas. The houses are lofty, and the streets narrow, as in all old towns in this part of the Continent; but some of the principal streets are of ample breadth, and lined with very stately, though unadorned buildings. There is not a square, properly so called, in the whole city, except two immense market-places,

one of which, the Altmarkt, is a fine specimen of the ordinary civil architecture of Germany, and does not lose in comparison even with the *Hof* of Vienna. Here, however, as every where else, of late years a love of trivial ornament has been creeping in, which assuredly is far inferior to the substantial simplicity of their fathers. People will have pilasters, aye, and pillars, too, and entablatures, and pediments, where there is no space for them; and where, though there were space, they would have no beauty. In our own cities, while public buildings have long been conducted with much good taste in the south, and some aspirations after it seem to be rising in the north, how often do we see a cheesemonger's wares reposing in state round the base of—Doric pillars, I suppose they must be called, or flitches of bacon proudly suspended from the volutes of the Ionic.

The *Neustadt*, or New Town, on the opposite bank of the Elbe, is more open, for the attachment to narrow streets was beginning to give way when it was commenced; but it is built in a more trivial style: at least, it has that appearance to the eye; for, as few people of fa-

shion have hitherto emigrated across the Elbe, there is not the same frequent intermixture of stately mansions. The principal street, however, which runs in a right line from the bridge, is the finest in Dresden. Were it better planned, it would more than rival the *Linden* of Berlin.

The bridge which connects these two parts of the city, striding across the river with eleven noble arches, is the first structure of the kind in Germany. In architectural symmetry and elegance, it cannot vie with many of the French, or with some of the Italian bridges; but the streams which these cross are ditches, compared with the magnificent river which pours its waters under the walls of Dresden. There is not a single stone bridge on the Rhine, from where it leaves the Lake of Constance to where it divides itself among the flats of Holland. * The Danube, at Ratisbonne, is a much more manageable stream

* I cannot trust to my recollection whether the bridge on the Rhine at Lauffenburg, between Schaffhausen and Basle, is of wood or stone; but there the river could be surmounted by a bridge infinitely more easily than the Elbe at Dresden.

than the Elbe; and, moreover, the bridge at Ratisbonne is ugly, unequal, not even uniform, and very ricketty. The good Viennese, so far from attempting to throw a stone bridge across the Danube, where he passes near their capital, extolled it as an unparalleled triumph of art when, a few years ago, they built a wooden bridge, on stone piers, over a narrow branch of the main stream, which washes the walls. The bridges on the Oder at Frankfort and Breslau, and that on the Vistula at Cracow, are all of wood. The best proof of the solidity of the bridge of Dresden is, that it has hitherto resisted ice and inundations, both of which are peculiarly destructive on this part of the river. The inundations come down from the mountains of Bohemia very rapidly, and, owing to the nature of the country through which the river flows till it approaches the city, with irresistible impetuosity. The northern confines of the Saxon Switzerland are not more than ten miles above Dresden, and, till the Elbe has quitted this singular district, it traverses only deep narrow valleys, or rugged gorges, through which it seems to have opened a passage. There is no breadth of plain, as there

is along the Rhine, over which an inundation can spread itself out. The accumulated mass of water is hurried down to Dresden with accumulating impetus. I have seen the Elbe rise sixteen feet above its ordinary level within twelve hours. Such a course in a river is ruinous for bridges. That of Dresden, which has set the Elbe at defiance, could not resist gunpowder; the French blew up the centre arch, to facilitate their retreat to Leipzig. Of course, it was perfectly right to repair it; but why has that barbarous mass of artificial rock, surmounted by an uncouth crucifix, been restored, to disfigure the centre of the bridge, after it had fortunately been blown up along with the arch? It is an incumbrance, and a very ugly one: having been once fairly got rid of, it really did not deserve to be restored. Yet the Emperor of Russia has thought proper to commemorate, by an inscription, that he restored what disfigures the finest bridge in Germany. The slender iron rail, too, which occupies the place of a balustrade, is altogether trivial. This is no draw-bridge over a canal.

The prospect from the bridge itself is cele-

brated all over Germany, and deserves to be so. Whether you look up or down the river, the towers and palaces of the city are pictured in the stream. A lovely plain, groaning beneath population and fertility, retires for a short distance from the further bank, then swells up into an amphitheatre on gentle slopes, laid out in vineyards, decked with an endless succession of villages and villas, and shut in, towards the south, by the summits of the Sächsische Schweitz, a branch of the mountains of Bohemia.

The royal palace—but who can tell what the royal palace of Dresden is?—it is composed of so many pieces, running up one street, and down another, and so carefully is every part concealed that might have looked respectable. One sees no order; the eye traces no connection among the masses of which it is made up, and seeks in vain for a whole. Unfortunately, that portion which, from its situation, could have made some show, that which fronts the open space at the entrance of the bridge, is the most unseemly of all, and has the air of a prison.

The royal family which inhabits this palace has the best of all testimonies in its favour, that of

the people. Its younger branches, indeed, nephews of the king, are persons of whom scarcely any body thinks of speaking at all; but the king himself is the object of universal reverence and affection. The Saxons, though too sensible to boast of his talents, maintain that he is the most upright prince in Europe, and all allow him those moral qualities which most easily secure the affection of a German people, and best deserve the affection of any people. The political misfortunes which overtook Saxony when Napoleon was no longer able to protect her, rendered them neither peevish nor impatient. Though the conqueror flattered their pride by treating their country with great respect, and even restored, in some measure, the Polish supremacy of the Electorate, by creating for it the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, they are no fonder of France than their brethren; but neither do they conceal their grudge against the powers who punished Saxony for Napoleon's kindness, by giving so much of its territory to Prussia. Germans are the very last people with whom partitioning schemes should be tried, for they are the very last that will amalgamate themselves with ano-

ther. Attachment to his native prince is part of a German's nature; no man finds so much difficulty in conquering old affections and prejudices.

For a century the Saxons have been accustomed to have a king of a different religion from their own. The electoral crown, which, from the first thesis of Luther, had been the boast and bulwark of the Reformation, was regained for the church of Rome by the throne of Poland. The difference, however, does not seem to produce any cause of discontent or complaint, except that the most important personages about the court are naturally Catholics. The royal family is surrounded by them, and, it is asserted, is studiously kept in the trammels of the priesthood. There is no intolerance, no exclusion of Protestants; but it is not possible for so devout and priest-ridden a Catholic as the king is, to consider the heretical among his courtiers as equally fit companions for the royal presence, and depositaries of the royal confidence, with the orthodox; and it is just as little possible, that the Catholic priesthood should not govern absolutely so devout a king. Protestantism suffers, too, in ano-

ther way. Where any portion of the Roman hierarchy, perhaps of any hierarchy, nestles, the spirit of proselytism is immediately aroused. Where it rules a court, and basks in the light of royal favour, it arms itself with much more powerful weapons than argument. As the Elector of Saxony was converted by the prospect of a new crown, so his subjects may be just as easily converted by the prospect of facilitating their advancement to honours, and offices, and salaries.

In one thing the king and his capital never have agreed, and never will agree; the king loves quiet and priests; his subjects love mirth and ballet-dancers. This people, abounding in corn and wine, living in a laughing and beautiful country, and infected, in part, by the crowds of strangers who flock together to admire the riches of their capital, are fond of society and amusement. They are more light-hearted, they have more easy gaiety about them, than any of their countrymen; nor is it soiled by the gross sensuality of Vienna. The king has no liking for any of these things; the passing pleasures of life have no charm for him. This does not arise

from his advanced age, for it has always been so; it is in his character, and has been greatly fostered by feelings of devotion, degenerating almost into the ascetic. The court of Dresden indulges so little in pomp, or even in the ordinary amusements of fashionable society, that one could scarcely discover it existed, were it not for the royal box in the theatre, and the grenadier guards at the gate of the palace. The Protestant gaiety of the people does not scruple to lay the blame of this sequestered life on the priests. In particular, they allege that the ecclesiastics, to insure the continuance of their domination, have educated the young princes, not like young men, but like old women; kept back, no doubt, from much that is bad, but likewise from much more that is good in the world; allowed to grow up in ignorance of every thing but what it pleased their bigotted and ghostly instructors they should know; and thus bent into an unnatural quietude of life, and passiveness of character, which are perhaps not a whit more desirable than a certain degree of irregularity. This is not the social character that will captivate the Saxons. Augustus II. was, both in Poland and Saxony, the

most splendid of sovereigns; under him, Dresden was "the Masque of Germany." Augustus III. loved pleasure to extravagance. The present king has hurried himself and his court into the other extreme. It was reckoned no small triumph, a few years ago, that the royal countenance was obtained to a mimic tournament, at which the young nobility, armed from the antiquated treasures of the *Rustkammer*, tilted valiantly, in the arena of the riding-school, at stuffed Turks, and fleshed their maiden sabres in pasteboard Saracens. If Saxony has a minister at the Sublime Porte, how would he excuse his master, should the Great Turk get into a great passion, as he very reasonably might do, at such amusements being allowed in the court of an ally?

I observed nothing particularly worthy of notice in the churches of Dresden, either in their architecture or ornaments. Every body tells you to admire the *Frauenkirche*, as being built after the model of St Peter's; and it is like St Peter's in so far as both have cupolas, but no farther. I doubt not but the dome of St Peter's might be placed like an extinguisher

over the whole crowded octangular pile of the Frauenkirche.

The Catholic church, as being devoted to the religion of a very devout royal family, is that on which most splendour has been lavished. It was built, in the earlier part of the last century, on a design of the Italian Chiaveri. The quantity of ornament, and the waved facade, with its interrupted cornices and broken pediments, announce at once the degenerated taste which had appeared in Italy nearly a hundred years before, and erected such piles as the Salute at Venice, and the church Della Sapienza in Rome, which disfigures one side of a quadrangle designed by Michel Angelo. The building gains by its situation; for it faces the Elbe, just at the entrance of the bridge, unencumbered by any adjoining edifice, except a black, covered gallery, certainly an unseemly appendage, which, for the convenience of the royal family, connects it with the palace. The elevations of the lower part are harmonious, and the effect of the whole is gorgeous; but there is a total want of simplicity and grandeur, and the parapets are bristled round with grim sandstone saints. The more simple

and elegant form of the interior is injured by the galleries for the accommodation of the court. The royal pew, quite cased in glass, is literally a hot-house.

It was only here that I observed that decent custom strictly enforced, (which was universal in the earlier ages of the church,) of making all females take their places on one side, and all males on the other. During mass, domestics of the royal household, armed with enormous batons, patrole the nave and aisles to enforce the regulation, and remove all pretences as well as opportunities of scandal. The system of separation was not observed, however, above stairs, among the adherents of the court; there, the sheep and goats were praying side by side. This decorum, too, has its origin in the purity of the royal character, though truly the citizens of the capital seem to value this most estimable virtue much more lowly than it deserves. His majesty banished from the Temple of Venus at Pilnitz, the portraits of ladies celebrated for their beauty and gallantries, which had given the apartment its name; and he retires every night to his lonely couch in the conviction that Vesta presides over

his capital. It is most honourable to himself, that, both by his own example and by police regulations, he has done all in his power to render it a fitting abode for the Goddess; but it is a pity that he should be so very much deceived as to the effect of either. At the same time, debauchery has not the unblushing notoriety of Vienna or Munich.

As all Germany praises the music in this church, it must be good, for the Germans are judges of music; but, though I heard it in Easter, when the sacred harmony of Catholics puts forth all its powers, I must confess that little pleasure was derived from the noise of a score of fiddles, which the organ, though built by Silberman, could not conquer, and the voices of the choir, though adorned by that of an Eunuch, could not sweeten. It is not merely the casual associations which may fill the head with reels and country dances, as if it were intended to

Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven;

these are instruments whose tones, to an untutored ear, at least, do not harmonize with feelings of solemnity and devotion; and the crowd of

them usually pressed into the service of the church, takes all distinctness and effect from the vocal music, which in reality becomes the accompaniment, instead of being the principal part of the composition. After hearing Mozart's Requiem, for example, performed at Berlin, with the full complement of fiddles, so much did it gain in effect, merely from their absence, that I could scarcely recognize the composition when given in Vienna simply by the choir and the organ, except where the trumpet, echoing along the lofty roof of St Stephen, seemed to send its notes from the clouds, as it bore up the accompaniment at,

> Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
> Per sepulchra regionum,
> Coget omnes ante thronum.

Allegri's famed *Misercre*, as sung in the Sistine chapel at Rome, during Easter, justifies the belief that, for purposes of devotion, the unaided human voice is the most impressive of all instruments. If such a choir as that of his Holiness could always be commanded, the organ itself might be dispensed with. This, however,

is no fair sample of the powers of vocal sacred music; and those who are most alive to the "concord of sweet sounds" forget that, in the mixture of feeling produced by a scene so imposing as the Sistine chapel presents on such an occasion, it is difficult to attribute to the music only its own share in the overwhelming effect. The Christian world is in mourning; the throne of the Pontiff, stripped of all its honours, and uncovered of its royal canopy, is degraded to the simple elbow-chair of an aged priest. The Pontiff himself, and the congregated dignitaries of the church, divested of all earthly pomp, kneel before the cross in the unostentatious garb of their religious orders. As evening sinks, and the tapers are extinguished one after another, at different stages of the service, the fading light falls ever dimmer and dimmer on the reverend figures. The prophets and saints of Michel Angelo look down from the ceiling on the pious worshippers beneath; while the living figures of his Last Judgment, in every variety of infernal suffering and celestial enjoyment, gradually vanish in the gathering shade, as if the scene of horror had closed for ever on the one,

and the other had quitted the darkness of earth for a higher world. Is it wonderful that, in such circumstances, such music as that famed *Miserere*, sung by such a choir, should shake the soul even of a Calvinist?

Except, perhaps, the Viennese, no people of Germany are so fond of being out of doors as the Saxons of Dresden, for none of its capitals displays so many temptations to allure them; wood and water, mountain and plain, precipice and valley, corn and wine, palace and cottage, tossed together in bright confusion, and glowing in a climate which, on this side of the Alps, may well be called genial. The rising grounds which form the circle to the south-east, and were the principal scene of the combats and bombardments that terminated in the retreat of the French army to Leipzig, are the only part of the environs that have any thing like tameness in their character. Where they slope down towards the town, and not much more than a mile from the walls, stands the lonely monument of Moreau, on the spot where he fell. It is merely a square block of granite, surrounded below by large unhewn stones, and bearing on

its upper surface a helmet, a sword, and a laurel chaplet. The brief inscription, "The Hero Moreau fell here by the side of Alexander," is worth mentioning, merely to notice the audacity with which some unworthy and ungenerous spirit has dared to violate it. An unknown but deliberate hand has tried to efface the word Hero, and has carved above it, as regularly and deeply as the rest of the inscription, the word Traitor. So professionally has it been performed, that it has not been possible to obliterate entirely this degrading exploit of cowardice and malignity. The most partial admirers of that great man may be allowed to wish, that, after so honourable a life, he had fallen on a less questionable field; but the rancour which could desecrate his simple monument, was infinitely more detestable than even the imperial enmity, which honoured with its hatred his talents and virtues when alive. A French gentleman, on being asked at Dresden, whether he had yet visited the monument of his countryman, answered with passionate vivacity, "Non; il n'étoit pas mon compatriote; car moi, je suis Français."

The Frenchman who is ashamed of Moreau is a man of whom nobody can be proud.

The most remarkable part of the neighbourhood, a district that would be remarkable in any country, is the *Sächsische Schweitz*, or Saxon Switzerland; and it is visited with astonishment, even after the wonders of the real Switzerland. The latter, indeed, contains infinitely finer and more stupendous things; for here are no glaciers, no snowy summits like Mont Blanc or the Jungfrau, no walls of rock lost in the clouds like the Wetterhörner; but Switzerland contains nothing of the same kind. Only Adelsberg, on the frontier between Silesia and Bohemia, approaches it, and Adelsberg is still more singular. The Saxon Switzerland commences about eight miles above Dresden, and follows the course of the Elbe upwards, lying among the mountains which form the boundary between Bohemia and Saxony. A short way above the capital, Pilnitz, a royal residence of historical notoriety, but remarkable in no other respect, reflects itself in the waters of the Elbe. About four miles farther up, the valley closes; the mountains become more lofty and bare; the

majestic river comes forth from the gorges which you are about to enter, quitting at length the rugged and mountainous course which has hemmed him in from his birth in the mountains of the Giant, and destined to visit, throughout the rest of his career, only scenes of industry and fertility. From this point, up to the frontiers of Bohemia, the rocks in the neighbourhood of the river, principally on the right bank, consisting of a coarse-grained sandstone, are cut in all directions into frightful gorges, as if the chisel had been used to hew passages through them. They should rather be called lanes, so narrow are they, so deeply sunk, and so smoothly perpendicular do the gigantic walls of rock rise on both sides. The walls themselves are cut vertically into separate masses, by narrow openings reaching from the summit to the very bottom, as if a cement, which once united them, had been washed away. These perpendicular masses, again, are divided and grooved horizontally into layers, or apparent layers, like blocks regularly laid upon each other, to form the wall. The extremities are seldom sharp or angular, but almost always rounded, betraying the con-

tinued action of water. They generally terminate in some singular form. Some have a huge rounded mass reclining on their summit, which appears scarcely broad enough to poise it; others have a more regular mass laid upon them, like the astragal of a Doric pillar; others assume the form of inverted pyramids, increasing in breadth as they shoot higher into the air. Occasionally they present a still more singular appearance; for, after tapering in a conical form, to a certain elevation, they begin to dilate again as they rise higher, as if an inverted truncated cone were placed on a right truncated cone, resembling exactly, but on an infinitely greater scale, what often occurs in caverns, where the descending stalactite rests on an ascending stalagmite.

The abyss, which lies deep sunk behind the summit called the Bastey, though not so regular as some others, is the most wonderful of all, in the horrid boldness and fantastic forms of its rocks. The *Ottawalder Grund* is so narrow, and its walls so lofty, that many parts of it can never have felt sunshine. I trode, through the greater part of it, on snow and ice, when all

above was warm and cheery, and butterflies were sporting over its frozen bosom. Some small cascades were literally hanging frozen in their fall. In one place the walls are not more than four feet asunder. Some huge blocks, in their course from the summit, have been jammed in between them, and form a natural roof, beneath which you must creep along above the brook on planks, if the brook be small, or wading in water, if it be swollen; for the rivulet occupies the whole space between the walls in this narrow passage, which goes under the name of "Hell." When, in one of these lanes, you find an alley striking off on one side, and, having squeezed your body through it, another similar lane, which you soon find crossed by another of the same sort, you might believe yourself traversing the rude model of some gigantic city, or visiting the ruined abodes of the true *terrae filii.** When, again, from some elevated

* And once they had inhabitants. Among the loftiest and most inaccessible of the cliffs which overlook the Elbe, remains of the works of human hands are still visible. A band of robbers, by laying blocks across the

point, you overlook the whole mass, and see these stiff bare rocks rising from the earth, manifesting, though now disjoined, that they once formed one body, you might think yourself gazing on the skeleton of a perished world, all the softer parts of which have mouldered away, and left only the naked, indestructible frame-work.

The *Bastey*, or Bastion, is the name given to one of the largest masses which rise close by the river on the right bank. One narrow block, on the very summit, projects into the air. Perched on this, not on, but beyond the brink of the precipice, you command a prospect which, in its kind, is unique in Europe. You hover, on the pinnacle, at an elevation of more than eight hundred feet above the Elbe, which sweeps round the bottom of the precipice. Behind, and up along the river on the same bank, rise similar precipitous cliffs, cut and intersected like those already described. From the farther bank,

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chasms, had formed bridges, frail in structure, and easily removed when security required it; and, in the upper floors, as it were, of the natural city, [illegible] regular power at defiance.

the plain gradually elevates itself into an irregular amphitheatre, terminated by a lofty but rounded range of mountains. The striking feature is, that, in the bosom of this amphitheatre, a plain of the most varied beauty, huge columnar hills start up at once from the ground, at great distances from each other, overlooking, in lonely and solemn grandeur, each its own portion of the domain. They are monuments which the Elbe has left standing to commemorate his triumph over their less hardy kindred. The most remarkable among them are the *Lilienstein* and *Königstein*, which tower nearly in the centre of the picture, to a height of about twelve hundred feet above the level of the Elbe. They rise perpendicularly from a sloping base, formed of *debris*, and now covered with natural wood. The access to the summit is so difficult, that an Elector of Saxony and King of Poland thought the exploit which he performed in scrambling to the top of the *Lilienstein* deserving of being commemorated by an inscription. The access to the *Königstein* is artificial, for it has long been a fortress, and, from the strength of its situation, is still a

virgin one. Besides these, the giants of the territory, the plain is studded with many other columnar eminences of the same general character, though on a smaller scale, and they all bear, from time immemorial, their particular legends; —for the mountains of Saxony and Bohemia are the native country of tale-telling tradition, the cradle of Gnomes and Kobolds. In the deep rents and gloomy recesses of the *Lilienstein*, hosts of spirits still watch over concealed treasures. A holy nun, miraculously transported from the irregularities of her convent, to the summit of the *Nonnenstein*, that she might spend her days in prayer and purity in its caverns, is commemorated in the name of the rock; and the *Jungfernsprung*, or Leap of the Virgin, perpetuates the memory of the Saxon maid, who, when pursued by a brutal lustling, threw herself from the brink of its hideous precipice, to die unpolluted.

CHAPTER V.

DRESDEN.

THE ARTS—LITERATURE—CRIMINAL JUSTICE—THE GOVERNMENT.

DRESDEN has the advantage of being lively and entertaining at all seasons of the year, though the sort of persons who produce and enjoy its pleasures vary most sensibly with the state of the thermometer. The winter entertainments of the higher ranks are just what they are elsewhere. Those who find balls, and routs, and card-parties, dull in other countries, will not find them a whit less so in Saxony. The middle and lower classes seek their pleasures in the theatre; for no rank in Germany reckons play-going a sin. The king himself is so extravagantly fond of music, that, besides a regular troop of actors, he supports two operatic companies, one Italian and

the other German, and has at the head of his chapel Weber, the first of the living theatrical composers of Germany, and Morlacchi, who fills a very respectable rank after the despotic Rossini. Spring comes on, and the native heroes of the winter disappear, to be replaced by strangers. The great body of the citizens take their turn in the cycle of amusement, and take it out of doors. On the first of May, as regularly as the year comes round, the royal family removes to Pilnitz; the nobility and gentry, all, in short, who are not too poor, fly to their country seats, or the baths of Bohemia; the superb orangery is brought forth from its winter covering, and set to blossom round the *Zwinger*, in the open air; the picture-gallery is thrown open; Böttiger commences his prelections on ancient statues, in the collection of antiques; foreigners crowd into the city from all parts of Europe; and Dresden, with its laughing sky, and climate, and scenery, and people, becomes, for a season, the coffee-house of Germany.

It is to its collection of pictures that Dresden is principally indebted for the reputation which it enjoys as the centre of the arts in Ger-

many. No gallery on this side of the Alps, deserves, as a whole, to be placed above it. Munich is probably richer in the choice works of Rembrandt, and, since the acquisition of Nürnberg, likewise in those of Dürer; Brussels can show much finer pictures of Rubens; Potsdam some splendid historical pieces of Vandyke; and Paris, among the straggling glories that still remain to the Louvre, more perfect samples of one or two of the Italian masters; but, as a collection of excellent pictures, in all styles, and particularly in some of the most celebrated of the Italian schools, none of them can claim superiority over the royal gallery of Dresden. The Flemish and German schools had been gradually accumulating, especially under the magnificence which overwhelmed Saxony from the moment her electors mounted the throne of Poland; but it was poor in the works of the Italian masters, till Augustus III. raised it at once to its present eminence, by purchasing, for about L.180,000, (1,200,000 rixdollars,) the whole ducal gallery of Modena, which contained, among others, the far-famed Correggios. A good specimen of Raphael was still awanting, and, for some-

thing more, it is said, than L.8000, (17,000 ducats,) a convent at Piacenza was prevailed on to part with his Madonna di San Sisto, which, I suppose, gold could not now purchase. While lingering among these great productions of a most captivating art, it is likewise a pleasing feeling, that they have had the rare fortune to be treated with reverence by every hostile hand. Frederick bombarded Dresden, battered down its churches, and laid its streets in ruin, but ordered his cannon and mortars to keep clear of the picture gallery. He entered as a conqueror, levied the taxes, administered the government, and, with an affectation of humility, asked permission of the captive Electress to visit the gallery as a stranger. Napoleon's policy, too, led him to treat Saxony with much consideration, and was the guardian angel of her pictures. Not one of them made the journey to Paris.

The Outer Gallery, * as it is called, is entire-

* The arrangement of the building is somewhat peculiar; it is one square within another, as if formed by dividing a very broad gallery running round a square by building within it a partition parallel to the sides of the

ly filled with the productions of the northern schools, and displays, in an immense number of pictures, all the merits and deficiencies of the masters of Germany, Flanders, and Holland. The principle of these schools was, not to embellish nature, but to imitate her with almost literal precision. Animals, and objects of still life; the ingenious effects of artificial, or the chequered play of natural lights and shades; busy figures, surrounded by household goods, or the implements of a profession; the grotesque groupes, and gross dissipations of a fair; the hard-favoured, but expressive countenances, the ale-jugs, and low indelicacies of carousing boors,

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square. The lights of the outer are from the street, those of the inner from the court which the square contains. The inner gallery is set apart for the Italian, and the outer is filled with the ultramontane schools, using ultramontane in the Italian sense of the term. As the lights come from only one side, care has been taken to place all the good pictures on the opposite side;—apparently a very obvious arrangement, yet one, the neglect of which, in many private collections, spoils many excellent pictures. The best of all lights is that which comes from above, as partly in the Tribune of Florence, and entirely in the upper room at Bologna.

were transferred to the canvas with an accuracy of imitation, and patience of finishing, which have never been rivalled. Such subjects scarcely admitted of embellishment; what existed before the painter's eyes must be copied "severely true;" no *beau ideal* sprung into life beneath the pencil of the artist, creating upon the canvas forms which perhaps never existed in nature, but which, nevertheless, are at once recognised to be the perfection of nature. It would be absurd to suppose that all the boors of Teniers are portraits, and all his cottage or wedding scenes taken from the life; so far he must have proceeded on the same principle as if he had been composing a Madonna, and made his boors and weddings what they possibly never were, but yet easily might be; but forms of ideal beauty or dignity, and the expression of the higher passions, were not regularly within the sphere, and never constituted the character of the school. Even those masters who sought immortality in another path, Rubens, for example, or Rembrandt, seldom approach this lofty and captivating ideal. They compose their pictures with skill, they seduce the eye by peculiar charms of colouring, and

they may be unrivalled in the artificial management of light and shade; yet is the effect produced by their most finished pictures not only specifically different from what we feel when contemplating the Madonna of Raphael, the Saviour or St Jerome of Correggio, Fra Bartolomeo's St Mark, Guido's Aurora, or Titian's Assumption of the Virgin, but is it not one of a more prosaic nature, less imposing to the imagination, less elevating and interesting both to feeling and to taste?

The pictures of Teniers, Ostade, and Gerard Dow, the northern landscapes of Ruisdael, the vivid groupes of Wouvermann, with his never-failing grey horse, are all among the most successful and characteristic productions of these celebrated masters. In Ruisdael's famous Hunt, earth and sky, wood and water, speak so feelingly the cold, drizzling haze of a raw autumnal morning in a northern region, that the spectator is happy, on turning from the picture, to find himself in sunshine. Dow and Ostade could not compete with Teniers in effect of grouping and expression of vulgar character, but they are at least his equals in minuteness of finishing, and surpass

him in delicacy and vivacity of colouring. There is a beautiful small picture by Gerard Dow, representing a hermit at prayer before a crucifix, at the door of his hut. A book lies open before him, and so industriously is every part finished, that you actually see the letters glimmering through the paper from the opposite page. The most wonderful instance of this finishing and colouring, because it contains the most minute and heterogeneous objects, is an alchymist's workshop of Teniers. Tables, stools, chairs, furnaces, alembics of various sorts, dead and dried fishes, stuffed beasts, living mice, boxes of wood and paper, vials of white, and bottles of green glass; in short, all kinds of lumber, and utensils, and instruments, are scattered about in the most grotesque confusion, and every single object is in form and colouring the most deceiving imitation of nature imaginable. His Temptation of St Anthony, though possessing much of the same excellence, is not equal to those of Hell Breughel; * the monsters are of the same kind,

* There were two brothers of this name, Hell Breughel, so called from the delight he took in painting Hell and

but it wants the fantastic richness of Breughel, all the merit, in point of composition, which such a picture can possess; yet Teniers repeated the subject in another picture at Potsdam, where he has introduced his wife and his mother-in-law as devils. With the old lady he kept no measures, but satyrized his help-mate only by allowing the tip of a tail to peep out from beneath the sweeping train of her gown. Vandyke's portraits of Charles I., of his Queen Henrietta, and their children, especially the last, are splendid pictures.

There is no very good picture of Rembrandt or Rubens. The Judgment of Paris, by the latter, is inferior to a hundred of his works even in colouring, and is perhaps the very worst of them all in regard to the forms; at least, if there be others in which the forms are absolutely as gross and clumsy as they are here, the Magda-

witch scenes, which in general display a grotesque richness of fancy, quite at home in such pictures; and *Velvet Breughel*, who derived his name from the smoothness and softness of his colouring. Their father, too, had a nickname, *Peter the Droll*, for he dealt largely in the very broadest comic which even the Dutch school allowed.

lene at Hanover, for example, yet the deficiency strikes us in this picture with greater force, because it is a subject from which we expect the most perfect forms of beauty in both sexes. Paris, a heavy, awkward, hard-featured, ploughman-looking fellow, is seated beneath a tree, naked, indeed, but covered with an enormous broad-brimmed hat. He is thus a fitting judge and companion for the three blowsy, fat, flabby wenches, under whom the painter has, it might be imagined, caricatured the three goddesses. It is no wonder that Paris looks puzzled; it would require a wiser man to decide which of the three is the least ugly. It is extremely possible that many of the trivial pictures which bear the name of this great artist were never touched by his pencil; but, among his undoubted works, there is enough of the same deficiency to convince us, that he shared deeply the general character of the northern schools, a felicitous imitation of nature without ennobling her. It was long before he acquired an accuracy in drawing equal to the captivating colouring of which he was master so early. One can scarcely believe the Deposition from the Cross at Ant-

werp, the Crucifixion of St Peter at Cologne, or the Ascension of the Virgin, (inferior only to Titian's,) in the gallery at Brussels, to have proceeded from the same pencil which produced so many masses of flesh, flesh, indeed, painted to the life, but in forms more gross and shapeless than even the nymphs of Flemish boors ever were.

Taste is so very flexible a thing, that you may almost foretell whether an ordinary spectator's inclination will lean to the painters of the south or of the north, according as the one or the other have first taught him to feel and admire the power of the art. Whoever has the treasures of the German and Flemish masters opened up to him, only after coming fresh from revelling in the galleries of Italy, to whose beauties memory still returns with the fondness of a first love, is sure to be unjust to the former. In no other way could I account for the superior attractions of the inner gallery of Dresden, which contains the Italian schools, although it can safely rest on its own absolute merits, for there are pictures which Jew and Gentile must be equally loth to quit. Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto "shines inimitable on earth;" if any picture deserves to be

placed by its side, it must be his own Transfiguration, or Titian's Assumption of the Virgin in the Academy of Venice. The composition of this wonderful picture is simple in the extreme. The Virgin hovers on a cloud, in an upright attitude, with the holy infant in her arms. The Pope St Sixtus, from whom the picture has its name, arrayed in his sacerdotal robes, kneels upon her right. He looks up to the Virgin in trembling devotion; every feature breathes pious wonder and self-humiliation; his clasped hands and withered countenance seem ready to sink beneath the burden of religious awe. St Barbara kneels on the left; but her youthful and beautiful countenance is lighted up with a mild restrained joy, and is bent towards the earth, as if turning away from the glory that shines round the Madonna. In the bottom of the picture are seen the heads and breasts of two cherubs, the best, in their kind, which the art has produced. One of them has his little arms folded; the other is resting his head on one hand. Nature never created, nor could a poet's fancy imagine, more touching forms of infantine innocence and beauty, joined, at the same time, to a tinge of seri-

ousness and awe which gives them a peculiar character, without being at all unnatural, and falls in delightfully with the whole style of the picture. We feel instantly that these are children, indeed, but children of a higher order, and employed in a holy service. The Madonna herself, all simplicity and serenity, free from every taint of exaggerated rapture or affected attitude, floats between the heaven and earth that are mingled in her countenance, clasping her infant to her bosom with the fondness of a mother, and, at the same time, with the dignity of a superior being.

It would be difficult to analyze the impression which the whole composition produces; in fact, a picture or a statue which can be completely copied in language is seldom worth seeing. If Bacon was right in saying that the better part of beauty cannot be painted, it is still truer that the better part of painted beauty cannot be given in words. Besides the beauty of the forms, and the vivid and highly diversified expression of countenance, its great enchantment seems to lie in the prevailing tone of mild character, in the heavenly tranquillity that is spread over the whole

composition. One always returns with longing from the other famed works of the gallery, to rest on the simple beauty of these matchless forms; and I almost think it impossible to gaze on this picture without becoming, for the time, a better man. Like the harp of David, it puts every evil spirit to flight.

After this Madonna are always ranked the five great pictures of Correggio, which formerly adorned the gallery of Modena, and the first place among them is universally assigned to the Night. It represents the holy family at night, illuminated only by the glory which surrounds the infant, and hence its name. The mother and child occupy the centre of the picture, so that the light diffuses itself in all directions upon the other figures, producing an extremely vivid effect, and giving the personages an incredible degree of *relief*, by the strong masses of shade against which it is set off. Only the face and bosom of the mother are illuminated, as she bends over the infant on her lap. Three herds form the other groupe. One of them, a girl, starts back in childish astonishment from the supernatural light; a coarse boor-man, who con-

trasts admirably with the elegant form of the virgin herself, looks in with an almost savage wonder; the third has his eyes directed to heaven, with a more pleasing expression of admiration and devotion. In the back ground, Joseph fodders the ass; and, through an opening in the wooded landscape, the morning is seen to dawn over the distant country, giving the picture the force of a religious allegory. Artists would probably have some fault to find with every individual figure in the composition; but the variety of form, and countenance, and character, all differently lighted up, according to the position in which the personages stand to the infant, work together to form an admirable whole. In fact, the picture has often been set down as Correggio's masterpiece; and certainly, in so far as the effect produced by the artificial management of the light is concerned, he has painted nothing great in the same kind, and no other master has painted any thing equally great. Yet it is doubtful whether, in the more poetical merits of the art, there are not better pictures of Correggio in Parma. The Madonna di San Girolamo makes an impression, not so vivid at first,

but much more lasting.* The three other great paintings, the St George, the St Francis, and the St Sebastian, all represent similar groupes,—the virgin and child surrounded by various saints, but all in natural lights. St John, in the second of these, looking out from the picture towards the spectator, and pointing to the young Redeemer, is one of the most animated and eloquent of all Correggio's figures. The little picture, the Magdalene reclining on the ground, wrapt up in a blue mantle, and reading a book, is a most simple painting, but inimitable from its very simplicity, its pure beauty of form, and fulness of expression. It derived a greater merit, in the eyes of a certain mason, from the gems with which the frame was thickly set; he broke into the gallery one night, and stole the picture.

Perhaps it is unfortunate for the effect of these pictures of Correggio, that they are so much alike, and all together. They form, indeed, a series, exemplifying the style of the painter in

* They have a story in Parma, that when Augustus himself saw the Madonna di San Girolamo, he exclaimed, "Why was not Parma in Modena!"

the different stages of its improvement, and this is repeated to you again and again as the great recommendation of the collection: "We have a sample of Correggio in all his styles." But those gradations, which may be extremely discernible and interesting to the artist and connoisseur, are lost on the ordinary spectator, who only asks of a picture that it shall speak to him, and make him feel. If the beauty of the first of them which falls under the eye be properly appretiated, the effect of the others is diminished; for the subjects, the grouping, and the general spirit, are very similar in all of them, and the varieties in the style of colouring are not very striking. The gradations in the style of Correggio are not at all like those of Raphael, one of whose pictures, painted by him while he was under Perrugino, could not easily be recognized as a work of the same master who produced the Transfiguration; they are even much less marked than those of Guido. Moreover, all these pictures, with the exception of the Magdalene, represent subjects in which Correggio has less variety than in others. In the Madonna, more than in any other figure, the great painters are

easily discovered; for, with all of them, she is more or less purely ideal, and the ideal of a painter of original genius does not readily change. No one, I believe, accustomed to the galleries of Rome, and Florence, and Bologna, ever found much difficulty in recognizing a Madonna of Raphael, or Guido, or Da Vinci. Correggio is more a copier of himself in the Mother of God than any other artist of equal name. With his Madonnas in your memory, look at his portrait of his mistress in Potsdam, and you see at once that all the former have been created by ennobling the latter. Raphael occasionally made use of his Fornarina to lend a feature for the maiden-mother, but Correggio never forsakes his beloved; in all his Virgins of celebrity she is distinctly recognizable; it is only in the Magdalene that no trace of her is to be found. It would be woeful stupidity to say that Dresden has too much of Correggio; *that* is impossible; but perhaps it has too much of the same subjects; and this, I doubt not, is one reason why spectators, not artists themselves, are thrown into much less lively raptures by these pictures than they had been led to expect. To my own feelings, the Madonna

di San Sisto stands at an immeasurable distance above any of them.

Julio Romano's Pan and Satyr is another picture to make one wish he had kept to his frescoes, where he never failed to be among the foremost. Raphael never forgot, in his frescoes, the grace and elegance of his oil painting; the scholar, on the other hand, gave himself entirely up to the boldness, and even harshness, so naturally produced by fresco painting, and transferred the same style to canvas, where it is much less in its place. Hence, in so many of his oil-paintings, there is a roughness of execution and colouring, and a want of accurate and finished outline, which are not always redeemed by the boldness of his attitudes and the strength of his shades. A Holy Family, though of somewhat outrè composition, representing the infant standing in a basin of water, to be washed by his mother, while St Anne holds a towel to dry him, is a better picture; but still there are hands and feet which would have been allowable only in the War of the Giants, and which Julio's master would not have admitted even in a fresco. There is a copy of the St Cecilia ascribed to

him; the copy is masterly, but the tradition is uncertain; nor is it easy to believe that a painter so celebrated and so occupied as an original artist as Julio Romano was, can have spent his time on the innumerable copies which are every where current in his name.

The picture which represents a martyr with the fire kindling at his feet, and is ascribed to Michel Angelo, is just such a figure as he would have painted, and probably its very prototype may be found in the Vatican; but it is in oil, a circumstance always injurious to the authenticity of any picture pretending to be from the pencil of an artist who used it so very seldom in oil-painting, which he declared to be fit only for women and lazy men. The gallery is weak in the Venetian, and Bolognese, and Florentine schools, though there is one of those voluptuous beauties of Titian, commonly called Venuses, and a very beautiful half figure of St Cecilia by Carlo Dolce, a favourite subject of copying among the female amateurs. Of Da Vinci, the great father of the Lombard school, there is only a portrait of Sforza, the celebrated usurper of Milan, who was too fortunate in having Leonardo to paint him, and

Guicciardini to write his history: it is a portrait that belongs to the very first class in every respect.

The crowds of copyists which fill the gallery during the summer months, show that the possession of this rich collection has not been altogether favourable to the growth of original genius. A sure and lucrative employment is found in making miniature copies; originality of style and composition dies out; or, when the painter ventures to work after his own taste and imagination, he unconsciously degenerates into mannerism. Dietrich was a skilful landscape painter, but possessed a dangerous facility of pencil. Mengs, the first of modern German artists, though by birth a Bohemian, is more properly to be given to Italy, where he spent his life. Within these few years, Kügelchen gained a great name. His pictures are distinguished by great elegance of forms, with much softness and tenderness, a sort of fairy lightness, in the colouring. A murderer cut him off too early. Dresden still contains many painters, and a love of the art is widely diffused; but the painters are copyists, and the love of the

art is dilettanteism. During summer and autumn, the gallery is filled with professional and amateur artists, copying the celebrated pictures, or individual groupes or figures from them, for money or amusement. Many of them, especially of the mere amateurs, are ladies, and here the pride of rank which, in every thing else in Germany, is so unyielding, gives way. The countess pursues her task by the side of her more humble companion, who is copying for her daily bread, under the gaze of every strolling stranger. It is nothing uncommon to find ladies repairing to Dresden from distant capitals, to spend part of the summer in copying pictures.

One of the most complete collections of copperplates in Europe, containing every thing that is interesting in the history of the art, or valuable for practical excellence, forms a supplement to the pictures. The earliest is of 1466, and is said to be the earliest yet known. What a leap the art takes at once from the uncouth forms of Schöngauer and Mechlin, to the drawing and finishing of Dürer! It is amusing to observe the minutiæ by which the connoisseur dis-

tinguishes an original plate from the copies, often excellent, which have been made of most celebrated engravings. In a portrait, the graver had slipped at a letter in the word *Effigies*, so that this letter is accompanied, in the original, by a slight scratch, more difficult to be observed than the fragment of a hair. The copyist either had not observed the defect, or thought proper to correct it; and the absence of this blemish is the only test by which the copy can be distinguished from the original. In an early work of Dürer, which contains a town, the omission of a small chimney, which is not more than a point, and, in another, a still slighter variation in the ornaments of a helmet, alone detect the copy. Money is liberally spent in carrying on the series in the works of the modern masters of all countries. Whoever wishes to study the history of this beautiful art, and be initiated into the mysteries of *connoisseurship*, can find no better school than the cabinet of Dresden. It overflows with materials, and is under the direction of a gentleman, who not only seems to be thoroughly master of his occupation, but has the much rarer merit of being

in the highest degree patient, attentive, and communicative.

The Saxons, to complete their school of arts, have procured a quantity of ancient sculptures, purchased and begged from different quarters of Italy, and casts in gypsum of the great works which could neither be bought nor begged. The latter are from the hand of Mengs himself, and, besides perfect accuracy, many parts of the figure, such as the hair, are finished with a much higher degree of industry and precision than is usually found in this department of the plastic art. Both collections are under the direction of Böttiger, than whom Germany recognizes no greater name in every thing connected with ancient art and classical antiquities. With, perhaps, less taste in the arts themselves, he is allowed to be master of much more extensive and profound erudition concerning them than Winckelman, in whom his *Contributions to the History of Ancient Painting*, corrected many errors, and supplied many deficiencies. This erudition, which Heyne and Wolff in vain urged him to lay out in some great work, instead of squandering it, by fits and

starts, among a hundred different subjects in tracts and reviews, is quite in its place in his lectures, or even in the *Abendzeitung*, the polite journal of Dresden, which is often made the vehicle of his lucubrations; but it is formidable to a listener in ordinary conversation. When Böttiger bends his head, and half shuts his eyes, the hearer may reckon on encountering a flood-tide of erudition and superlatives, which, however, the kindliness and simplicity of the old man render perfectly tolerable.

It would be unpardonable to pass over in silence the treasures of the *Grüne Gewölbe*, or Green Vault, of which every Saxon is so proud; and whoever takes pleasure in the glitter of precious stones, in gold and silver wrought, not merely into all sorts of royal ornaments, but into every form, however grotesque, that art can give them, without any aim at either utility or beauty, will stroll with satisfaction through the apartments of this gorgeous toy-shop. They are crowded with the crowns, and jewels, and regal attire of a long line of Saxon princes; vases and other utensils seem to have been made merely as a means of expending gold and silver; the shelves

glitter with caricatured urchins, whose body is often formed of a huge pearl, or an egg-shell, the limbs being added in enamelled gold. The innumerable carvings in ivory are more interesting, as memorials of a difficult art, which was once so highly esteemed in Germany, and of the minute labour with which German artists could mould the most reluctant materials into difficult forms. One is dazzled by the quantity of gems and precious metals that glare around him; he must even admire the ingenuity which has fashioned them into so many ornaments and unmeaning nick-nacks; but there is nothing he forgets more easily, or that deserves less to be remembered.

The *Rustkammer*, too, is not merely a museum with a few specimens of what sort of things spears and coats of mail were, but is just what a well-stored armoury must have been in the days of yore. Were Europe thrown back, by the word of an enchanter, into the middle ages, Saxony could take the field, with a duly equipped army, sooner than any other power. We cannot easily form any idea of the long practice which must have been necessary to enable a man

to wear such habiliments with comfort, much more to wield, at the same time, such arms with agility and dexterity. But the young officers of those days wore armour almost as soon as they could walk, and transmigrated regularly from one iron shell into another, more unwieldy than its predecessor, till they reached the full stature of knighthood, and played at broad-sword with the weight of a twelve pounder on their backs, as lightly as a lady bears a chaplet of silken flowers on her head in a quadrille. There is here a complete series of the suits set apart for the princes of Saxony; the smallest seemed to be for a boy of ten or twelve years old. It would be difficult to find a man who could promenade in the cuirass of Augustus II., which you can hardly raise from the ground, or sport his cap, which incloses an iron hat heavier than a tea-kettle; but Augustus, if you believe the Saxons, was a second Sampson. They have in their mouths innumerable histories of his bodily prowess; such as, that he lifted a trumpeter in full armour, and held him aloft on the palm of his hand; that he twisted the iron bannister of a stair into a rope, and made love to a

coy beauty by presenting in one hand a bag of gold, and breaking, with the other, a horse-shoe.

Among the reliques is the first instrument with which Schwarz tried his newly invented gunpowder. The fire is produced by friction. A small bar of iron, placed parallel to the barrel, is moved rapidly forwards and backwards by the hand; above it is a flint, whose edge is pressed firmly against the upper surface of the bar by a spring; the friction of the flint against the bar strikes out the fire, which falls upon the powder in a small pan beneath.

These are some of the treasures and curiosities, the collections of arts and trifles, which have made the Saxons so proud of their capital, and draw to it men of genius and taste, as well as men of mere idleness and dissipation. The general tone of society bears the same impress of lightness and gaiety. Though there are many men of high literary reputation in Dresden, regular literary coteries are not favourite forms of social life; the pedantry and affectation which generally surround them are not for the meridian of Dresden. But it can easily happen that, after sipping your tea amid chit-chat, you are

doomed to hear some one read aloud for a couple of hours. The yawning gentlemen may deserve some commiseration, but the ladies are not to be pitied, for they are universally the great patronesses of these evening congregations, and knitting goes on just as rapidly as if they were tattling with each other. Tick, a poet of original genius himself, and a worthy co-operator in the labours which have so successfully transplanted Shakespeare to the soil of Germany, is peculiarly celebrated for his elocutionary powers. "I have heard him read, at one stretch, the whole of Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, in Schlegel's translation, to an enraptured tea-auditory, with a different modification of voice for every character; and really the combined excellence of the translation and elocution left little to be desired.

Yet, with all its love of gaiety and novelty, Dresden is, I take it, the only respectable European capital in which no newspaper, properly so called, is published. The *Abendzeitung* is intended for tea-tables, and filled with sentimental tales and verses, old anecdotes which interest nobody, and critiques on the performances in

all the great German theatres, which interest every body. There is no political newspaper, probably from the vicinity of Leipzig, where people perhaps believe political newspapers can be better managed, because political matters are more attended to, and better understood. It cannot be because the censorship is more strict at Dresden than at Leipzig, for all the Leipzig newspapers are admitted, and at the Resource, a club of gentlemen for reading newspapers and eating dinners, I found not only all the French journals, but the Morning Chronicle and the Times, along-side of the Courier.

English is very generally cultivated among the well educated ranks, though French is still the conventional language of courtiers and waiters. The German which they speak, and fondly speak, has no rival in purity, except the dialect of Hanover; and the preference given by grammarians to the latter rests on small points of pronunciation, in which analogy perhaps favours Hanover, but the ear allows her little superiority. So far is the nicety of Hanover from fixing itself in the pure German states as the mark of a well educated man, that I have known

Hanoverians, when living in Saxony, renounce their native pronunciation, to avoid the charge of being affected. I have sometimes hesitated whether German, on the lips of a fair, frolicking Saxon, was not just as pleasing a language as Italian in the mouth of a languishing, voluptuous Venetian,—though those who judge of the former of these tongues merely from the apocryphal saying of Charles V., that it was a language fit to be spoken only to horses, will, no doubt, think it very ridiculous that any such doubt should ever be entertained. I do not mean that the accents, considered merely as the materials of sound, fall so softly on the ear; but German is so much more poetical in the ideas which these accents suggest and represent than any other living language, that it possesses a much higher merit, because, in addition to the philosophical regularity of its structure, it paints in much more vivid colours. Even the roughness to the ear is by no means so frequent or striking as we are apt to imagine; while the expressions awake so many feelings and associations, that the merely sensual claims of the ear are, in a great measure, disregarded. A traveller who has heard

a postillion grumble about his *Trinkgeld*, or a couple of peasants curse and swear at each other in an ale-house, and who, whenever he is in company that is suitable for him, hears and speaks only French, immediately writes down that German is a horrible language which splits the ear, and furnishes merely a coarse medium for saying coarse things. What would we think of Italian were it judged of in the same way? Where are there upon earth more grating and atrocious sounds than the dialects of the Milanese and Bolognese?

In this gay and elegant capital, one of the least pleasing features is the number of condemned malefactors employed in cleaning the streets, fettered by the leg, and kept to their labour by the rod of an overseer, and the muskets of sentinels. Here, just as in Italy, these miscreants have the impudence to ask charity in the name of heaven from the passenger whose pocket they would pick, or whose throat they would cut, if the chain were but taken from their ancle. The time not consumed in labour is spent in a miserable and corrupting confinement, in dungeons which are always loathsome, and sometimes sub-

terraneous. Having heard a professor of Jena rail, in his lecture, at the mal-administration of English prisons, in a style which I suspected no German was entitled to use who looked nearer home, I took occasion to visit one of the prisons of Dresden. It was crowded with accused as well as condemned, and seemed to have all the usual defects of ill-regulated gaols, both as to the health and moral welfare of its inmates. They were deposited in small dark cells, each of which contained three prisoners; a few boards, across which a coarse mat was thrown, supplied the place of a bed, and the cells were overheated. Many of the prisoners were persons whose guilt had not yet been ascertained; but, possible as their innocence might be, it was to some the sixth, the eighth, even the twelfth month of this demoralizing confinement. One young man, whom the gaoler allowed to be a respectable person, had been pining for months, without knowing, as he said, why he was there. The allegation might be of very doubtful truth, but the procrastinated suffering, without any definite point of termination, was certain. Till the judge shall find time to condemn them to the

highway, or dismiss them as innocent, they must languish on in these corrupting triumvirates, in dungeons, compared with which the cell they would be removed to, if condemned to die, is a comfortable abode. I could easily believe the assurance of the gaoler, that they uniformly leave the prison worse than they entered it.

Such arrangements, under a system of criminal law like that which prevails all over Germany, are hideous; because it is a system which sets no determinate limit to the duration of this previous confinement. The length of the imprisonment of an accused person depends, not on the law, but on the judge, or those who are above the judge. The law having once got the man into gaol, does not seem to trouble itself any farther about him. There are instances, and recent ones, too, of persons being dismissed as innocent after a five years' preparatory imprisonment. People, to be sure, shake their heads at such things, with "aye, it was very hard on the poor man, but the court could not sooner arrive at the certainty of his guilt or innocence." No doubt, it is better, as they allege, that a man should be unjustly imprisoned five years, than

unjustly hanged at the end of the first; but they cannot see that, if there was no good ground for hanging him at the end of the first, neither could there be any for keeping him in gaol during the other four. They insist on the necessity of discovering the truth. Where there are suspicious circumstances, though they acknowledge it would be wrong to convict the man, they maintain it would be equally wrong to liberate him, and therefore fairly conclude that he must remain in prison "till the truth comes out." To get at the certain truth is a very excellent thing; but it is a very terrible thing, that a man must languish in prison during a period indefinite by law, till his judges discover with certainty whether he should ever have been there or not. The secrecy in which all judicial proceedings are wrapt up, at once diminishes the apparent number of such melancholy abuses, and prevents the public mind from being much affected by those which become partially known.

All this leads to another practice, which, however it may be disguised, is nothing else than the torture. It is a rule, in all capital offences, not to inflict the punishment, however

clear the evidence may be, without a confession by the culprit himself. High treason, I believe, is a practical exception. In it the head must go off, whether the mouth opens or not. In all other capital crimes, though there should not be a hook to hang a doubt upon, yet, if the culprit deny, he is only condemned to, perhaps, perpetual imprisonment. There is no getting rid of the dilemma, that, in the opinion of the man's judges, his guilt is either clearly proved, or it is not. If it be clearly proved, then the whole punishment, if not, then no punishment at all should be inflicted; otherwise suspicions are visited as crimes, and a man is treated as a criminal, because it is doubtful whether he be one or not. * If his judges think that his denial pro-

* The established practice has been vigorously attacked of late years, especially by Feuerbach, a high name in German jurisprudence. The query, Whether evidence that would be insufficient to convict without the confession of the culprit, should justify a lower degree of punishment, or free him from all punishment, was the subject of a prize question in 1800. A summary of the controversy may be found in the third and fourth volumes of the *Archiv des Criminalrechts*, edited by Professors Klein, Kleinschrod, and Konopack.

ceeds merely from obstinacy, he is consigned to a dungeon, against whose horrors, to judge from the one I was shown, innocence itself could not long hold out; for death on the scaffold would be a far easier and more immediate liberation, than the mortality which creeps over every limb in such a cell. It is a cold, damp, subterraneous hole; the roof is so low, that the large drops of moisture distilling from above must trickle immediately on the miserable inmate; its dimensions are so confined, that a man could not stretch out his limbs at full length. Its only furniture is wet straw, scantily strewed on the wet ground. There is not the smallest opening or cranny to admit either light or air; a prisoner could not even discern the crust of bread and jug of water allotted to support life in a place where insensibility would be a blessing. I am not describing any relique of antiquated barbarity; the cell is still in most efficient operation. About four years ago, it was inhabited by a woman convicted of murder. As she still denied the crime, her judges, who had no pretence for doubt, sent her to this dungeon, to extort a confession. At the end of a fortnight, her obstinacy

gave way; when she had just strength enough left to totter to the scaffold, she confessed the murder exactly as it had been proved against her.

Such a practice is revolting to all good feeling, even when viewed as a punishment; when used before condemnation, to extort a confession, in what imaginable point does it differ from the torture? Really we could almost be tempted to believe, that it is not without some view to future utility, that, in a more roomy apartment adjoining this infamous dungeon, all the regular approved instruments of torture, from the wheel to the pincers, are still religiously preserved. A number of iron hooks are fixed in the ceiling; a corresponding block of wood runs across the floor, filled with sharp pieces of iron pointing upwards; in a corner were mouldering the ropes by which prisoners used to be suspended by the wrists from the hooks, with their feet resting on the iron points below. At the side of the wheel is a pit of exquisitely cold water. The benches and table of the judges still retain their place, as well as the old-fashioned iron candlestick, which, even at mid-day, fur-

nished the only light that rendered visible the darkness of this "cell of guilt and misery." Fortunately, the dust has now settled thick upon them, never, let us hope, to be disturbed.

The worst of all is, that this species of torture (for, considering what sort of imprisonment it is, and for what purposes it is inflicted, I can give it no other name) is just of that kind which works most surely on the least corrupted. To the master-spirits of villany, and long tried servants of iniquity, a dark, damp hole, wet straw, and bread and water, are much less appalling than to the novice in their trade, or to the innocent man, against whom fortuitous circumstances have directed suspicion. How many men have burdened themselves with crimes which they never committed, to escape torture which they never deserved! What a melancholy catalogue might be collected out of the times when the torture was still inflicted by the executioner! And, alas! very recent experience robs us of the satisfaction of believing they have disappeared, now that Germany has substituted for the rack so excruciating a confinement. A lamentable instance happened in Dresden while I was there, (1821.)

Kügelchen, the most celebrated German painter of his day, had been murdered and robbed in the neighbourhood of the city. A soldier, of the name of Fischer, was apprehended on suspicion. After a long investigation, his judges found reason to be clearly satisfied of his guilt; but still, as he did not confess, he was sent to the dungeon, to conquer his obstinacy. He stood it out for some months, but at last acknowledged the murder. He had not yet been broken on the wheel, when circumstances came out which pointed suspicion against another soldier, named Kalkofen, as having been at least an accomplice in the deed. The result of the new inquiry was, the clearest proof of Fischer's total innocence. Kalkofen voluntarily confessed, not only that he was the murderer of Kügelchen, but that he had committed likewise a similar crime, which had occurred some months before, and the perpetrator of which had not hitherto been discovered. The miscreant was executed, and the very same judges who had subjected the unhappy Fischer to such a confinement, to extort a confession, now liberated him, cleared from every suspicion. As the natural consequence

of such durance in such an abode, he had to be carried from the prison to the hospital. He said, that he made his false confession, merely to be released, even by hastening his execution, from this pining torture which preys equally on the body and the mind. This is the most frightful side of their criminal justice. It may be allowed, that there are few instances of the innocent actually suffering on the scaffold; such examples are rare in all countries; though it is clear that, in Germany, the guiltless must often owe his escape to accident, while the law has done every thing in its power to condemn him. But even of those who have at length been recognized as innocent, and restored to character and society, how many, like poor Fischer, have carried with them, from their prison, the seeds of disease, which have ultimately conducted them to the grave as certainly as the gibbet or the wheel!

The Estates of Saxony were sitting at Dresden, and part of them came to a quarrel with the government; the civic provosts set themselves in downright opposition to the anointed king, or, at least, to the anointed king's ministers. The Estates

have yet undergone no change; they retain their antiquated form, their old tediousness, expensiveness, and inefficiency, a collection of courtly nobles and beneficed clergymen, or laymen enjoying revenues that once belonged to clergymen, called together as old-fashioned instruments which the royal wishes must condescend to use, but can likewise command. The great mass of the population, exclusive of the aristocracy, can be said to have a voice only through the few representatives of the towns, in the mode of whose election, again, there is nothing popular. It was they alone, however, who showed a desire to question the conduct of the higher powers. They complained that their rights had been violated in the imposition of taxes; they called for the accounts of those branches of the administration for which extraordinary supplies were demanded; when this was refused, they requested permission to make their proceedings public, as a justification of themselves to the people. This, too, was refused, and they then addressed a remonstrance to the *Ritterschaft*, or assembly of the nobility, requesting that body to join them in making good their reason-

able demands. To all inquiries in Dresden how the matter had gone on, and what proceedings the *Ritterschaft* had adopted, the universal and discouraging answer was, *man weiss nicht*, "no-"body knows."

In fact, in a body so constituted, there is always one predominating and irresistible interest, that of the aristocracy. In numbers, and still more in influence, they form by far the greater part of those who are called to this assembly of indefinite powers, of advisers rather than controllers. This influence is, in every case, at the disposal of the crown; because, from the habits of society, and the want of all political independence where there never has been a public political life, those who ostensibly hold it know no higher reward than the smiles of the crown. You would more easily prevail with them to vote away the money or personal security of the people without inquiry, than to run the risk of being excluded from the next court dinner. The defect, therefore, does not lie in the aristocracy possessing a powerful influence; for every country which pretends to exclude them from it is forcing its political society into unnatural

forms; and can scarcely promise itself a stable or tranquil political existence: it lies in their possessing this influence only in form, while it really belongs to the executive, and still more, in their allowing no other class to have any influence at all.

Amid the feudal relations under which this form of government originated, and which alone could give it any justification, the nobility were really almost the only persons, exclusive of the towns which acknowledged no sovereign but the empire, who could be trusted, to any useful purpose, with political power. The connection between them and the lower ranks was so unequal, that any influence given to the latter only increased the power of the former. A noble could have used their votes just as arbitrarily in wresting from a neighbour the representation of a county, as he used their swords in wresting from him a pretty daughter, or a score of black cattle. Out of their own body, no class pretended to any rights, because there were none which could be maintained against the brute force that had every where constituted the sword interpreter of public law. But this exclusive influence was

likewise a very effective one against the monarch. Those very feudal relations which enabled them to abuse every body else, enabled them likewise to prevent the monarch from abusing any body without their permission. If even the head of the Holy Roman Empire called them around him to punish a disobedient count or an impertinent provost, they took their own way, and followed their own likings, in the quarrel. The army of the empire was half assembled, made half a campaign to do nothing at all, and, in the course of centuries, down to the Seven Years' War, when the phantom for the last time took a bodily form, fully justified the ridicule attached to the very name of the *Reichsexecutionsarmee*. But it is long since all the relations of society were totally changed in both respects. The excluded classes have become more proper depositaries of a certain portion of political influence; still earlier, the excluding classes had become altogether unfit to monopolize an influence intended to check the monarch, because they had degenerated into a body of courtly retainers, dependent on that very monarch, commanded by him to ratify his pleasure, requested perhaps to advise, and, if

they disapproved, destitute of every instrument to make their disapprobation efficient. They were powerful men, and, in opposing the monarch, were on many occasions useful men; when they had swords in their hands, and vassals at their backs; but they are worthless as a legislative body, now that their only weapon is the grey goose quill in the hand of their clerk.* Public opinion could alone give them force; but that is a weapon which they do not venture to use, for they know that, if once drawn, it would probably attack the forms which make them, though only in name, the exclusive organs of public sentiment on the public administration.

Thus the predominating influence of the aristocracy, though annihilated as to its power of

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* So accurately do the people judge of the utility of such a body, that it has become a vulgar, indeed, but yet a true, because a proverbial distich:

Das was ein Landtag ist schliesst sich in diesem Reim;
Versammelt euch, schafft geld, und packt euch wieder heim.

The picture of our parliament is in these simple rhymes;
Assemble, give us money, and get home again betimes.

doing good, still exists as to its power of excluding all other classes which have gradually risen to be worthy of a more efficient voice; the old forms were cut only to oligarchical shapes, and are still the uniform of the only constitutional legislators. The system is bad in theory, because it is at once exclusive and inefficient; in practice, it is not productive of real oppression, because, from the personal character of the monarch, he is as anxious to promote the happiness of his kingdom as of his own family. But in Saxony, as in every other German state which has admitted no modification of the old principle, a king with a less estimable heart, and no better a head, than the present sovereign, could do infinite mischief, and there would be no recognized power in the state which could legally and effectually set itself in the breach.

CHAPTER VI.

THURINGIA—CASSEL.

Männer versorgten das brüllende Vieh, und die Pferd' an den Wagen;
Wäsche trockneten emsig auf allen Hecken die Weiber;
Und es ergötzten die Kinder sich platschernd im Wasser des Baches.

GÖTHE.

RETRACING Thuringia from Weimar towards the capital of Westphalia, Erfurth, about twelve miles from the former, presents its ramparts and cannon. It is only as a fortress, forming the key between Saxony and Franconia, that it is now of any importance; and the lounging Prussian military are the most frequent objects in its deserted streets. The sixty thousand inhabitants whom its trade and manufactures maintained, down to the end of the sixteenth century,

have diminished to less than one-third of the number. Erfurth sunk as Leipzig rose. The last scene of splendour that enlivened it, was the congress of so many crowned heads round Napoleon in 1807. Bonaparte, though he rarely indulged in the mere pleasures of royalty, had a troop of French actors with him, and both here and at Weimar, he ordered Voltaire's Death of Cæsar to be given, a strange choice for such a man. During the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, the wife of a northern minister refused to go to the theatre, because "cette pièce liberale," William Tell, was to be performed.

In no other Saxon town have the Catholic inhabitants kept their ground, even in numbers, so well as here. In the very heart of the country where the Reformation first took root, surrounded on all sides by Protestants, and long governed by Protestant princes, they have succeeded in maintaining an equality with the new religion, as if determined to follow as much what they had seen of the Reformer in his youth, as what they had heard of his doctrines in his more advanced years. The Augustine monastery, in which the young Luther first put on

the cowl of the hierarchy which he was to shake to its foundations, and strove to lull with his flute the impatient longings of a spirit that was to set Europe in flames, has been converted to the purposes of an orphan asylum; but the cell of the Reformer has been religiously preserved, as the earliest memorial of the greatest man of modern times. The gallery on which it opens is adorned with a Dance of Death, * and over the door is the inscription,

Cellula divino magnoque habitata Luthero,
Salve, vix tanto cellula digna viro!
Dignus erat qui regum splendida tecta subiret,
Te dedignatus non tamen ille fuit.

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* The reader probably knows, that such a Dance of Death is a series of paintings representing Death leading off to the other world all ranks of men, from the monarch to the beggar, and of all professions and characters, priests and coquettes, soldiers and philosophers, musicians and doctors, &c. &c. They were generally painted, either in church-yards, as in the cemetery of the Neustadt in Dresden, to teach the general doctrine of human mortality, or in churches and convents, to commemorate the ravages of a pestilence. Of the latter kind was the celebrated Dance of Death at Bâle, painted on

It is small and simple, and must have been a freezing study. Beside his portrait is hung a German exposition of the text, "Death is swallowed up in victory," in his own handwriting, written in the form in which old books often terminate, an inverted pyramid. There is a copy of his Bible so full of very good illuminations, that it might be called a Bible with plates. The wooden boards are covered with ingenious carving and gilding, and studded with pieces of coloured glass, to imitate the precious stones which so frequently adorn the manuscripts of the church. It is said to have been the work of a hermit of the sixteenth century, who thus employed his leisure hours to do honour to Luther; yet Protestant hermits are seldom to be met with.

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the occasion of the plague which raged while the Council was sitting. It no longer exists except in engravings. It has commonly been attributed to Holbein, but, of late years, this has been questioned, and attempts have been made to prove, from particular figures and dresses, that it was painted at least sixty years before Holbein was born, and probably by Glauber, whose name appears on one of the figures.

Wherever monks nestled, nuns were never awanting. Though the Prussian government turned out both, when compelled by its necessities to convert church property to the use of the state, a few samples were retained, not out of regard to the religious objects of the institution, but from views of public utility as to education. The Abbess of the Ursuline convent in Erfurth very affably receives the world, though she never comes into it. The convent machinery is entire. When you knock, a key is sent out by a turning box, and the key itself admits you no farther than the parlour grate. The grate, however, is no longer the *ne plus ultra* of the profane sex. A withered dame, whose consecrated charms could bear with perfect impunity the gaze of worldly eyes, admits the visitor to the presence of the Abbess in the parlour, a spacious, but empty, bare, comfortless room. She appeared to be about sixty, during twenty-two years of which she had never crossed the threshold of her convent. She was extremely active and obliging, without any taint of the ascetic or affectedly demure. She spoke willingly, as was natural, of the happiness and tranquillity of her

spiritual family, and, with tears in her eyes, of the late Queen of Prussia, who had saved them. A black gown, like a sack, any thing but fashioned to show the shape, descended from the shoulders to the toes in one unvarying diameter. A thick white bandage wrapped up the neck to the very chin, and was joined below to a broad tippet of the same colour, which entirely covered the shoulders and breast. The eyebrows peeped forth from beneath another white bandage, which enveloped the brow, covered the hair, and was joined behind to the ample black veil, which the Abbess had politely thrown back. The whole dress consisted of coarse plain black and white, without a tittle of ornament either in good or bad taste.

On the parlour table lay a number of work-bags, pin-cases, pin-cushions, and similar trifles, the manufacture of which employs the leisure hours of the brides of heaven. It is expected that the visitor shall make a purchase; and he does it the more willingly in this case, because the convent, though not at all wealthy, educates gratuitously a number of poor female children. No better way could have been devised of em-

ploying the time which, in spite of devotion, must hang heavy on the hands of a nun. "Pray without ceasing," is a difficult injunction, even for young ladies. It was this view of public advantage alone which, on the intercession of the late queen, saved the convent from abolition. The nun was allowed to separate herself from the world, but only to perform the duties of a mother. Great part of the children are Protestants; the nuns do not interfere with their religious education; that is left to a Protestant clergyman.

The church, with its images and ornaments, displayed, as might be expected, a huge profusion of millinery, in the very worst style of satin and gilding. The images, and, above all, those of the Virgin, on whose adornment her virgin devotees had bestowed all their simple skill and pious industry, were horrible.

It is even allowed to visit the cells, the Abbess having previously taken care to remove the inhabitants. The cell was about ten feet long, by six broad. Though the weather was still extremely cold, there was neither stove nor fireplace; and the only window looked out upon a

small inner court, which, in summer, is a garden. In one corner stood a low bed, with coarse, but clean green curtains, so narrow, that even a nun must lie very quiet to lie comfortably. A few religious daubings misadorned the walls; on a small table lay a few religious books, and a glass case containing a waxen figure of a human body in the most revolting state of corruption, covered and girt round by its crawling and loathsome destroyers. This was the furniture of the nun's cell; every thing simple and serious; nothing but the light of Heaven to put her in mind of the world she had quitted.

In some particulars, the rigour of the strict monastic rule has been relaxed. The nuns are allowed to converse alone with their friends at the parlour grate; formerly it was necessary that two sisters should be present. But the law of absolute seclusion is unrelentingly maintained; the nun, having once taken the veil, never again crosses the threshold of the convent. It is right it should be so, if a convent is to exist at all. The moment this rule is relaxed, a nunnery becomes merely a boarding-house, and one of a very questionable kind. At the same time, it

is more than doubtful, whether the Prussian government would visit a runaway nun with any punishment, or compel her to return to her religious confinement. The days in which pretty girls were built up in stone walls for preferring a corporeal to a spiritual bridegroom are over, and the truant damsel would probably be left to the chastisement of her own conscience. The noviciate is two years, and, during the preceding two years, five young ladies had taken the veil. The permission of the government is necessary; for, without the royal sanction, no woman dare marry herself to Heaven. The predilection for such matches, however, is rapidly disappearing. The number of sisters in this convent is seventeen. At the accession of the present Abbess, they were fifty six. They had died out, most of them, she said, in a good old age, and candidates had not come forward in sufficient numbers to replace them.

Circumstances prevented me from indulging in more than a hasty glance at Gotha, another small capital of a small state. It has more the air of a town than Weimar, but has not more of the bustle of life, and far less of its pleasures

and elegant enjoyments. Gotha has not maintained the literary character which it had begun to acquire under Ernest II. Himself a man of science, he drew men of science to his court, and all public institutions connected with learning flourished beneath his liberality. His successor, the late Duke, who died in 1822, was of retired and eccentric habits, bordering occasionally on the hypochondriac. Though allowed not to be without talent, and supposed to have even written romances, he sought his enjoyments chiefly in music. Many people would not reckon the want of a theatre a misfortune in a town; but, in a small German capital, where the court affects no parade, and patronizes no other mode of amusement, nothing could be a surer sign of its Trophonian qualities. The Goths occasionally pack themselves into coaches, and make a journey of forty miles, even in the depth of winter, to hear an opera in Weimar.

Eisenach is the most wealthy and populous town in the duchy of Weimar, and sends a whole member to parliament. With a population not exceeding ten thousand inhabitants, it was reckoned, till within these few years, among the

most flourishing of the manufacturing towns so frequent between Leipzig and Frankfort. Seduced by the protection which the Continental System seemed to promise, its capitalists forsook the manufacture of wool for that of cotton. They had just advanced far enough to have sanguine hopes of ultimately succeeding, when the unexpected changes in political relations again opened the German markets to England, and their cotton manufactures were blighted. One of the most ingenious and persevering among their capitalists told me, that, during the former period, he had employed nearly four hundred persons in cotton spinning,—a large scale for an establishment in a small Saxon town. After attempting in vain to struggle on after the peace, he found it necessary to follow the example of others, dismiss the greater part of his workmen, return with the rest to wool, adhere to the commercial congress of Darmstadt, and cry loudly for prohibitory duties against England.

The ruins of the Wartburg, an ancient residence of the Electors of Saxony, hang majestically above the town on a wooded eminence, overlooking the most beautiful portion of the

Thuringian forest. It was here that the Elector did Luther the friendly turn of detaining him ostensibly as a prisoner, to secure him against the hostility of the church, whom his boldness before the diet at Worms had doubly incensed; and, among the few apartments still maintained in some sort of repair, is that in which the Reformer lightened the tedium of his durance, by completing his translation of the Bible. In the pious work he was often interrupted by the Devil, who viewed its progress with dismay, but who could not have been treated with greater contempt by St Dunstan himself than by the Reformer. Having appeared in vain, not only in his own infernal personality, but under the more seducing forms of indolence, lukewarmness, and love of worldly grandeur, he at length assumed the shape of a large blue fly. But Luther knew Satan in all his disguises, rebuked him manfully, and at length, losing all patience as the concealed devil still buzzed round his pen, started up, and exclaiming, *Willst du dann nicht ruhig bleiben!* * hurled his huge ink

* Wilt thou not be quiet!

bottle at the prince of darkness. The diabolical intruder disappeared, and the ink, scattered on the wall, remains until this day, a visible proof of the great Reformer's invulnerability to all attacks of the evil one. The people, no less superstitious, in their own way, than the devotees of the opposing church, look with horror on the sceptics who find in the story merely the very credible fact, that the honest Reformer, who by no means possessed the placidity of uncle Toby, had lost his temper at the buzzing of an importunate fly. Werner, who, notwithstanding the frequent mysticism of his theology, and the irregularity of his fancy, has delineated Luther, in the *Weihe der Kraft*, with more force than any other German poet, represents him as so exhausted and abstracted from the world, after intense study, that for a while he does not know his own father and mother.

On entering, from Saxony, the Electorate of Hesse Cassel, both nature and the men present a different appearance. There is more of the forest; the country is a heap of moderately elevated ridges, stretching across each other in every variety of form and direction, and princi-

pally covered with beech woods. All the cultivation lies in the narrow vallies which run between them, occasionally climbing the slope a short way, and encroaching on the forest just far enough to show how much may still be gained. From their position and confined extent, the vallies are exposed, in this climate, to excessive moisture, and, to judge from the appearance the fields presented after a day's moderate rain, the peasantry follow a very imperfect, or a very indolent system of draining. Many fields were under water, and yet rivulets close by, into which it might easily have been carried off. Satisfied with having one mode of doing a thing, however imperfect or inconvenient it may be, they never think of looking about for a better.

With capital, and without institutions that depress agriculture, an immense addition might be made to the productiveness of this part of Hesse, both in improving what is already cultivated, and in gaining what the Thuringian forest still retains; for by far the greater part of these ridges might be successfully cultivated to the very summit. A portion of wood must always be retained for fuel. Though coal is by no

means rare, the Hessians, like all other Germans, have strong prejudices against using it. Their coal, they say, has so much sulphur in it, that it produces an intolerably offensive smell. The very same objection is made at Dresden to the coal worked in the vicinity of Tharant, and at Vienna to the coals of Œdenburg; and, every where, the fossil is left to those to whose poverty its cheapness, in comparison with wood, is an important consideration. Nothing but the scarcity and consequent rise in the price of wood will force a market for coals. In Saxony this effect is beginning to be felt already.

The Westphalian peasantry, like all their neighbours, are chiefly hereditary tenants, and you will find men among them who boast of being able to prove, that they still cultivate the same farms on which their ancestors lived before Charlemagne conquered the descendants of Herrman, or, for any thing they know, before Herrman himself, drawing his hordes from these very vallies, annihilated the legions of Varus. They do not retain a single regret for the kingdom of Westphalia, nor have they any reason to do so. It was the unsparing domination of a

foreigner; it was a period of extravagant expenditure for purposes of foreign policy or private profligacy, and, at every turn, the new forms of the French administration were rubbing against some old affection or rooted habit. Napoleon could not bribe them to any amicable feeling towards him, even by pretending to annihilate any cramping feudal relations which might still exist between them and their landlords. They felt that they were more impoverished than ever, by a power which had no claim to impoverish them at all, and were treated as foreigners in their own country. They could neither endure French insolence, nor reckon in French money; "but now," say they, "we know again where we are."

In body they are a stouter made race of men than the Saxons, with broader visages and more florid complexions; but they have likewise a more stolid expression. They retain very generally the old costume, tight pantaloons, a loose short jacket, commonly of blue cloth, and a very low crowned hat with an immense breadth of brim, from beneath which they allow their shaggy locks to grow unshorn, not neatly plaited,

as among the young men of some of the Swiss Cantons, but seeking their own tangled way over the shoulders and down the back, after the fashion of the students. The students, again, cite the Westphalian peasantry to prove, that the Germans who fought against Varus undoubtedly wore long hair; and thence conclude, that a barber's scissars must be as fatal to the spirit of German independence, as Dalilah's were to the strength of Sampson.

The villages have much more of the Bavarian than Saxon character, and display, externally at least, the utmost squalor. The only tolerable dwelling is generally that of the postmaster; the others are wooden hovels, dark, smoky, patched, and ruinous. The crowds of begging children that surround you at every stage, (an importunacy to which you are seldom exposed in other parts of Germany,) prove that there must be poverty as well as slovenliness. Of the latter there is abundance in every thing. Even the little country church, and its simple cemetery, which even the poorest peasantry comonly love to keep neat and clear, follow the general rule, that it is enough if a thing barely serve

its purpose. At Hoheneichen, the church was a miserable tottering heap of broken walls, where many a man would not willingly lodge his horse; and, in the church-yard, while the tomb stones glared in all colours of the rainbow, bristled with cherubs like Bologna sausages, and seraphim sinking beneath the load of their own embonpoint, neglected gooseberry bushes, heaps of straw, and piles of winter fuel, were mingled with the new made graves.

Cassel stands partly at the bottom, partly on the steep ascent, and partly on the summit of an eminence washed by the Fulda. No two parts of a city can be more distinct in external character than the lower and upper towns. The former is huddled together on the river, at the bottom of the hill; its streets are narrow, dark, and confused; the houses consist mostly of a frame of wood-work, in which the beams cross each other, leaving numerous and irregular interstices; these interstices are then built up with stone or brick. Every floor projects over the inferior one, so that the house is much broader at top than at bottom: and some narrow lanes are thus, in a manner, arched over, to the utter ex-

clusion of light and air. The upper town, again, originally begun by French refugees, who brought their arts and industry to Cassel on the revocation of the edict of Nantz, is light, airy, and elegant, from its style of building as well as from its site. The electoral palace occupies great part of a street, or rather of a delightful terrace, which runs along the brow of the hill, looking down on the *Augarten*, the combined Kensington and Hyde Park of Cassel, and far and wide over the hills and valleys of Thuringia, and the windings of the Fulda. Squares like those of Cassel are rare things in the secondary German capitals. The Museum, a majestic Ionic building, forms nearly one side of the *Friderichsplatz*, and is its principal ornament, while its greatest defect is a statue of the Elector Frederick, who built the museum, and gave his name to the square, standing on legs like the bodies of his own hogs. When the French threw it down, in furtherance of their plan to remove every thing which might recal the memory of the expelled family, whose crown was given to the puppet Jerome, they had the impudence to make this want of taste in the sculptor a pretext

for their mischievous violence. The faithful Hessians contrived to preserve the old Elector, and, on their liberation, restored him to the pedestal in his original corpulence of calf. The *Königsplatz* is the finest square in Germany, if that may be called a square which is oval. It is the point of union between the Lower and Upper towns; and the six streets which run off from it, at equal distances in its circumference, produce a very marked echo. The sounds uttered by a person standing in the centre are distinctly repeated six times. The French erected a statue of Napoleon in the centre; the Hessians observed that their favourite echo immediately became dumb, and will not believe that a statue of their own Elector would have equally injured the reverberation, by displacing the point of utterance from the exact centre. As the Allies advanced, first the nose disappeared from the French Emperor, then an arm, then he was hurled down altogether, a lamp-post was set up in his place, and the echo again opened its mouth.

Cassel only contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, exclusive of the military, who are over-numerous, but have been the source, if not

of respectability and safety to the country, yet of millions to the electoral treasury. The population is said to have been nearly one-half greater under Jerome. This is easily credible, but is just the reverse of any proof of prosperity. Cassel was then the capital of a much more extensive kingdom than the proper electorate; a greater number of public functionaries, and a greater military establishment, were maintained. Round the gay, dissolute, and extravagant court of Westphalia, crowded a host of rapacious foreigners and idle hangers-on, who were unknown under the homely, nay, the parsimonious administration of the expelled Elector. But these classes only fill the streets of a capital at the expence of the morals and prosperity of the country, and no where were both these consequences more severely felt than in Hesse. Notwithstanding the bustle and splendour which Jerome created amongst them, the Hessians, though as fond of these things as other people, do most cordially detest him and his whole crew of corrupters and squanderers. Jerome perhaps did not wish to do mischief for its own sake; few miscreants do; he would have had no objection

that every man and woman in his kingdom should have been as idle, and worthless, and dissolute as himself; but he laboured under such a want of head, such a horror of business, and such a devotion to grovelling pleasures, that it was only by mistake he could stumble on any thing good. He was, in fact, a good natured, silly, unprincipled voluptuary, whose only wish was to enjoy the sensual pleasures of royalty, without submitting to its toils, but, at the same time, without any natural inclination to exercise its rigours. His profligate expenditure was as pernicious to the country as the war itself; on this score he was doomed to read many a scolding epistle, and some threatening ones, from Napoleon; but, without these enjoyments, Jerome could not have conceived what royalty was good for. The man did not even give himself the trouble to learn the language of his kingdom. People feared and cursed his brother, but they openly despised and laughed at him. When, on his flight, he carried off what he could from the public treasury, they were thunderstruck, not at the meanness of the thing, but

at the possibility of King Jerome possessing so much forethought.

The capital was in mourning for the late Elector. The mourning consisted in the theatre being shut, and in people expressing their hopes that the son would now spend like a prince what the father had amassed like a miser. The late Elector went regularly to church, was no habitual drunkard or profane swearer, and left behind him, according to the universal voice, at least forty illegitimate children, and as many millions of rix-dollars. In comparison with the wants of the Elector of Hesse, he was the wealthiest prince in Europe. The foundation of the treasure had been laid by his father, who hired out his troops to England for the American war, the least honourable of all ways in which a prince can fill his pockets. He himself added to the inheritance by what his friends call frugality, and the great body of the people niggardliness. He turned his accumulating capital to good account with the avidity of a stock-jobber, and was a most successful money lender. No sort of extravagance marked his court or his personal habits. If he gave his mistresses titles, these

cost nothing; if he gave them fortunes, it was always soberly. Such things, moreover, are too much matters of course in Germany to excite either notice or dissatisfaction; and even in this department, his subjects justly found him moderate, when compared with the royal lustling from France. His favourite, the Countess of H——n, enjoys the reputation of having often seduced him into acts of liberality towards others, at which he otherwise would have shuddered. The young Elector, who has now succeeded, was put upon an allowance which would have proved insufficient for a prince much more accustomed to controul his passions; he therefore got into debt, and it has happened, it is averred, that the very money borrowed from the father at four per cent., has been lent to the son at thirty! On the approach of the evil day which drove the Elector from his states, he had providently placed his riches beyond the usurper's reach. During his exile, savings were made even on the interest, in his frugal household at Prague. On his restoration, he returned to the old course; no act of liberality diminished the sum of his treasures, and no relaxation of the burdens

which press down this impoverished country dried up any of the sources of his gain. He immediately seized all the domains which had been sold under Jerome, and refused, till his dying day, to repay the purchasers a single farthing of the price. I was struck with the freedom of a Hessian clergyman, in a funeral sermon on the Elector's death. Having painted his merits, such as they were, he said: "But truth forbids me "to go farther, and where so much was excel- "lent, one failing may be conceded, and must "not be concealed. One virtue, one most fair "and Christian virtue, was awanting. Had "there but been more generosity and liberality, "every eye in his dominions would have wept "on the grave of William I." The sermon was not only preached, but likewise printed.

Still, though stained with the most unprincely of all failings, he must have possessed redeeming qualities, for his people was attached to him. He was affable in the extreme; the meanest of his subjects might approach him without uneasiness, if his object was not to ask money; and he was strictly just, in so far as a prince so fond of prerogative could be just. Above all, his govern-

ment was to his subjects one of beneficence, coming after the public oppression and private degradation of the kingdom of Westphalia; seven years of disgraceful and useless extravagance had taught them to regard even his parsimony with indulgence. When he returned, Cassel voluntarily poured out her citizens to welcome him; thousands crowded from the remotest corners of the land to hail him on the frontiers; the peasants, in the extravagance of their joy, literally led on the cavalcade in somersets, and, on the shoulders of his subjects, the old man was borne in tears into the capital of his fathers.

The principal change which the Hessians seemed to expect from the successor was, that he would lead at least a more princely life. "R—d may now make up his accounts," was the common saying. He escaped immediately from the old-fashioned forms and counsellors of his father, and the military from their long queues. Some noble officers were removed, to be replaced by persons not noble, and he was supposed to have a strong inclination to give his nobility nothing to do, unless they chose to learn something.

In Cassel, it is as much a matter of course to

visit the Electoral residence, *Wilhelmshöhe*, as it is in Paris to go to Versailles. It stands on the eastern slope of a wooded eminence, about two miles to the westward of the town. Earlier princes had chosen the site and begun the work, but the late Elector was more industrious than them all; for, next to making money and getting children, his greatest pleasure was to build palaces. The main body of the palace is oval, presenting a long, lofty, simple front, without any ornament, except an Ionic portico in the centre. The wings are entirely faced with the same order, but the low range of arches which connects them with the principal building offends the eye grievously. The main front itself is too poor; the portico, projecting from the bare walls, is good in itself, but ought to be in better company. Simplicity is an excellent thing, but only in its proper place, and within proper bounds. It is incongruous that the huge pile of the principal building should stand so utterly mean and unfinished-looking, while the attendant wings are loaded with Ionic pillars. Even large masses of surface, generally imposing things in architecture, are not gained, for it is frittered down

by the rows of small windows. Who suggested the barbarous idea of emblazoning the name of the building on the frieze of the portico? Jerome changed it into *Napolconshöhe*.

The well wooded hill behind is crowned by a turretted building, which takes its name from a colossal statue of Hercules resting on his club, that surmounts it. The hollow iron statue is so capacious, that I know not how many persons are said to be able to stand comfortably in his calf, dine in his belly, and take their wine in his head. At his feet begin the waterworks which form the great attraction of Wilhelmshöhe, and have rendered it the Versailles of Germany. The streams are collected from the hill within the building itself, commence their artificial course by playing an organ, rush down the hill over a long flight of broad steps, pour themselves into a capacious basin, issue from it again in various channels, and form, still hastening downwards, a number of small cascades. At length they flow along a ruined aqueduct, take all at once a leap of more than a hundred feet from its extremity, where it terminates on the brink of a precipice, into a small artificial lake,

from whose centre they are finally thrown up to the height of a hundred and thirty feet in a magnificent jet. There is much taste and ingenuity in many of the details; but, to enjoy the full effect, one ought to see them only in the moment of their full operation. He ought neither to see the dry channels, the empty aqueducts, the plastered precipices, the chiselled rocks, and the miniature imitations of columnar basalt, nor witness any of the various notes of preparation, the shutting of valves and turning of cocks; all these things injure the illusion.

Though Jerome inhabited the palace, and even built a theatre, in which his own box, where he could see without being seen, is fitted up with the most useless voluptuousness, and never fails to suggest many degrading stories of the effeminate debauchee, the French did a great deal of mischief in the grounds. From mere wanton insolence, they broke down many parts of the stone ledge which ran along the aqueduct internally, as well as the iron railing that guarded it without, and displaced from the grottoes various water deities and piles of fishes. The latter, however, do not seem to have de-

served any mercy, if we may judge from one in which a base of tortoises and lobsters supports a pyramid of cod-fish, dolphins, and, it may be, whales, coarsely cut in coarse stone.

The Marble Bath, and other edifices of Landgrave Charles, are in a much more complicated and ostentatious style than that which was afterwards introduced in the museum, and transferred to Wilhelmshöhe. The marble bath, though it really contains a bath, was merely a pretext for spending money and marble. It is filled with statues, and the walls, where they are not coated with party-coloured marbles, are covered with reliefs as large as life. All the sculptures are works of Monnot, a wholesale artist of the earlier part of the last century. He had studied and long worked in Rome, and practice had given him the art of cutting marble into human shapes; but he wanted invention, no less than elevation and purity of taste. His forms have neither dignity nor grace. They cannot be said altogether to want expression; Daphne and Arethusa pursued by Apollo and Alpheus look just like ladies in a great fright, and Calista hangs her head like a girl doing penance; but

the expression is common, not to say vulgar. The gross caricature of the Dutch painters is in its place in an alehouse, but is intolerable in a classical group of sculpture. Yet the fallen Calista is sculptured in all the grossness of her shame; one of the attendant nymphs presses her finger firmly on the ocular proof of the fair one's frailty, and looks at Diana with a waggish vulgarity, which the pure and offended goddess would not have tolerated on so delicate an occasion.

The electoral gallery of pictures contains many valuable paintings; but I can say nothing about them, for both times I endeavoured to see them, the *Herr Inspector* was engaged at court, although, on the second occasion, he had himself fixed the hour. To be sure, if a man is called to court, he must go; but it must be a very thoughtless court which allows the visiting of a public gallery to depend on the incidental occupations of a keeper. It ought either to be committed to a person who shall have no other occupation, or, if enough of money cannot be spared from other pleasures to give such a person a suitable recompence, let, at least, a fixed portion

of his time be dedicated to this purpose. Moreover, he is paid in reality by a heavy douceur levied on the curious. The Elector, that his museums, and galleries, and gardens, and waterfalls, might be cheaply kept, intrusted them to persons always numerous, and authorized them to tax the visitors. In the north of Germany you often have the satisfaction of seeing the palm of a councillor of state (*Hof-rath*) extended for his half guinea. One has not much reason to grumble at this, so long as it does not rise to extortion, though it is meanness when compared with the liberality of the Italian capitals, or even of Dresden and Vienna; but it is vexatious that his gratification should be impeded because a public officer is allowed or ordered to attend to something else than his proper duty.

All the pictures in the Catholic church are from the pencil of Tischbein, (the father,)* who has been for Cassel in painting what Monnot was in

* Tischbein, the son, to whom Göthe has addressed some eulogistic sonnets, was a much superior artist. He devoted himself in Italy to the study of the antique. The designs which he sketched for an edition of Homer are full of spirit.

sculpture, equally industrious, and still less meritorious. His pictures have no character; the forms are clumsy and incorrect; the expression is devoid of soul and meaning; the attitudes are stiff; the colouring is weak and watery. His Christs are in general the most vulgar looking people, and the angel who presents the cup in the Agony is the most familiar looking personage in the history of painting. Although the Italian masters had perhaps no good authority for always making the apostle John a comely youth, with luxuriant hair and a glowing countenance, yet they were possibly as much in the right as historians, and assuredly much more in the right as painters than Tischbein, when he made him an old, and what is worse, an ugly man in the Crucifixion. Sacristans are not always good authority; therefore, I do not believe that Albert Dürer ever put pencil to the eight small paintings in the Sacristy representing the scenes of the Passion. Very old they certainly are, older than Dürer; but Dürer would never have indulged in such inaccurate drawing, such gross exaggerations of a sort of nature which, to please in painting, ought rather to be mitigated.

The soldiers attending the Crucifixion, and the executioners in the Flagellation, are downright caricatures, with huge lumpish noses, like balls of flesh stuck on the upper lip. Such pictures, however eagerly they may be hunted out, can have no value but as curiosities in the history of the art.

CHAPTER VII.

GÖTTINGEN.

Ei! grüss' euch Gott, Collegia!
Wie steht ihr in Parade da!
Ihr dumpfen Säle, gross und klein,
Jetzt kriegt ihr mich nicht mehr hinein.
Schwab.

The territory of Hanover approaches nearly to the walls of Cassel. The rich vallies through which the Fulda flows give promises of beauty and fertility, on which the traveller afterwards thinks with regret when toiling through the sands in the northern part of the kingdom. At Münden, a small, but apparently thriving town, the Fulda and Werra, issuing from opposite dells, unite and form the Weser, which is already covered with the small craft that carries on the trade with Bremen. The lofty summits

of the Harz now rise in the distance, and you enter

——— ——— the University of Göttingen.

Though the youngest of the German universities of reputation, excepting Berlin, Göttingen is by far the most celebrated and flourishing. Münchausen, the honest and able minister of George II., who founded it in 1735, watched over it with the anxiety of a parent. He acted in a spirit of the utmost liberality, which, to the honour of the Hanoverian government, has never been departed from, both by not being niggardly where any really useful purpose was to be gained, and by treating the university itself with confidence and indulgence. He acted, moreover, in that prudent spirit which does not attempt too much at once. How many splendid schemes have failed, because their parents, expecting to see them start up at once in the vigour of youth, like Minerva ready armed from the head of Jupiter, had not patience to guide them while they tottered through the years of helpless infancy. Had Münchausen foreseen

what the expence of the university would in time amount to, he probably would never have founded it. The original annual expenditure was about fifteen thousand rix-dollars, (L. 2500,) it now amounts to six times that sum. The library alone consumes annually nearly one-half of the whole original expence.

Göttingen is manned with thirty-six ordinary professors, three theological, seven juridical, eight medical, including botany, chemistry, and natural history; the remaining eighteen form the philosophical faculty. Drawing is a regular chair in the philosophical faculty, and stands between mineralogy and astronomy. The fencing-master and dancing-master are not so highly honoured, but still they are public functionaries, and receive salaries from government. The confusion is increased by that peculiarity of the German universities which allows a professor to give lectures on any topic he pleases, however little it may be connected with the particular department to which he has been appointed. Every professor may interfere, if he chooses, with the provinces of his colleagues. The Professor of Natural History must lecture on Natural History,

but he may likewise teach Greek; the Professor of Latin must teach Latin, but, if he chooses, he may lecture on Mathematics. Thus it just becomes a practical question, who is held to be the more able instructor; and, if the mathematical prelections of a Professor of Greek be reckoned better than those of the person regularly appointed to teach the science, the latter must be content to lose his scholars and his fees. It is the *faculty*, not the science to which a man is appointed, that bounds his flight. This is the theory of the thing, and on this are founded the frequent complaints that, in the German universities, the principle of competition has been carried preposterously far. Fortunately, the most important sciences are of such an extent, that a man who makes himself able to teach any one of them well, can scarcely hope to teach any other tolerably; yet the interference of one teacher with another is by no means so unfrequent as we might imagine; there are always certain "stars "shooting wildly from their spheres." It would not be easy to tell, for example, who is Professor of Greek, or Latin, or Oriental Literature; you will generally find two or three engaged in them

all. A Professor of Divinity may be allowed to explain the Epistles of Paul, for his theological interpretations must be considered as something quite distinct from the labours of the philologist; but, in the philosophical faculty, where, in regard to languages, philology alone is the object, I found at Göttingen no fewer than four professors armed with Greek, two with Latin, and two with Oriental Literature. One draws up the Gospel of John, and the Acts of the Apostles; a second opposes to him the first three Evangelists, the fourth being already enlisted by his adversary; the third takes them both in flank with the Works and Days of Hesiod; while the fourth skirmishes round them in all directions, and cuts off various stragglers, by practical lucubrations in Greek syntax. Now, if people think that they will learn Greek to better purpose from Professor Eichorn's Acts of the Apostles, than from Professor Tyschen's three Gospels, the latter must just dispense with his students and rix-dollars;

When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.

The former gentleman, again, leads on orien-

tal literature under the banner of the Book of Job; the latter takes the field undismayed, and opposes to him the Prophecies of Isaiah. But Professor Eichorn immediately unmasks a battery of "Prelections in Arabian;" and Professor Tyschen, apparently exhausted of regular troops, throws forward a course of lectures on the "Ars Diplomatica," to cover his retreat.

In Latin, too, one professor starts the Satires of Persius against those of Horace, named by another, and Tully's Offices against the Ars Poetica. The one endeavours to jostle the other by adding Greek; but they are both Yorkshire, and the other adds Greek too. The juridical faculty of Göttingen contains seven learned professors. Of these no fewer than three were reading on Justinian's Institutes in the same session, two of them, moreover, using the same text-book. Two of them likewise lectured on the form of process in civil cases, both using the same text-book.

Göttingen, though not yet an hundred years old, has already exhibited more celebrated men, and done more for the progress of knowledge in Germany, than any other similar institution in

the country. Meyer, Mosheim, Michaelis, and Heyne, are names not easily eclipsed; and, in the present day, Blumenbach, Gauss, whom many place second only to La Place, Hugo, Heeren, and Sartorius, fully support the pre-eminence of the Georgia Augusta. Europe has placed Blumenbach at the head of her physiologists; but, with all his profound learning, he is in every thing the reverse of the dull, plodding, cumbersome solidity, which we have learned to consider as inseparable from a German *savant*, —a most ignorant and unfounded prejudice. Göthe is the greatest poet, Wolff the greatest philologist, and Blumenbach the greatest natural historian of Germany; yet it would be difficult to find three more jocular and entertaining men. Blumenbach has not an atom of academical pedantry or learned obscurity; his conversation is a series of shrewd and mirthful remarks on any thing that comes uppermost, and such likewise, I have heard it said, is sometimes his lecture. Were it not for the chaos of skulls, skeletons, mummies, and other materials of his art, with which he is surrounded, you would not easily discover, unless you brought him pur-

posely on the subject, that he had stu[illegible]l natural history. He sits among all sorts of odd things, which an ordinary person would call lumber, and which even many of those who drive his own science could not make much of; for it is one of Blumenbach's excellencies, that he contrives to make use of every thing, and to find proofs and illustrations where no other person would think of looking for them. By the side of a drawing which represented some Botocuda Indians, with faces like baboons, cudgelling each other, hung a portrait of the beautiful Agnes of Mansfeld. A South American skull, the lowest degree of human conformation, grinned at a Grecian skull, which the professor reckons the perfection of crania. Here stood a whole mummy from the Canary Islands, there half a one from the Brazils, with long strings through its nose, and covered with gaudy feathers, like Papageno in the Magic Flute. Here is stuck a negro's head, there lies a Venus, and yonder reclines, in a corner, a contemplative skeleton with folded hands. Yet it is only necessary to hear the most passing remarks of the professor, as you stumble after him through this apparent

collection, to observe how clearly all that may be learned from it is arranged in his head, in his own scientific combinations. The only thing that presented external order, was a very complete collection of skulls, showing the fact, by no means a new one, that there is a gradual progression in the form of the skull, from apes, up to the most generally received models of human beauty. "Do you see these horns?" said he, searching among a heap of oddities, and drawing forth three horns, "they were once worn by "a woman. She happened to fall and break "her head; from the wound sprouted this long "horn; it continued to grow for thirty years, "and then she cast it; it dropped off. In its "place came a second one; but it did not grow "so long, and dropped off too. Then this "third one, all on the same spot; but the poor "woman died while the third was growing, and "I had it cut from the corpse." They were literally three genuine horns. The last two are short, thick, and nearly straight; but the first is about ten inches long, and completely twisted, like the horn of a ram. It is round and rough, of a brownish colour, and fully half an inch in

diameter towards the root. All three [illegible] hollow, at least at the base. The termination is blunt and rounded. Other instances of the same thing have been known, but always in women; and Blumenbach says it has been ascertained by chemical analysis, that such horns have a greater affinity, in their composition, with the horns of the rhinoceros, than with those of any other animal.

The pre-eminence of Göttingen is equally founded in the teachers and the taught. A Göttingen chair is the highest reward to which a German *savant* aspirés, and to study at Göttingen is the great wish of a German youth. There are good reasons for this, both with the one and the other. The professor is more comfortable, in a pecuniary point of view, than any where else, and possesses more facilities for pushing on his science; the student finds a more gentlemanly tone of manners than elsewhere, and has within his reach better opportunities of studying to good purpose. This arises from the attention which the government has bestowed to render the different helps to study, the library, the observatory, the collections of phy-

sical instruments, and the hospitals, not as costly, but as useful as possible. The government of Hanover has never adopted the principle of holding great men by great salaries,—a principle naturally acted on in those universities which have no recommendation except the fame of the teachers. It has chosen rather to form and organize those means of study which, in the hands of a man of average talent, (and such are always to be had,) are much more generally and effectively useful, than the prelections of a person of more distinguished genius when deprived of this indispensable assistance. The professors themselves do not ascribe the rapidly increasing prosperity of the university so much to the reputation of distinguished individuals who have filled so many of its chairs, as to the pains which have been taken to render these means of improvement more perfect than they are to be found united in any sister seminary. "Better show-collections," said Professor Heeren, very sensibly, "may be "found elsewhere; but the great recommenda- "tion of ours is, that they have been made for "use, not for show; that the student finds in "them every thing he would wish to see and

" handle in his science. This is the true reason
" why the really studious prefer Göttingen, and
" this will always secure our pre-eminence, inde-
" pendent of the fame of particular teachers;
" the latter is a passing and changeable thing,
" the former is permanent."

Above all, the library is a great attraction both for the teacher and the learner. It is not only the most complete among the universities, but there are very few royal or public collections in Germany which can rival it in real utility. It is not rich in manuscripts, and many surpass it in typographical rarities, and specimens of typographical luxury; but none contains so great a number of really useful books in any given branch of knowledge. The principle on which they proceed is, to collect the solid learning and literature of the world, not the curiosities and splendours of the printing art. If they have twenty pounds to spend, instead of buying some very costly edition of one book, they very wisely buy ordinary editions of four or five. When Heyne undertook the charge of the library in 1763, it contained sixty thousand volumes. He established the prudent plan of in-

crease. Much has been followed out with so much success, and the number is now nearly two hundred thousand. They complain much of the expence of English books. No compulsory measures are taken to fill the shelves, except that the booksellers of Göttingen itself must deliver a copy of every work they publish.

The command of such a library (and the management is most liberal) is no small recommendation for the studious, whether he be teacher or pupil; but, in this case, it is perhaps of still more importance to the professors in a pecuniary point of view. The thousand or twelve hundred pounds which government pays every year in booksellers' accounts, cannot be reckoned an additional expence. The professors themselves say, that, without it, it would be necessary to lay out as much, if not more, in augmenting their salaries; for, if they had to purchase their own books, they could not afford to labour on salaries varying from a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds. Meiners calculated, in the beginning of the present century, that the saving thus made on salaries was at least equal to the whole expence of the library. In other univer-

sities, I have often heard the professors complain bitterly of the expence of new books, to which they were subjected by the poverty of their college library. They have reason to complain, when we think of the number of new books which a public teacher in any department finds it prudent to read, and, to a certain extent, uses, although there may be very few of them which he would wish permanently to possess. If the Professor of History, for example, pays thirty rix-dollars for Hallam's Middle Ages, or a Lecturer on Antiquities pays fifty rix-dollars for Belzoni's Egyptian Researches, these sums are most important drawbacks on the salary of a German professor, yet these are only single books in a single language. Now, a professor of Halle or Jena must either dispense with the books altogether, or pay for them out of his own pocket. His brother of Göttingen has them at his command without laying out a farthing. Hence it is, that professors in other universities always set down the library as one great recommendation of a Göttingen chair.

Another is the widows' fund, founded by public authority, like that of the Church of Scotland,

and more flourishing. Though the Hanoverian government has never thought it prudent to procure or retain a distinguished man by an invidious excess of salary above his brethren, it would be at once ignorant and unjust to suppose that it has been in any way niggardly towards the learned persons who fill the chairs of Göttingen. The regular salaries are from twelve to fifteen hundred rix-dollars, exclusive of the fees. Taking the salaries in the mass at L. 200 Sterling, which is below the average, they are higher than the salaries of any other German university, excepting, perhaps, one or two at Berlin. Savigny, for example, Professor of Law at Berlin, is said to have been gained for the Prussian capital by the highest salary that ever was paid in Germany. The professors of Göttingen have, moreover, various other small sources of gain, or rather of saving. Thus they very soon discovered that Göttingen beer did not agree with their stomachs, and obtained the privilege of importing foreign beer, free of duty. At Altorf, before its abolition, the professors, in virtue of a similar privilege, were regular wine dealers. The widows' fund, however, is peculiar to Göttingen,

and recommends its chairs to the learned even more than its library and fees. In no country does the scanty recompence of a learned man threaten more helpless destitution to a family which he may leave behind him, than in Germany. The widows' fund is as old as the university itself, and originated with Münchausen. The capital was originally only a thousand rix-dollars; at the end of the last century it amounted to fifty-one thousand, chiefly made up of benefactions from the government and private individuals, but partly, likewise, from the savings of the accumulating interest. The interest of the capital, with the yearly payments made by the professors, forms the fund from which the families of deceased professors are pensioned. The professors are not bound to pay this annual tax; they have their choice to pay the money, and have the benefit of the fund, or keep the money in their pockets, and leave a family in starvation. The rate of allowance fixed at the beginning of the present century was a hundred and fifty-six rix-dollars (L.24) yearly to the widow, or, if she had predeceased, to the children. For every five thousand rix-dollars added to the capital, whether

by bequests or an excess of ordinary revenue, ten are added to the pension of every widow. At the death of the widow, the pension is continued till the youngest child reaches the age of twenty. The burdens have always been so few, that the revenue of the fund has not only been able to discharge them, but a part of it, sometimes two-thirds, has always been added to the capital, which is thus rapidly increasing.

Medical science is the department in which the fame of Göttingen is least certain, not from any want of talent on the part of the teachers, but solely from the want of extensive hospitals, these indispensable requisites to medical education, which only large towns can furnish. Göttingen, small as it is, contains three; but they are necessarily on a diminutive scale. One of them is set apart for surgical operations; another for clinical lectures; the third belongs to a class which, in a German university town, can always reckon on being more regularly supplied than any other; it is a lying-in hospital. There are twelve hundred students in Göttingen, and, on an average, twenty mothers in the hospital.

On one side, a Magdalene greets the eyes of the suffering sinner, as if to remind her of what she is; and, on the other, a bad copy of the Madonna della Sediola, as if to comfort her with the idea of what she may become. It would be awkward to inquire how far the students themselves contribute to the welfare of this establishment, by providing it with patients; though there is no doubt, that they are its best friends, and the greatest enemies of the public morals. It has often happened, that the father has been the first, as an obstetric tyro, to hear the cry of his child; and it would happen more frequently, were it not that, when he does not long for the honours of irregular paternity, the mother, who has sold herself, is easily bribed to buy another father. Where so many young men are assembled, free from all controul, except a very imperfect academical controul, and surrounded by such creatures as minister in domestic services in a university town, the consequences to morality will always be the same; and assuredly the principles of German Burschen are the very last that would struggle against the corruption. It would be nothing out of the way of their style of thinking

to hear them maintain, that it is a greater enormity to let the lying-in hospital go to ruin for want of patients, than to debauch innocence; they would defend the irregular manufacture of living bodies on precisely the same principles, on which their medical brethren, among ourselves, defend the theft of dead ones. Still it is true, that, among the females whom the German Burschen come across in their academic towns, there is little innocence to debauch. The laundresses, in particular, a set of persons who claimed the severe eye of the praetor much more than any *nautae* or *cauponcs*, use the charms of their subaltern Naiads as a regular trap to catch customers; she who has the prettiest is sure to require the most extensive bleaching green. At first, the effects of all this were melancholy at Göttingen; for these creatures often contrived to seduce silly Burschen, who were worth angling for, into marriage; but the government took such severe measures against them, above all, by declaring such marriages null, that they no longer attempt it, and gather their gains in a less ambitious course. Göttingen is no worse than its sister universities, and matters have greatly

mended during the last twenty years; at least they say so themselves. The same mother, however, has been known to appear four different times in the hospital, in four successive years, in honour of four different Burschen; and even noble equipages have occasionally deposited masked fair ones, for a time, in this house of doubtful reputation.

The number of students has been regularly on the increase since the termination of the war, partly from the increased extent of the kingdom, partly from the abolition of the neighbouring university of Helmstadt, (Brunswick and Mecklenburgh having very wisely agreed to recognize Göttingen as the university of these duchies,) and partly from the proscription of Jena which followed the murder of Kotzebue. But the principal reason of this increase is the rising character of the university itself, which, besides attracting foreigners, prevents the Hanoverians from going to study elsewhere. More than one half of the whole number are foreigners, that is, not natives of the kingdom of Hanover. The number of foreigners from states not German is naturally small, in comparison with those who be-

long to other German states. In 1801, out of nearly seven hundred who were not natives of the kingdom, not a hundred were from countries foreign to Germany. Swiss and Greeks were the most numerous, then Russians and Englishmen. While there were upwards of a hundred young men from Prussia, notwithstanding the well-earned reputation of Berlin, there was only one solitary subject of Austria. The Austrian Eagle is most jealous of her young gazing on other suns than her own. Five Hungarians, who had come to Göttingen to learn something, were actually ordered away by an express command from Vienna, and found it necessary to obey.

The proportion of lawyers among the students is extravagantly large; more than one half of the whole number were matriculated in the juridical faculty. The reason of this is, that, from the mode of internal arrangement common to all the German states, there is an immense number of small public offices connected with the administration of justice, to which, trifling as the competence they afford may be, numbers of young men look forward as their destination, and which require a legal education, or, at least, what passes

for a legal education. Under the system of patrimonial jurisdiction, which, though corrupted here and there, still remains in its essence as well as in its form, every other landed proprietor must have a judge, or, if his estates be disjoined, two or three judges, to administer justice, in the first instance, to all who dwell within the limits of his property. The crown, too, requires a host of little praetors of the same kind on its domains. It is true, that such a person is badly paid; but then there are legal imposts on the litigants, to say nothing of his own chicane, which give him a direct interest in fomenting and protracting suits; and, under so imperfect a system of controul as every where prevails, he must be a marvellously stupid or a marvellously honest *Dorfrichter* who cannot drive his gains up to a very ample recompence for his talents. The same person is occasionally judge in two different small districts. It sometimes happens that it is necessary for the judge of the one to notify something that has happened, the escape of a thief, for instance, to the judge of the other; and instances have actually occurred of the same person in the one capacity writing a letter to himself in the

other, and then answering his own letter, not to lose the fees attached to the performance of these duties. The consequence is, that in Göttingen one half of the students are gaining a sprinkling of law, and out of it, justice and the country are suffering under a locust tribe of Dogberrys.

Göttingen has the reputation of being a dear place, and the more prudent of its preceptors do not wish to propagate any contrary belief; for, like all its sisters, it has felt the burden of enticing a host of poor scholars into learned courses. It has two hundred and sixteen *freytisch-stellen*, that is, it has funds which are laid out in feeding so many poor students. The student selects a traiteur who supplies him with his food at a fixed rate, and is paid by the university. Many of the lower sorts of cooks depend almost entirely on these college monies. The alms is not always well bestowed; niggardly interest sometimes gains it in preference to necessity. An instance was mentioned to me of a wealthy Mecklenburgher being so mean as to ask this pittance for his son, and so unfortunate as to obtain it. The young man himself would not submit to the unnecessary degradation, transferred his privilege

of eating gratis to a poor comrade, dined himself at the table d'hote of the most fashionable inn, and ran in debt.

The lowest sum I ever heard mentioned as sufficient to bring a young man respectably through at Göttingen is three hundred rix-dollars yearly, not quite L. 50, but assuredly it is too low. Michaelis, even in the last century, said four hundred; Meiners, in the beginning of the present, set it down at three hundred; Professor Saalfeld, who has brought down Plutter's work to 1820, fixes on three hundred and fifty. It is certain that the number of those who spend only the lowest of these sums is much smaller than the number of those who spend the highest. Taking the average at three hundred and fifty, which certainly does not exceed the truth, the university, with upwards of twelve hundred students, and thirty-six regular teachers, besides the extraordinary professors and the *doctores privatim docentes*, annually circulates in Göttingen, at least, seventy thousand pounds. Considerably more than one-half of those who spend this money are foreigners to Hanover; and, as they are generally the more wealthy, they spend

a considerably greater share of the whole than the part merely proportioned to their number. Thus, the university brings annually into the town about L. 40,000 from foreign countries. The mere rent of rooms let to the students amounted, for the winter session 1820-1821, to 1,800 six-dollars, rather more than L. 6300. The professors exercise a very strict controul over all the inhabitants who follow this occupation. Opposite to each student's name in the university catalogue stands not only the street, but the very house which he inhabits, and if he remove, it must be immediately notified to his academical superiors. In the whole town there were a thousand and ninety-six rooms to let, of which six remained empty, though the number of students was twelve hundred and fifty-five; for, as it is not to be expected that a man, who is unable to pay for half a dinner, can conveniently be at the expence of a whole bed-chamber, it frequently happens that two turn in together into the same room.

The university has been fortunate in suffering nothing from the political animosities which of late years have harassed so many public teachers

in Germany, and set most of the universities in so turbulent a light. It would be too much to say that her students escaped the infection which made the silly, hot-headed Burschen set themselves up for political regenerators. They bore their part in the Wartburg festival; they discarded hair-cutters and well-made coats: but the spirit evaporated more speedily than elsewhere, and was more firmly met by the vigour of the senate, and the prudence of the government. The latter, though it has very properly opposed itself, from the very beginning, to the irregularities of the students, is in favour both with them and their teachers. While some other states look upon their universities with jealousy and dislike, Hanover has always treated what the Duke of Cambridge called, "the fairest pearl in her crown," with confidence and liberality. It has never pretended to find proofs of an organized revolution in the doctrines of the teachers, or the occasional turbulence of the scholars. It has borne with the one, and battled against the other, but has never used them as tokens of political crime to justify political harshness. The regulations against the press introduced by the

Congress of Carlsbad, and enac[illegible] a law of the Confederation by the Diet, [illegible] introduced here [illegible] in all the seminaries, a [illegible] from which the universities had hitherto been exempted. But in Göttingen the power [illegible] not been used; no censorship [illegible] had been established. Those [illegible] departments necessarily draw them into political discussion, have acted much more [illegible] than their brethren of Jena. They have not degenerated into mere newspaper writers, not sullied their academical character, by [illegible] themselves up in the angry politics of the day with the fury of partisans. Sartorius, the Professor of Statistics and Political Economy, sits in the States for the town of Eimbeck.

Göttingen enjoys the reputation, that a more sober and becoming spirit reigns among its students than is to be found in any of its rivals, and that, even in their excesses, they show a more gentlemanly spirit: to this merit every Göttinger at least lays claim. In the external peculiarities of the sect, they seem to be much on a level with their brethren. I heard as late and as loud singing, or rather vociferation, resounding on the

streets and from the windows of Göttingen, as in Halle, or Heidelberg, or Jena. They are as much attached to the fencing school and the duel, to the vivat and the pereat; but they are not so fertile in contriving ridiculous expedients to make themselves be noticed. The Senate has a body of armed police under its own command, to keep them in order; but the students have oftener than once driven these academic warriors from the field, covered with more wounds than glory. Landsmannschaften, too, are said to be rooted out, and Blumenbach was blessing his stars that it had come to be his turn to be Prorector when these things are no more; but duels keep their place; and, considering that these fraternities are as much prohibited every where as in Göttingen, and yet do continue to exist elsewhere, it may fairly be presumed that they lurk and act in Hanover under the same secrecy which protects them in Prussia and Saxony. Discipline, likewise, at least for many years, has been rigorously enforced. In return for the confidence and liberality with which the government has always treated the professors, it has justly insisted on the firm and uncompromising dis-

charge of their duty. That spirit of [illegible] to the young men, so disgusting in some other universities, has disappeared.

The preference which Göttingen may reasonably claim in point of general manners arises principally from the circumstance, that a greater proportion of its students are young men of rank, and of respectable or affluent fortune, than elsewhere. I do not mean, that rank and wealth give these persons purer morals, or a more accommodating spirit of subordination, than their less fortunate fellows; but the dissipations of the former are not so gross and raw in their external expressions as similar excesses in the lower ranks of life, and it is only of their external conduct that there is here any question. A licentious peer and a licentious porter are generally very different characters. Where the poorer class of students forms the majority, the manners are always more rude, and the whole tone of society is more vulgar, than where their numbers are comparatively small. To this, I think, it is chiefly owing that Göttingen, without perhaps any well-founded claim to better conduct, or greater academical industry, than some other

universities, certainly does impress the stranger with the idea of something more orderly and gentlemanly. The very appearance of the town adds this impression, for Göttingen is one of the most agreeable and cleanly-looking towns in Germany. The regularity and width of the streets, which possess likewise the rare merit of being furnished, for the most part, with pavements, and the neat, light, airy appearance of the houses, though they make no pretensions to elegance, is something very different from Halle or Jena.

CHAPTER VIII.

HANOVER.

Ein warmes immer reges Herz
Bei hellem Licht im Kopfe
Gesunde Glieder ohne Schmerz
Und Heinrich's Huhn im Topfe.

The Burschen.

The greater part of the fifty miles between Göttingen and Hanover still presents a pleasant, varied, and well cultivated country, consisting of moderate sized plains, bounded by wooded ridges of moderate elevation. Here, too, as in Hesse, a great quantity of land is in forest, which might be easily converted to agricultural purposes, were it not that the forest laws prevent the proprietor from either clearing it away, or deriving any advantage from it as a forest. The peasantry have the right of pasturage in the forest;

if cleared away, it would only become an open common pasture. The scarcity of fuel all over the kingdom argues a deficiency of wood; and it would be a more advisable speculation, regularly to cut and renew the forest, did not the *Hütungs-Recht*, the right of pasturage, present a thousand obstacles. The proprietor must not increase the number of his trees, for he dare not encroach on the extent of the pasturage. That it may not be inconvenient for the cattle, he must plant, if he plant at all, at distances which are ruinous to young wood, by leaving it without shelter. Then, both the cattle and the persons who tend them are sworn enemies of young trees; the quadrupeds, because they find them to be good eating, and the bipeds, because they imagine, that to destroy them is to advance the public weal of the village, by augmenting the pasturable surface. To protect them from the wind, they are fastened to stakes; to defend them against cows and cowherds, they are surrounded with thorns; immediately the herdsmen carry off the thorns and stakes as excellent fuel, and the cattle attack the trees as excellent food. The proprietor very naturally gives up a business

which he cannot ply with profit, neglect to forest, and the scarcity and consequent dearness increasing. In the Estates a petition was presented, though unsuccessfully, to exempt forests from the land-tax, on the ground that the expenses cies of property which, under the circumstances, cannot possibly be productive to the owner.

It has likewise a demoralizing influence, and produces a class of criminals which we scarcely know, wood-poachers. In many districts the price of fuel is so high, that the poor cannot afford to purchase it; but they can just as little endure to be frozen, or to eat their meat undressed; they plunder the forests, and justice is compelled to connive, in some measure, at this crime of necessity. *Holz-dieb*, or wood-thief, is a term as expressive of daring, recklessness, and revenge, as poacher is with us. The Jägers, and other servants appointed to watch the forest, are regarded by them in the same light in which game-keepers are by poachers, and, if they value their personal safety, they must discharge their duty with great lenity or carelessness. When some notable piece of plundering makes it necessary to bestir themselves, the Jägers of a num-

ber of neighbouring forests occasionally assemble as if for a chace; the dogs are uncoupled, and the horns sound, but the wood-thieves are the game, and often suffer a severe chastisement. They, again, take vengeance in their own way and time; there have been examples of an obnoxious inspector, or keeper of a wood, falling a sacrifice to the murderous enmity of such men, years after he had brought, or attempted to bring them to punishment. They are exactly our own poachers, only they are produced, not by idleness or a love of amusement, but by the impossibility of dispensing with one of the first necessaries of life.

These pleasant valleys are more thickly peopled than the northern provinces of the kingdom, which contain so many large tracts of uncultivated heath and uninhabited sand. The population of Calenberg, Göttingen, and Grubenhagen, commonly included under the name of the southern provinces, exceeds that of the northern by nearly one half, in proportion to their respective superficial extent. * Villages and

* Before the addition of East Friesland, which was ceded to Hanover at the general peace, the northern pro-

small towns are plentifully s[illegible]. The former are apparently more substan[illegible] and the latter more bustling [illegible] Hesse. There are always, [illegible] of poverty, and much of wh[illegible] slovenliness, and want of ski[illegible] ry look active and comforta[illegible] liar praise to Hanover, that i[illegible] longer *adscriptitii glebae*, bo[illegible] bour, and die where they w[illegible] hard the conditions might be [illegible] mily had originally acquired t[illegible] as it may be called, of the l[illegible] German state has not this been rooted out? The conditions under which the son is to succeed to his father's farm may be personally oppressive, as well as impolitic, in regard to agriculture;

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vinces were reckoned at 464 geographical square miles, with a population of 680,000; the three southern provinces at 162 miles, with 343,000 inhabitants, exclusive of the 40,000 poor but industrious inhabitants who people the valleys, work the mines, and carry on the iron manufactories of the Harz. Since the cessions made to Hanover at the peace, the population of the whole kingdom is given in round numbers at 1,320,000.

but he is no longer bound, as he formerly was, to submit to them. If he dislikes them, or wishes to seek a more indulgent landlord, he is at liberty to pack up his little all, and settle himself where he chooses. It is true, a German peasant will not readily quit the soil which his fathers have laboured for ages; he will submit to a great deal, indeed, before taking this desperate step, which is to him, though he only remove perhaps into the next parish, as painful a separation as if he were an emigrant leaving his country for a distant corner of the globe. But the knowledge that such a thing can be done, and is done, has necessarily brought the proprietors to feel the necessity of avoiding those exactions, and mitigating the hard feudal terms of former days, which would be most likely to make it happen.

Hanover depends so much on agriculture, that the towns, numerous as they are, do not contain above a tenth part of the whole population; yet, in the Estates convoked in 1814, they returned nearly one-third of the members. There is nothing popular in the mode of election; the member is chosen by the magistrates, and the magistrates are either self-elected, or named by

the Crown. The most popular form I [illegible] is that of Osnabruck, whose new [illegible] gives the citizens some share in filling up vacancies in the magistracy, but in such a round about way that it may fairly be quoted as the true kind of indirect election. The magistracy choose sixteen citizens, "good and true men;" these sixteen choose four; two of these four, in conjunction with one member of the surviving magistracy, choose twelve; these twelve choose three; out of these three the magistracy choose one; this one must be confirmed by the government, and then takes his seat among the civic authorities, the picked man of the three who represent the twelve, who represent the three, who represent the four, who represent the sixteen, who represent the magistracy, who represent themselves. Aye, this *is* the House that Jack built; yet it is no crazy, ruined, old fashioned edifice, but a spick and span new house built in the year 1814. *

The nearer the capital, the less beauty. On

* Verordnung, die Organisation des Magistrats der Stadt Osnabrück betreffend; 31st October 1814.

approaching its walls, you emerge from hill and dale into that wide, dreary, sandy plain, which spreads itself out from the foot of the Harz, nearly to the shores of the East sea. Hanover makes no show in the distance; it even looks more dull and gloomy than it really turns out to be. The population does not exceed twenty thousand; but the appointment of a royal governor has brought back some portion of princely gaiety, and the assembling of the General States, drawing together many of the nobility from the different provinces, gives its streets and shopkeepers, for a season, additional activity. It is an irregular town, neither old nor new fashioned; every thing is marked with mediocrity. The formerly Electoral palace is a huge, plain, uninhabited building, and that of the Duke of Cambridge is merely the best house in the best street. The manners did not seem to me to be at all so much Anglicised as they are sometimes represented. Except the English uniform of the Guards, the English arms on the public offices, and, in some circles, a later dinner hour than is usual in Germany, nothing reminds one that he is in a capital which has so

long been subject to the King of England. It is only within these few years that Hanover has come into contact with England in such a way as either to teach, or be taught any thing; only the higher orders are exposed to this influence, and any fragments of foreign customs which they may adopt, will not easily spread into the great body of the people, or produce any visible change on the national manners. The manners of France penetrated much more deeply into the capitals which she occupied, because Frenchmen were thrust into all the commanding stations of society; but England has hitherto acted towards Hanover with justice and propriety. The Hanoverians cannot complain that the administration of their government has been diverted to the profit of foreigners. Though there naturally are English officers about the governor, all the public offices are filled by natives.

Our language and literature are naturally much cultivated among them, but scarcely more so than at Dresden or Weimar. The theatre, though a court theatre, is the only one in Germany where I ever found recognized our con-

stitutional privilege of making a noise. The gods of Covent Garden or Drury Lane could not maintain the rights of theatres with greater turbulence, than their brother deities of Hanover; but, as they assert that they have enjoyed the franchise ever since they had a theatre, we cannot claim the merit of having taught them this imposing expression of public sentiment. It was an opera, Gretry's Coeur de Lion; the singing was mediocre, and the acting detestable; all the men were awkward, and all the women ugly. Great part of the pit was filled with military officers. All over Germany, it is reckoned essential to the respectability of the military character, that these gentlemen should be able to frequent the theatre; but, low as the prices are, (the pit at Hanover is only a shilling,) their pay is insufficient to afford this nightly amusement. The government, therefore, keeps back a small portion of their pay, gives them gratis admission to the theatre, and, in some way or other, makes up the difference to the manager. Is it more respectable to go to the theatre on charity, than to stay at home? If it is supposed that the dignity of the military character de-

pends, in public estimation, on the apparent ability of the military to spend money, is it elevated by an arrangement which tells every body, that they are less able to spend money than their fellow-citizens? Even a strolling party, if there be military in the place of its temporary abode, generally sets apart a portion of its barn for the *Herren Officiere*, either gratuitously, or at half price. It looks like a privilege.

Hanover had put on all the gaiety it can assume, for it was Easter Sunday, and Easter Sunday is a fair. The lower orders, in holiday finery, were swarming through the walks that run along the ramparts, decently dressed, decently behaved, and healthy looking people. A large plain, outside of the walls, covered with booths, E O tables, and other sources of Sunday amusement, was the gathering place. On one side, a great many parties of young men were playing cricket in their own way. They had only one wicket; the ball was not bowled along the ground, but thrown up in the air, and struck, as it descended, with a short staff, often with admirable precision and dexterity. In another part, the press was thronging round the canvas-

booths, where cakes, and toys, and gin, and tobacco, were retailed. Though every body was very merry, and many very noisy, there was no quarrelling; nay, not even any intoxication. Many more segars than drams were consumed. Next afternoon, the whole city repaired to *Herrenhausen*, a royal residence in the suburbs, where the royal water-works were to spout their annual tribute to the Easter festivities. The long and ample alley, which runs from the city to the gardens of Herrenhausen, is magnificent; the gardens themselves are straight walks, lined with trees, and carpeted with turf, but the statues intended to adorn them are execrable. The expectant thousands were lounging patiently round the spacious basin, till the arrival of the governor and his suite should authorize the fountain to play from its centre; yet, when it did come, they did not seem to think it a very fine sight. It is on a trifling scale. The wind was so strong, that the column of water, instead of throwing itself back on all sides in an ample and graceful curve, the great source of beauty in such a fountain, was carried and scattered so far to leeward, as to drench the unsuspecting

citizens who had ranged themselves on that side The wetted part of the crowd fled in consternation; the dry part shouted in malicious triumph at their own windward prudence; the fountain played on, and the band struck up "God Save the King."

At the entrance of the public walks stands the monument of Leibnitz, a bust of the philosopher, on an elevated pedestal, within a small Ionic temple. Huge bundles of his manuscripts, as well as the armed chair in which he died, reading Barclay's Argenis, are still preserved in the library where he studied, or rather lived. The greater part of them are not regularly written out, but are scraps of paper of all sizes, scrawled over with incoherent notes. To keep this chaos in order, Leibnitz made use of a singular common-place book. It is an array of shelves, like a book-case, divided by vertical partitions into a great number of small pigeon holes. Under each hole is a label, with the name of the subject to which it was appropriated, frequently with the name of an emperor, or any other person whom the philosopher found useful as making an epoch, or important enough to have a division for him-

self. When, in the course of his reading, he came upon any thing worth noticing, he jotted it briefly down on any scrap of paper that happened to be at hand, and deposited it in its proper pigeon hole. One of the librarians assured me, with great complacency, that Buonaparte's expedition to Egypt was originally an idea of Leibnitz; for, among his manuscripts, a memorial addressed to Louis XIV. had been discovered, in which the philosopher represents it as a great and good work to deliver from Oriental barbarism the country which had been the mother of all arts and sciences, and the ease with which its liberation might be effected by the Most Christian King.

The library itself is small; the government justly thinks that it does enough in supporting the library of Göttingen; but there are some interesting typographical rarities. A copy of Tully's Offices, of 1465, very beautifully and regularly printed on vellum, bears testimony to the mystery in which the art was at first involved; for the printer, after setting down his name, "Fust," (Faust,) and the year, at the end of the book, adds, that it was executed *nec penna, nec*

aerea penna, sed quadam arte. That early production of the graphic art, the *Biblium Pauperum*, is a misnomer; for it is no Bible at all, properly speaking, and could be of no use to the poor, except as a picture-book to amuse their children, for the text is Latin. It is a series of wooden cuts, representing the principal events of the sacred writings. The cuts occupy the upper half of every page; below is the explanation, in rude, rhymed, Latin verses. In the cut which represents our first parents after their expulsion from Paradise, Adam is busily delving, and Eve sits beside him, spinning, with little Cain upon her knee:

When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?

The superbly illuminated missal is said to have been a present from Charles V. to our Henry VIII.; if so, it must have undergone strange vicissitudes. A notification in English, signed by a Mr Wade, is affixed to it, which states, that he first saw the manuscript in the possession of a private gentleman in France, about the beginning of the last century. The

proprietor showed it to him, but would not allow him to touch it; nay, he himself turned over the leaves only with a pair of silver tongs, and, observing Mr Wade smile, remarked, with some warmth, that it was thus that his ancestors had so long preserved the matchless manuscript in its present splendour. On the death of this gentleman, Mr Wade purchased it from his executors; from him it came into the possession of our royal family, who deposited it, along with the silver tongs, in the library of Hanover.

The gardens and villa of the late Count Walmoden are now royal property; but the collection of pictures has been dispersed. Those that remain give no good idea of the artists whose names they bear. The Madonna and Child, said to be by Raphael, the Dying Monk, ascribed to Tintoretto, and the Pope adoring the Virgin, baptized as a Guido, have nothing in them, to be sure, inconsistent with the earlier style and more careless efforts of these masters; but neither do they give the slightest idea of what these masters could do, and would not attract notice were it not for the names. Christ parting from the Disciples at Emmaus is a design

of Annibal Caracci, full of the simplicity, and dignity, and boldness, in which that painter followed so close on Fra Bartolomeo. Few pictures of Rubens exhibit the provoking inequalities of his genius so strongly as one which represents the Magdalene, backed by a host of Saints. She is kneeling, in tears, before the Virgin and Child. The colouring is in many points in his very highest style; the figures are in his very worst, not only homely, but absolutely vulgar and unpleasant. The Saints, above all St Francis, with their hard-favoured countenances, totally devoid of all interesting and poetical expression, look like so many jail-birds. The Magdalene is just one of those gross masses of human flesh which he has so often painted; it is well that her hands are folded upon her breast, so as partly to cover it; for, from what is visible, these suspended dugs, if displayed in full volume, would have been frightful. The Madonna, too, is a homely housewife, beautifully painted; but the Holy Infant itself, in form, expression, and colouring, is delicious,—all grace, animation, and softness.

The Hanoverians (if a passing visitor be en-

titled to form an opinion) are a most sober-minded, plodding, easily contented people. Like all their brethren of the north of Germany, without possessing less kindness of heart, they have much less joviality, less of the *good fellow*, than the Austrians, and are not so genial and extravagant, even in their amusements, as the Bavarian or Wirtemburger. Though quite as industrious as the Saxons, they are neither so lively, nor so apt. Their neighbours of Cassel and Brunswick have the reputation of being somewhat choleric; but to this charge the Hanoverian is in no degree liable; there is more danger of his becoming a drudge, than of his growing impatient. Endowed neither with great acuteness of perception nor quickness of feeling, it is long before he can be brought to comprehend the bearings of what is new to him, and it is difficult to rouse him to ardour in its pursuit. If it become advisable that he should set himself free from old usages, which are, in fact, his strongest affections, great slowness and great patience are necessary to untie the cords with which he is bound. Though every other person should see that they are rotten, and that the man has

only to shake himself to get rid of them, he will not move a limb before every knot has been regularly undone. He possesses, in a high degree, the capacity of holding on in any given line of motion, however monotonous and inconvenient, and is the last man in Europe who will start out of his way to chase butterflies. If this confined inactivity of character renders him, in some respects, a less pleasing companion, it saves him likewise from many vices and many extravagancies. If he be somewhat dull, he is honest and affectionate; if his views be very limited, his hands are unwearied. He is much too sober minded either to sink into frivolity, or rise to enthusiasm; he betrays little eagerness for information, for he sees little use to which he could apply it; he trusts his own understanding with the extremest caution, for he is little accustomed to ratiocination. Göttingen is said to have had a most beneficial influence on the culture of the nobility, and higher ranks of the citizens; nor was it to be supposed, that, while the university was scattering abroad so much good seed over the other states of Germany, it would find thorny ground only in its native country.

Though a strong feeling of attachment to his hereditary prince is common to every German, in none is it more deeply rooted than in the Hanoverian. It is the most inveterate of his habits, from which it would give him infinite pain to tear himself loose. It is not an opinion, for he seldom thinks, and never argues about what monarchs ought to be; though it may be affected by the personal qualities of the ruler, it exists independent of them; the most splendid could scarcely rouse him to enthusiasm, and the most degrading must descend very low, indeed, in abasement, before they could mislead him into hatred or contempt. Even the long absence of their native princes has, in no degree, diminished their affection for them; their love of the Guelphs has, in this respect, survived trials which fidelity to a mistress would hardly have withstood. Nor is it undeserved. Among its own people, who are the best judges, and even among the writers of the liberal party, who would not willingly acknowledge it if it were not true, the House of Hanover enjoys the reputation of having always governed with an honest regard to the welfare of its subjects, and the

rights of the estates, such as they were. It has neither rendered itself hateful by niggardliness and private oppression, nor burdensome by extravagance; the liberality of its conduct has maintained the honour of the country among its neighbours, and, at the Congress of Vienna, Hanover alone fought the battle for the political amelioration of Germany. If Napoleon wished gradually to win on the good will of his German provinces, and found his domination on something more respectable and secure than mere brute force, why did he so industriously insult their feelings and irritate their prejudices? In Hanover, above all, the partition of the Electorate, to throw part of it into the kingdom of Westphalia, was a deadly sin against the national pride of the people, for which, in their estimation, no anathemas against aristocratic exemptions could atone. The return of their native sovereign was, to them, the re-creation of their country, which Napoleon had blotted out from among the states of Germany. When I was in Hanover, the report had already spread that his Majesty intended to make that visit to his German dominions which he soon afterwards

executed. The people were manifestly looking forward to the event, not with the impatience of a Parisian crowd to see fine sights, for no people could be less at home in such scenes of parade than the Hanoverians, but with the hearty anxiety of one who longs to meet an old friend. In the simplicity of their hearts, they had taken it into their heads, that the King was coming to put to rights any little public matters which they had some indistinct notion were not as they ought to be. They were quite sure, they said, that if they sometimes had to pay more money than they could well afford, only the great folks at Hanover were to blame for it; nor had they any sort of doubt, but that his Majesty would look into every thing with his own eyes, and right what required righting with his own hands. This feeling is universal; the government is popular; even the liberal pamphleteers allow that Hanover has no reason to envy any other German state.

The estates of the kingdom were not assembled; though they had been sitting, they admit no witnesses of their deliberations. There is a large dining-room, with three or four rows of chairs

arranged amphitheatrically in front of a throne from which the governor delivers his speeches, and a couple of handsome parlours for the two houses. The apartment of the first chamber is the largest and best adorned, for it is a room that was prepared for the whole estates before their separation into two houses. When that separation took place, the peers reserved it to themselves, and sent the commons up stairs to the drawing-room. It is even surrounded with a gallery fitted up for the spectators in those days of good intentions, but which has never been used. The members have fewer legislative conveniences than with us. There are no continuous benches where a noble lord may doze over the state of Europe; no gallery where an honourable member may dream a reply to a drowsy oration; no smoking room where he may digest the argument without having heard the speeches. The members are ranged behind each other on simple chairs, like the company at a Scotch funeral, and much less luxuriously than in many an Italian theatre. When the house divides, they repair into an adjoining room, where they find pen and ink, and a number of

small square pieces of paper, on which the Aye or No is to be written; if the morsels be exhausted, there are scissars to cut new ones. The array of scissars is magnificent; half a dozen pairs, long, sharp, and glittering, adorn the table of each house, instead of a sceptre. One of their regulations might be advantageously transferred to various other assemblies, viz., that when a member appears to be wearying out the house by speaking at too great length, the president shall put him in mind, *dass er sich kurz fasse*, that "brevity is the soul of wit."

Both chambers are elective, for even the first consists only of deputies chosen by the nobility of the different provinces, with the exception of a few members who sit in virtue of their rank as titular dignified clergy, that is, as possessing what was once church property. The chamber of the aristocracy ought rather to be called the chamber of freeholders, for it is in fact the representation of the landed interest, as distinguished from the population and the manufacturing interest of the towns. Though every person who has a patent of nobility, and a *Rittergut*, or estate noble, has a right to vote, the former is

not essential to the franchise. It has long been consuetudinary law in Hanover, that every proprietor of a Rittergut, that is, every freeholder, though he should not have the honours and privileges of nobility in his person, is *Landtagsfähig*, entitled, that is, to appear personally in the estates, while that form of assembly prevailed, and now to vote in the election of the deputies who represent his province. In some parts of the kingdom, a great quantity of allodial property has sprung up. It is chiefly found in what are called the *Marschländer*, formerly morasses, stretching along the banks of the Weser and the Elbe, where inundations had deposited the rudiments of a fertile soil, unclaimed either by the Crown or the feudal nobility while it remained in its original barrenness; drained of its waters, and defended against the stream, by a peasantry that settled among its insalubrious damps from the same love of security which created the fields of Holland, and founded a city of princes on the waves of the Adriatic; gradually brought, by the industry of centuries, to be the most fertile district of the kingdom; and now swarming with an affluent

and independent rustic population. All these proprietors have not only been admitted to the elective franchise, but, instead of being thrown in with the noble proprietors around them, they elect their own members.

The chambers are very doubtful about the extent of their powers. It is certain that they can do nothing without the consent of the executive, in other words, that the veto of the crown is absolute, but it is much less certain whether the crown is bound to yield when they declare against it. Some proprietors of estates not noble, petitioned the House to be admitted to the representation; the House surely mistook its duty in voting, that this was not a matter fit for deliberation before them, but appertained solely to the executive. The government, however, is allowed, on all hands, to have acted with the utmost liberality, and the most sincere wish to do good. In an edict organizing the militia, it prohibited any serviceable male from fixing his domicile in a foreign country, without its permission; the Commons immediately quarrelled this, as contrary to the liberty of the subject, and the natural right of every man to live where he

chooses; and the ministry yielded the point. It firmly refused to re-establish the nobility in the old exemptions from taxation and military service, which Napoleon had first shaken. The nobility made an obstinate struggle to retain their exemption from the land-tax, but in vain, though the majority of the estates belonged to their own class; for there were many of them to whom the frowns of the court were more formidable than the pressure of a tax. Resisting, likewise, their claims to monopolize all the lucrative and influential offices of the state, the government has employed commoners of talent, wherever it could find them, both in the civil administration and in the army. There is no German court where ability and honesty, to whatever rank they may belong, are allowed fairer play.

The most imprudent thing which the Estates have done was wrapping up their proceedings in such impenetrable secrecy. By a majority of two votes, they excluded the public from being present at their deliberations. Then, although they ordered an epitome of their journals, containing important reports made by committees, propositions submitted to the Chamber, and its

final decision upon them, to be regularly printed, this compend was intended only for the members themselves, and was anxiously kept back from indiscriminate publication. The consequence is, that the great body of the citizens take no interest in proceedings of which they know nothing. The leading men of the ministry, and the Governor himself, are believed to be favourable to publicity; and the example of Weimar shows, that, even under a much more popular system of representation than is yet established in Hanover, deputies may cling to secrecy, while the government recommends publicity. Professor Luden of Jena, who is himself a Hanoverian by birth, published, in 1817, a history and review of the proceedings of the [illegible] from their first meeting after the expul[illegible] of the French down to that year.* It is a [illegible]nd, in no point of view, a reprehensi[illegible] book; though it sometimes questions the [illegible] of the decisions of the Estates, both

* Das Königreich Hanover, nach seinen öffentlichen Verhältnissen.

they and the government are treated not only with respect, but with eulogy. Yet it seems to have been proscribed, on no other imaginable ground, than because it discusses the discussions of the Chamber. At least, no bookseller in Hanover would say that he had it; and I procured it only by the politeness of a Privy Councillor who allowed me to make use of his name. Thus there seems to be a possibility of suppressing, without incurring the odium of prohibiting.

It has long been a popular belief in England that Hanover is mischievous to us; that it is a trifling patrimonial appendage of our monarchs which draws us unnecessarily into expensive continental quarrels. However, according to a common phrase, there is no love lost between us and the Hanoverians. They are in no degree flattered by their king wearing the crown of England; if it gives their cabinet political weight, they feel that they shine in borrowed light. The well educated classes laugh at the Englishman who retails the assertion, that Hanover does Britain mischief: "It is we," say they, "who "suffer. When the King of Hanover is ob-

" fended, the King of England is not bound to
" resent his injuries; but when the King of
" England gets into a continental quarrel, Ha-
" nover, with no earthly interest in the dispute,
" is the first victim of the rupture."

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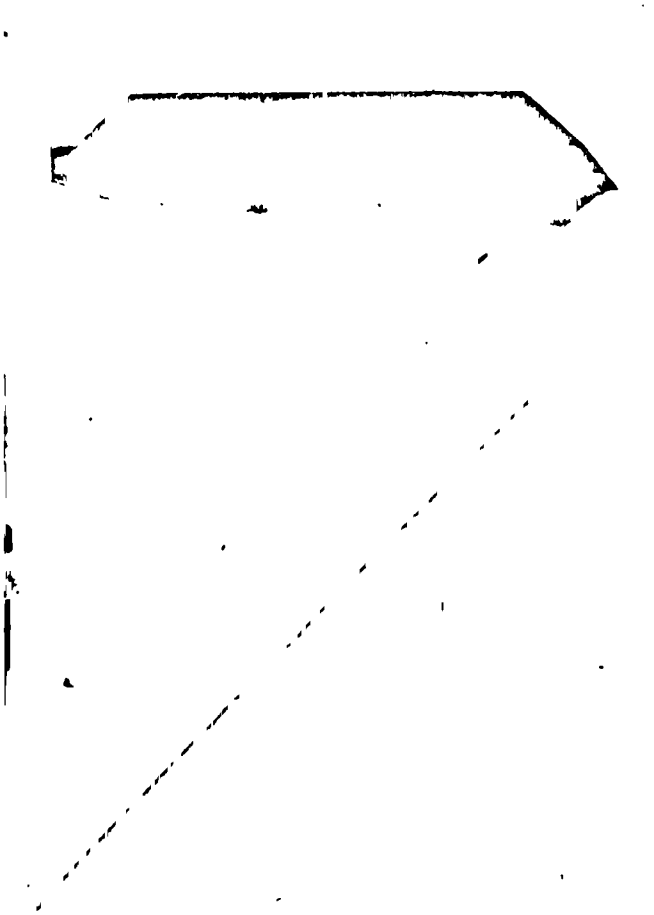
EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY JOHN STARK.

00086232



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on 02 January, 2016